

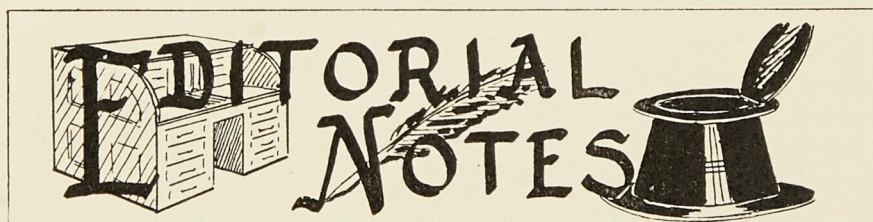
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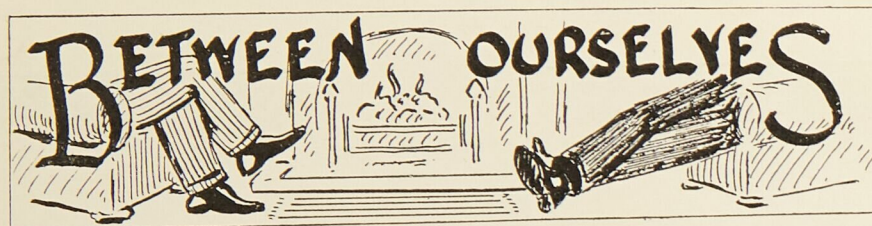


THE Minister of Agriculture has asked for another 500,000 allotment holders to bring the total up to 1,350,000. The combined effort of this army with spades will mean an output of fresh vegetables sufficient for $2\frac{3}{4}$ million adults, and just upon four million children for the greater part of the year.

We do not eat enough fresh vegetables, although our climate enables us to grow some of the most succulent in the world. The allotment represents a well-stocked larder that does not unexpectedly run out; it is there when it is wanted, safe against varying prices and even bombs.

A man with a young family can take his spade and know that there is nothing he

could do better to start his children off in life with good health than to produce the vegetables that they will eat in perfect condition. He will gain peace of mind in being able to dig the earth and pursue the ancient peaceful arts of husbandry in times of anxiety, for digging is a wonderful antidote to jangled nerves. All local authorities have been asked to make available, land required in their areas for allotments. The Ministry of Agriculture are sending out 200,000 posters and 2,000,000 leaflets to help the campaign. Each leaflet contains a form of application for an allotment. All that is necessary for the applicant is to fill in his name and address and post it, with a halfpenny stamp, to his Borough, Town, County, or Parish Council.



NONE of us will be passing from 1939 into 1940 without wondering what the New Year has in store for us all. This must be especially the case on this occasion.

For some reason or another it is always a solemn moment that says farewell to the Old and that ushers in the New.

It has been said that after this War is over the conditions making up our national life cannot be the same. It is true that even this wealthy country cannot spend £6,000,000 per day on War effort without facing the necessity for change in directions which, at the moment, cannot be fully foreseen. But whatever changes there may be in national economy and habits in the future, it is indeed a great thing that at the moment we have the unity of all our people at home and throughout the Empire.

There is a common aim and a common purpose between us all. A continuance of that spirit will enable us to solve the problems of the future without ill-advised Dictatorships or Bolshevism. First, by personal sacrifice of time, of means, and of selfish inclination, we are going to win this War and usher in an era of true freedom and peace; and when those things come it is probable that our belts will have to be drawn still tighter, and that every moral urge, intelligence, and muscle will be required for the rebuilding of a world on new lines of understanding, of commonwealth ideals and endeavour.

It is to such high purposes that 1940 calls. As ever in the past the open eye of the willing mind to perceive and execute the opportunity of the day, the efficient and careful pursuit of one's own job and the call that comes from within, will ensure that the service and the sacrifice of the individual will, when totalled up into a common national effort, see this England as yet more glorious than she has ever been.

At the moment, by reason of the War, we suffer because many of our usual ties, associations, and places of work are broken. We shall do well to nourish the friendships and affections that we have. If some of these have perforce to pass into memories we should see that those memories become lasting inspirations because we each for our own part have put into them 100 per cent. of devotion to the best.

As we start the New and unchartered Year we shall work for peace, we shall pray for peace, and, if we are wise, we shall take stock of that which is within us so that we shall go forward with a set purpose, with disinterested motive, and with a clear conscience.

A very happy and purposeful New Year to all my friends.

Old-Timers in Sail.

THOSE who are interested in ships and the sea (and in our maritime nation, that means the majority of us) have witnessed in recent years a growing interest in the old-time windjammer. Perhaps it is because they are conspicuous by their absence.

A romantic event which takes place year by year is the race of Australian clippers in the "Grain Derby." These sailing ships, some of them British built, but owned chiefly by Sweden or Finland, leave Australia every Spring and race each other to England. They carry a cargo of South Australian wheat, and during their voyage the cargo is sold and resold, and it is not until they reach Falmouth, or some other signalling station, that the captain is aware of his port of discharge. Ipswich is usually fortunate to receive and welcome one of these sailing vessels. Last year the "Abraham Ryburgh" owned by a Swede, arrived at our port, and was the centre of considerable interest. A number of young sea cadets of various nationalities, including one from Ipswich, made up her crew. The previous sailing vessel to arrive at Ipswich from Australia was the four-masted Finnish barque, "Pommern," a fine sea-going craft, and I was privileged to go aboard of her on two different occasions and, standing on her quarter deck, looking first at her length and then up at her tall masts and yards, with an almost untold number of ropes, one marvels at the ingenuity of man, not only in the building of such a ship, but that he is able to navigate her round the world.

The "Pommern" left Ipswich docks one morning at four a.m., and was towed by the "Stronghold," a powerful tug owned by the Ipswich Dock Commission. About six were given permission to go on the tug, but at that early hour only two of us turned up. Arriving at Harwich harbour, the "Pommern" dropped her river pilot and took on a sea pilot. We then headed out to sea and, passing the Cork Lightship, with little or no wind, the "Pommern" commenced setting her sails, and it was interesting to watch the sailors climbing the rigging and go along the yard arms. Arriving at the "Sunk" Lightship, we were sighted by the pilot cutter, which sent a small boat to

take the pilot off the barque. The "Pommern" carried seven British passengers, who were, in all probability, enjoying a new experience at being at sea in a windjammer. She was bound to her home port, in Finland, where she would be fitted out in readiness for another round voyage to Australia and back.

Except perhaps for the "Mauretania" and the "Queen Mary," no ship engaged in the Atlantic passenger service has ever enjoyed such a reputation as did the full-rigged ship "Dreadnought." With a red cross on her fore topsail, the emblem of St George, she made such swift passages from New York to Liverpool that she was able to command better rates than all her rivals. Of the tea clippers that used to race to this country with new season's tea, one of the fastest, the "Cutty Sark," is still afloat.

Another famous ship which has been to Ipswich is the steel four-masted barque, "Archibold Russell," nearly three hundred feet in length. Unlike many ships sold foreign, she has retained her first name, and it is said this was due to her builder having inserted a clause in her bill of sale that her name could not be changed and that if re-sold a similar undertaking should be required of any other buyer; she is probably the only ship to have her name so protected. The "Archibold Russell" was sold to that well-known sailing master, Captain Erikson, of Mariehamn, Finland, in 1923. She was built in 1905, and appears to be good for many years yet. It is pleasing to know she retains her British name, as she was the last square-rigger built in a British yard for British owners, and is the only one to have been built with bilge-keels.

B. J. HASTE.

* * *

Dr. Goebbels has been trying hard to stir up disaffection among Germans living in South Africa. But he has been given the answer which he least expected. Over one thousand foreigners, including many Germans, Austrians, and Czechs, have volunteered to join a South African Foreign Legion against Hitler. They know what liberty means—and intend to fight for it.

* * *

German guns captured by the Allies in the last War are to be used against the Nazis on the Western Front.

New Year's Day in the Army.

New Year's Day in the Army? What will our soldiers in France be doing then?

There's one thing we can be fairly sure about: they will not be fighting the enemy because the enemy will not be wanting to fight us. Grand offensives cannot be carried out in the Winter. Either the ground is too slushy to march over, or too mushy to drive tanks over; or else it's too hard to dig trenches in; and men's fingers go numb when they fiddle with the cold metal of their weapons; and the days are too short; and, anyhow, "It's nicer to lie in bed," as Harry Lauder used to sing.

Our Scottish troops will be the ones to make the most of this day. "Hogmanay" they call it, meaning it's a day for eating a lot. They'll eat what look like hard black cannon-balls ("haggis," meaning the insides of sheep)—and like them! Those who don't like them will burn the taste away with raw whisky, then smile again. Then the bagpipes will skirl; and kilted men will dance; and they'll shout, "Here's tae us! Wha's like us?"; and the Englishmen among them will agree that they're a lot of jolly fine fellows.

If there are any French soldiers quartered nearby they will be invited to join in the fun. And all the Tommies will talk to all the Poilus all at once—in a mixture of English, terrible French, and frightful Hindustani; and no-one will understand a word of what anyone else is saying; and everyone will feel very friendly and happy. Then some Tommy will do honour to the French nation by singing "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," with all the extra verses; and the Poilus will politely keep up the pretence that they're listening to their own National Anthem.

When the night's festivities are ended and the time comes to turn in, the men will sing their way back arm-in-arm to their billets and tents. And some of them will spare a thought for their pals who were on duty that night and could only listen to the singing in the distance, or those still further away, keeping a steady watch on the enemy's lines, only able to celebrate this New Year by memories of years gone by.

Our men in Egypt will have plenty of fun. If any of them are in Cairo they may spend their morning in going for a motor

trip to the Pyramids. When they reach those imposing piles of stones, they will get out of the motor-cars and climb up on to the backs of tame camels, which are always tethered there just for that purpose. They will then have themselves photographed and send the results home to their girl friends, saying they had ridden all the way on camel-back over the scorching desert. Their girl-friends will believe them, and will hang the photographs over their beds, and will love their soldier-boys all the more.

Our soldiers on the dusty plains of India make the 1st of January a day of particular celebration, not so much on account of the New Year as because it is the anniversary of the day, 62 years ago, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed "Empress of India," with much Oriental ceremony.

The day begins with a review of all the troops in the cantonment. Full-dress uniform is worn (khaki nowadays: the old scarlet made a man feel finer, but took more trouble to keep smart); bands are on parade; colours are carried; civilians in their multitudes turn out to watch the show. The whole garrison advances in review order; by one word of command the long line halts; the flag is broken on the flagstaff; the Royal Salute blares and rattles out; a *feu de joie* is fired; three cheers are shouted for the reigning Sovereign.

The regiments march from the parade-ground; breakfast is eaten; and the rest of "Proclamation Day" is a holiday. Each soldier is given a pint of beer to drink to the health of his Queen-Empress or King-Emperor; at least he was, till so many men turned teetotal that they had to be given the money instead.

Some of our Empire's soldiers will be sea-bathing on New Year's Day. Our brothers in Australia have their seasons the other way round from ours: their New Year is in the height of summer. The Diggers, training in camps by the sea, will be surf-riding on the enormous Pacific rollers, or grilling themselves to the colour of boots by playing games on the wide, sandy beaches. We will soon see them over here in their slouch hats with emu-feather plumes.

The regiments of Canada (they're coming, too) will have their day-time fun wrapped up in furs, for the cold there is enough to make all the water-pipes go bang at once. But the air is dry, and a lot of fun can be had on skates and snow-shoes and skis.

(You can push the other fellow over and laugh at him struggling in the snow).

And what about the soldiers sitting opposite ours on New Year's Day—in their Siegfried Line? Well, we don't wish them personally any harm. In fact, we feel rather sorry for them that their rations aren't so good as ours, and that parcels from home are unheard-of. But we do hope they will spend a little of this day in making good resolutions, such as to stop this silliness (as it is the day of goodwill we won't call it by any uglier name) of trying to steal other people's fields and factories; so that our chaps—and all the world—can get back to singing "Auld Lang Syne" with their own folk round their own firesides.

* * *

What's in a Name?

Just now, that is early in December, Helsinki is very much in the news owing to the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Finland. The Finnish capital used to be called Helsingfors, and I can't help wondering whether the changed spelling is an effort on the part of someone or other to get us to pronounce names more nearly like the natives. If this theory is correct, then, carried to its logical conclusion, we shall speak no longer of Finland, but of Suomi, Sweden will become Sverige, Munich Muenchen, Naples will be Napoli, and so on ad infinitum. Eventually we shall come across many difficulties because some foreign names to many of us would be almost impossible to pronounce. However, probably we shall not be logical over this matter, and we shall continue to do what fashion decrees.

In the past we have altered the names of foreign countries or towns to suit ourselves, and in doing so we have not been unique, for foreigners have often given our own cities a spelling and pronunciation that we would hardly recognise.

Some folks have a mania for making changes, and so long as they are changes for the better all is well, but new ideas are not always better ideas. The capital of Norway, for instance, used to be known by the very attractive name of Christiania, then someone had a brain wave and it was called Oslo; at least, that was the way I felt about it until a Norwegian told me that Oslo was the original name of the city before it was ever Christiania, and that the only reason

they ever changed it in the first place was because one of their Danish Kings was a King Christian.

The old capital of Czarist Russia, St. Petersburg, has undergone two changes during the last quarter of a century. During the Great War it became Petrograd, as the earlier name sounded too German; now the city is named Leningrad, in honour of the founder of the U.S.S.R.; But who can tell? Perhaps one day the old name will be restored.

Esthonia has changed the name of its capital from Reval to Tallinn, and no longer do we hear of a place in Turkey called Constantinople. Turkey's chief seaport is now known as Istanbul.

Iraq seems to me a welcome change from Mesopotamia, but I cannot help regretting that the name of Persia, land of age-old associations, has disappeared from our maps and given place to Iran.

Nearer home we have Eire, but probably many of us will continue to speak of that country as Ireland for years to come, and, after all is said and done, there's no reason at all why we should not. **We do not call** Germany Deutschland just because they do so in Germany.

Not far from my home there is a well-known preparatory school whose headmaster until a few years ago was a man for whom his scholars had a great affection. He was an old Rugby International in his younger days, and his name happened to be Leake, the Rev. W. R. M. Leake. The School was situated in Union Road, but often when taking a walk I noticed that the U had been converted into an O, but whether or not by one of the boys was a mystery. The local authorities, perhaps not caring to see the name of the road altered without their permission, have changed it in such a way that the boys can no longer play pranks with it; it is now Hunt's Slip Road.

Many of us feel that we could have thought of a better name.

G.E.B.

* * *

Here is the story of how a certain English Vicarage is doing its bit in the War. The Vicar has joined the Army as a Chaplain, and his wife is a Section Leader in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Their son is an anti-aircraft gunner. Their former cook now cooks for the Army, and their former housemaid has become an Army orderly.

A Railway Carriage Chat.

On a sunny September morning I entered a railway carriage on my way to Sheffield to find that the only occupant was a gentleman of 60 years of age, well groomed and genial, with pale blue eyes and the happy temperament of his race.

As he was examining a wallet taken from his suit-case and containing some photographs, he told me that for 400 years his family had been established in the city of Vienna, and he himself had been vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce in Vienna. The photographs were of very lovely models of china statuettes which were a lifetime's work.

I have no doubt that many of my readers will have seen these in very select china and jewellery stores in Britain. They are definitely exclusive, and are nearly as valuable as Dresden ware or our own Royal Worcester china. I asked him if I might look at the photographs, and was able to point out the pieces which I have in my drawing-room at home. When I told him this, his eyes lit up, and then he asked me if I could remember whether they had a little stamp on the bottom. Here he mentioned his name and trade mark, which I enclose in confidence. I was able to assure him that this was so.

As our conversation progressed he informed me of the disaster which had come to his native city when the German Army marched in.

He pointed out that the Viennese are a happy and merry people, fond of music and arts, and they had no idea of the terrible catastrophe which was being enacted.

In a short while the Gestapo accumulated some kind of a history of his family which, at some far distant date in the past, had one Jewish strand; and this was made the basis for a systematic robbery of his business, and his capital, by an elaborate process of coercion, gradually reducing him to poverty.

Later on, they found that the workmen could not be induced to produce the necessary goods and the factory could not operate, and, in any case, as all the manufactured articles were exported, the boycott became so severe that no orders could be got in any part of the world.

They then went to him and proposed that he should manage the concern for some trifling remuneration, and he succeeded in saving his son by suggesting that he should be allowed to travel abroad and sell the goods.

As no orders were yet forthcoming, he asked permission to go abroad and see what he could do. Before this permission was granted he was compelled to sign documents promising that at no time and nowhere would he attempt to manufacture or sell similar goods under his own name.

About that time (10th November) a Jewish boy, in Vienna, suffering under the torture of persecution, one day shot a Nazi official, and the Gestapo arrested and beat up thousands of the more well-to-do people in the community. A hoard of wild, uniformed youths ransacked Mr. ———'s private apartment, smashing everything to atoms and purloining all the money and jewels they could find.

He and his wife were cast into prison. Fortunately, an old comrade who had served with him in the Austrian Army in the Great War was in charge of this prison, and he obliged by telephoning to the Gestapo headquarters, asking what they had against this particular family. At last he was informed that they had nothing whatever against them and they were set at liberty.

Finally, this very fine man, and excellent employer, was able to leave his native land with a total of but a few marks in money, and he is now in Britain, and was on his way to one of our districts where, perhaps, his services will be better appreciated.

I was deeply impressed by this honest man's recital, as was another friend who heard it, and feel sure that it may help us to realise once more the awful calamity with which the world is faced.

* * *

The "Aussies"—a whole Division of them—are likely to be in the field again next Spring.

In the last War Australia raised 416,809 troops, of which as many as 330,000 were sent overseas. Their total casualties amounted to over 200,000.

* * *

The boy was looking thoughtful, and at last put up his hand: "Please, sir," he asked, "what kept people from falling off the earth before the law of gravitation was passed?"

Thin Nazi Rations.

In England to-day some prices have risen since the War began, but on the whole there is ample for everyone. One cannot expect everything to go on as usual during a War, when new distribution and transport systems have to be thought out and put into operation, when ships are delayed by the working of the very necessary convoy system, and when supplies have to be built up for the Army in France. But our food supply is actually working very much better than we had the right to expect it would.

In Germany they are tightening their belts. Ever since Hitler came to power the unfortunate German people have had less and less to eat. "Guns before butter" was Goering's slogan. Since the War began, however, the German's standard of life has been pressed down below the "good health" level. Everything we regard as staple food is rationed, and the quality of much that is rationed is very low. The total quantities allowed of rationed foodstuffs are only about two-thirds of those consumed per head in 1932—the year before Hitler came to power, and the year of mass unemployment. They are enough to satisfy hunger, but they are not enough to nourish. Contrast the position in England.

Let us consider some of the quantities of the Nazi rations. The whole plan is very complicated. There are five classes—normal, heavy workers, very heavy workers, children under six, and children between six and 14. It is not clear precisely what a "very heavy worker" is—as he gets more than double the ration of a normal citizen.

The foods of which there is most shortage are meat, fats, eggs, sugar, and milk—the most nourishing foods. The normal meat ration, which includes bacon, sausages, ham and, in fact, all meat of all kinds, is 17½ ozs. a week—just over a pound. The heavy worker gets more, and the very heavy worker gets 2 lbs. 10 ozs. a week. This means that a heavy worker and his wife, with two children under six, would be able to get 4½ lbs. of meat between them a week. That would represent one meat meal a day, with ¾ lb. for each meal, and nothing on Sundays.

Some folk have been complaining about

the butter shortage. When rationing comes in we shall have a ¼ lb. a week. This is about the same as the German butter ration, although reports from Germany show that the butter is full of water and a great many other things which never saw the inside of a cow.

We have been asked by the Government to limit our purchase of sugar to a pound a week—about half the ordinary consumption. The Germans, however, are allowed only 9 ozs. a week each. They may buy a pound pot of jam every month each, and if they do not like jam they may have an extra 6 ozs. of sugar a month. Two ounces of cheese a week is the normal ration, one egg a week, and 4 ozs. a week of a sinister substance called "coffee substitute." It is possible apparently to get a ration of some stuff called "synthetic honey"—no doubt to take away the taste of the butter. Black berry leaves, the Nazi broadcasters tell the credulous listener, are an admirable substitute for tea. But, in any case, there is no milk to go in the tea—skim milk is the only milk available for the public, and the Nazi scientists who have hitherto been spending all their time proving that the Germans are the chosen people are now trying to prove that skim milk is *really* more nutritious than full cream milk.

The only food of which there is reasonable sufficiency is bread. It is of bad quality and is rationed, but the ration is quite substantial—5½ lbs. a week for a normal worker and double that for a very heavy worker. One can also buy a pound of barley, oats, rice, and similar foods every month, and a few ounces of sago or potato flour. In these starchy foods—which are much the least important for proper nutrition—the Germans are doing quite well. And there is a great emphasis upon home-grown fruit and vegetables which means that they will feed fairly well when these fruits and vegetables are in season. At best the Germans are in for a Winter of monotonous diet, which may provide enough bulk of starchy food to stay their hunger but which is seriously deficient in the fats and proteins which are absolutely essential for the maintenance of health.

* * *

An ex-General of 65, well known as an expert in military strategy, has joined up as a private in the French Army.

A Greeting to our Chief.

For a long time past it has been general knowledge that our Chief has been unable to spend much of his time amongst us at Calne. Owing to the many important demands made upon him through the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Schemes, the Food (Defence) Plans Department and other pressing business of national importance long before the War broke out, we saw much less of him than had been usual. We missed him. We know the work upon which he was engaged was work, not only of national importance, but also work which was directly for the benefit and advantage of every member—no matter what our job, whether at Calne or elsewhere—of the House of Harris.

We remember some words spoken to the Calne Employees about a couple of years ago at one of our Savings Scheme Meetings when Mr. Bodinnar pointed out that the Schemes, then full of difficulties, were occupying a great deal of the time and thought of himself and his colleagues on the Bacon Marketing and Bacon Development Boards, and he did not then know what the outcome of all these difficulties would be. He remarked that he had set what powers were left to him to bring more work and prosperity to the Calne and other Factories with which he was connected, and if he could improve the conditions of the workers by anything which he was able to do, then he would be able to say that his had been a decent day's work, because he had made many friends in the doing of it.

There is, perhaps, no necessity to be reminded of these remarks; facts speak louder than words. We all know what our Chief has done to improve the conditions of every Employee and the interest he has taken in countless of our personal difficulties, troubles, joys and successes.

Is it therefore any surprise when we say "We miss him"? We have missed his personal touch, his guiding hand and his friendly smile.

Before Christmas he had only visited Calne and Chippenham (Home) two week-ends since the end of August.

He came to Calne on Friday morning December 22nd, and after lunch, in company with Mr. Redman, paid a surprise

visit to the Factory. The welcome he received¹ was spontaneous, and in many departments vociferous. We happen to know that the spontaneous singing of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" in the Sausage and Boning Departments touched him greatly. Our welcome was sincere—and we trust that in all his present burdens, particularly out of the important positions which he holds in connection with his appointment as Director of Bacon and Ham Production, &c., he will enjoy good health and strength and be spared to return again to pilot our Ship. When this time comes we will see that in return for all his hard work—not only on our behalf, but for the national work in which he is now engaged in this War upon which we have embarked for our very liberty—that we will do our part to assist in making our Ship sail in smooth waters.

We all join in wishing our Chief all the best of wishes for 1940, and trust that this year will bring a lasting World Peace.

* * *

The Broad Highway.

We congratulate Van Salesman J. A. Hodgson on his marriage, which took place on Saturday, December 23rd. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson have our very best wishes for their future happiness.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. H. Brooke, of Bradford, upon the birth of a son in December.

Van Salesman G. L. Hardy, of London, has joined H.M. Forces. We wish him a safe and speedy return.

We have had an interesting letter from Van Salesman Paxton, who is now with a Motor-Cycle Unit somewhere in England. He is still receiving the Magazine, which is helping to keep him in touch while he is away on Service. His room-mate is one of his old customers, and does not find the cooked ham with which they are sometimes issued as suitable as the supplies he was drawing from the Harris van.

We have also heard from Mr. T. Hughes, of Croydon, who is serving with the Police War Reserve. He is getting along quite happily.

J.H.G.

Dig now for Victory.

Who'll volunteer for Britain's spade- and fork army?

The old hands, the allotment enthusiasts of peace time, are still hard at work. But new recruits are wanted by the thousand. For the surest way of building up our national food supplies is to make vegetables spring up where none grew before.

In every part of the country large tracts of land are already being broken up. The Tyneside alone, for example, is planning for 15,000 new allotments.

Many of the new plots have been snapped up. But in most places there is plenty of room for more volunteers.

"If a thousand applications came in to-morrow," said Mr. R. Howell, Brighton's recently appointed allotments' manager, "I could fix up everybody with a plot."

So now is your opportunity of getting a plot of your own. You will not only be digging for victory. You will have the pride and satisfaction of keeping your family dinner-table supplied with plenty of good, fresh vegetables.

You will find allotment-keeping a grand hobby. There is no finer exercise than hard digging on a cold winter day; and it's exciting to watch the seedlings sprouting out of the soil in the spring time, and to see the plot gradually filling up with row after row of potatoes and cabbages, runner beans and spinach, onions and peas, and a host of other crops.

An early start is half the battle won. The sooner you begin digging the land the better your results will be. Turn over the soil in the early winter, and the frost will do a great part of your work for you. It will break up the soil for you, and kill any weeds which are lying on the surface.

The first thing is to apply to your local Allotments Committee for a plot of land.

Your plot will probably be grass land. This is really an advantage, for land which has never carried vegetable crops contains plenty of mineral plant foods which are often lacking in the older vegetable gardens.

But you may have to battle against wire-worms and other grubs. Hand pick as many of these as possible, and use a soil disinfectant (such as Naphthalene) as you go on with your digging. Birds, too, will be your allies in fighting these pests.

Good tools are essential for thorough and easy work. A digging fork—a broad-tined one if the ground is heavy—is often better than a spade, although for general use the spade is the accepted tool. A pick is sometimes necessary if the subsoil is gravelly. Always make a workmanlike job by using a garden line to mark out each trench.

If your allotment is one of a number of ten-rod plots, the boundaries should have been properly marked out. The first job is to divide your plot lengthways by nicking out a distinct line in the turf.

Now comes the question of digging it. There are at least three distinct methods of dealing with a grass-land plot:—

By bastard trenching. If time permits, this is the best method.

Skimming the turf and single digging. Single digging without turf removal.

Bastard Trenching.

If you decide to use this method, divide the plot in half lengthwise. Mark out a strip 30ins. wide from the side to this centre line. Remove the turf and soil from this strip to the depth of the spade, and leave it in a long ridge on the path at the *same* end of the plot (but opposite the half not disturbed). This will save labour in wheeling the soil from end to end of the plot, and will be ready to fill the last trench when both sides have been dug. Next fork up the subsoil of the first trench to the full depth of the fork, being careful to move every portion.

Mark out the second trench 24ins. wide. First remove the turf about 2ins. thick, and turn it upside down into the first trench. To help rotting, the turf must be roughly cut by the spade. A light sprinkling of sulphate of ammonia or calcium cyanamide will help the rotting process still further.

It is then a matter of turning over and forking succeeding trenches 24ins. wide until the last trench in the plot is reached. Then dig out a trench on the second half of the plot, using the soil to fill the *last* trench on the *first* half. Go on digging the second half of the plot and fill in the *last* trench with the soil taken out from the original trench on the *first* half.

Skimming the Turf and Single Digging.

Divide the plot in the same way as for bastard trenching, but make the first trench only 15ins. wide and one spade deep. A strip of turf about 10ins. wide should be

removed for the second and succeeding trenches. Place the turf upside-down in the preceding trench as work goes on; then treat it in the same way as in bastard trenching, but without forking the second spit.

Single Digging.

On easily-worked, sandy soils, where the turf is thin and short, it is possible to cover the turf by single digging without first removing it. Simply turn the whole spit upside down into the preceding trench. Any large weeds of a perennial character should be removed and burnt as digging goes on.

Points to Remember in Digging.

Do not lift too much on the spade at one time. Never try to dig too much ground at one time, or you will overtax your strength. Work with a steady rhythm. Never rush at digging. In single digging thrust the spade to its full depth into the ground in a more or less upright position. When digging in autumn or winter, leave the soil as rough as possible. But, at the same time keep it *level*, so as to allow for the beneficial influence of winter rains and frosts.

* * *

Science is true judgment in conjunction with reason.—*Plato*.

* * *

To save one life is better than to build a seven-storeyed pagoda.—*Chinese Proverb*.

* * *

There are persons so independent that you cannot depend upon them.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

* * *

It is not names which give confidence in things, but things which give confidence in names.—*Chrysostom*.

* * *

Cicero used to ridicule loud speakers, saying that they shouted because they could not speak, like lame men who get on horseback because they cannot walk.—*Plutarch*.

* * *

LAST WORDS.

6.—I'm sure I can smell gas. Got a match?

Wedding Bells.

At Derry Hill Parish Church, on November 18th, Miss Ruby Townsend was married to Mr. William Watts, of Chippenham. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a navy blue costume, with spray of white carnations, navy blue felt hat and veil, navy suede shoes, and kid gloves, and carried an ivory Prayer-book.

Miss Townsend was six years in the Sausage Department, and was the recipient of a frameless mirror from her colleagues.

On November 18th, at Blackland Parish Church, Miss Doris Collins was married to Pte. Douglas Hallum, of the R.A.F. The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a white satin brocade gown, with head-dress and veil, and silver shoes. Her bouquet was of white chrysanthemums and fern. Three bridesmaids were in attendance; two wore blue floral taffeta dresses, with gold head-dresses and gold shoes, and carried bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums; the other bridesmaid wore a baby blue floral taffeta, with the similar coloured head-dress and shoes. A page boy was also in attendance, dressed in black velvet trousers, white satin blouse, black patent shoes with buckle, and white socks.

Miss Collins was two years in the Kitchen, and was the recipient of an eiderdown quilt from the Department.

At St. Michael's and All Angels', Slone-bridge Park, Middlesex, on November 19th, Mr. Harold Rutty was married to Miss Florence Hunt. The bride, given away by her brother, wore an egg blue satin gown, with shoulder veil and wreath to match. silver shoes, and carried a bouquet of dark red chrysanthemums. Four bridesmaids were in attendance; the chief bridesmaid wore a figured pink silk gown, with silver plaited halo, silver shoes; her bouquet was of pink chrysanthemums. The smaller bridesmaids wore green, blue, and lemon silk dresses, silver wreaths and shoes, and carried silver lame gas-mask carriers.

Miss Hunt was four years in No. 2 Factory, and was the recipient of a dinner service. Mr. Harold Rutty is attached to the Maintenance Department, and was presented with a canteen of cutlery.

H.W.A.

TABLE TENNIS.

The ladies' team played their first match on November 15th, at the Woodlands, against our sporty rivals, the Quemerford Hut. Although they were beaten up by 19 games to 6, their ardour was not damped, as they had soon fixed up a return match. Molly Angell did extremely well to win four out of five games, and only losing the other when the points were 20-22. K. and J. Slade each won one, but D. Edwards and P. Sandford (captain) were unable to get going.

The return match, played under the influence of the homely atmosphere of the Quemerford Hut, was again disastrous to our team, the final scores being 20 games to 5. Molly Angell once more headed the list with two games won, and three out of the remainder won one game each. S. Varty and George Collins were much too good for us, but the unfailing good humour and ready wit of George kept the girls' spirits up, even while he was smashing their shots into the most inaccessible parts of the table. Eric Wiltshire, too, seemed to delight in making his opponents chase from one corner to the other and, if it was possible for him to make them run into the stove, he certainly tried his best.

Two very enjoyable evenings with which to start the ladies' winter season.

The Station Hill T.T. Club, now called the Nomads, paid us a return visit on the 29th November, and we surprised ourselves by winning 19 games to 6. This was an even better win than the last time we played them, when the score was 16 to 9. Herbie won all five games played, F. Cleverly and Reg. Goddard four each, and C. Edwards and W. Smith three each. Of the visitors F. Steer was the most consistent by winning four games—his backhand flick was too good for us.

On December 6th we put two teams at the tables, A team playing the R.A.F., and B team Quemerford Hut, and we suffered two defeats. Versus the R.A.F., who were vastly superior to us in all phases of the game, we lost 23 games to 2. Airmen Ramsey, Chew, and Gooden were extremely

good, winning all games played rather easily; the other two lost only one game each to F. Cleverly and Reg. Goddard. This was a very instructive and interesting evening and the heavy defeat only makes us more determined to put up a better show next time.

B team, playing at Quemerford, lost by the odd game in 25, C. Rose (captain), R. King, and H. G. Webb winning three each, C. Butler 2, and K. Brindle 1. We weakened our team in this match as we won rather easily before, and Quemerford strengthened their side. Judging by the score, our choice of players was not far wrong. However, it was a very keen game and, apart from the fact that one of our men insisted on leaving early in case he missed something in the black-out, each game was followed with interest. G. Collins and Eric Wiltshire were on top of their form, winning all games played.

We were again beaten by the R.A.F., this time a team representative of No. 4 wing, who are the League T.T. Champions. A splendid match ending with the score 16-9 was enjoyed by everyone and especially by J. Chew, a Welshman, who won all games played, as he did when he played against us for his Station. K. Dixon was in fine form only losing to Herbie Webb, who was our highest scorer with three games to his credit.

As the factory was busy, the day being December 14th, we did not have our full team out, but Bill and Roy King stepped into the vacancies and played well. W. Penny played again after a rest from a few matches, but was unable to get into his smashing form and unusually for him, only collected one win. C. Edwards, playing very moderately, won two games only, most of his points being collected from his services.

The evening's play from our point of view was better, but we still lack enough punch to give the airmen a good run for victory.

HOCKEY SECTION.

Weather has interfered with hockey since the last report, two matches being cancelled, viz., Chippenham and Shrivenham. On November 25th we had another visit from a team from Yatesbury and, mixing with them, we played our attack against our defence. The latter proved successful by 6 goals to 3. Margaret Angell, in goal, played finely. We noticed the

absence of Mary Cleverly and Margaret Giddings, both incapacitated by illness, and we wish them a speedy return to the game of which they are such good exponents.

On December 2nd we journeyed to Bath to engage Stothert and Pitts. To play on Odd Down is, at the best, a trial, but we always seem to experience the worst. On that exposed spot rain is pitiless and robs a game of much of its enjoyment. It was so on this occasion. Our weakened team evaded a defeat by enforcing a draw, and our three goals were due to K. Angell (2) and Joyce Long.

On November 24th we organised our second whist drive of the season, and again we were rewarded by splendid support, and resulting in financial help. To supporters and helpers we extend our grateful thanks.

CLUB NOTES.

CHRISTMAS WHIST DRIVE.

The Annual Christmas Whist Drive organised by the Games Committee took place in the Skittle Alley on Wednesday, December 13th.

The Skittle Alley had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. In spite of the black-out there were 35 tables.

Mrs. Bodinnar kindly came over to present the prizes to the winners as follows:—

Ladies—1st Gammon, Mrs. P. Carter; 2nd 2 Chicken, Mrs. J. Smart; 3rd 7-lbs. Beef, Mrs. A. Oliver; 4th Bot. Port and Sherry, Mrs. A. B. Granger. Gentlemen—1st Gammon, Mr. L. Robinson; 2nd 2 Chicken, Mr. A. Trembling; 3rd 7-lbs. Beef, Mr. W. Lewis; 4th Bot. Port and Sherry, Mr. F. Wheeler.

Consolation Prizes—Highest Score at half-time, Mrs. R. Tilley and Mr. A. G. Hockley, Bot. Wine; Lowest total score, Mrs. Hopkins and Mr. F. Cleverly, Bot. Wine. Losing Lady at table No. 9, Mrs. Robinson and Losing Gent at table No. 27, Mr. A. B. Granger, Bot. Wine. Carnival Prizes—Chocolates Mrs. Moody; Cigarettes Mr. Dolman. Draw Prizes—Chocolates Mrs. Bull, Cigarettes, Miss Paget.

The evening was an enjoyable one from every point of view and many thanks are due to Mr. P. Carter for the able way in which he carried out the duties of M.C., in fact the success of all the Drives at the Woodlands is in no small measure due to Mr. Carter's efficient handling.

A NEW YEAR.

With many it has been customary in the past in sending New Year Greetings to wish their friends "A Bright New Year." Never has the thought been more deep and longing than to-day. Never has the desire for brightness been so backed up by personal emotion or practical experience. For behind the seasonable sentiment of "A Bright New Year" we call up "in our darkest moments the memory of the brightest."

Many of us will agree that the black-out is horrible. Without an electric torch the walk home at night from the Office or Factory is an adventure fraught with all kinds of dangers. Emerging from well-lighted premises into streets enveloped in total darkness, with traffic only faintly discernible in the road, and fellow pedestrians losing a sense of direction, calls for great care and, at times, a little humour and goodwill. We are not particularly pleased when, in sharing the same pavement, we find ourselves in violent contact one with the other. The shock is none too pleasant, hasty words may be exchanged, but often before they are uttered we begin to realise that it is no-one's fault, except Hitler's. One bright feature in all this darkness is that the War seems to have revived in us all a spirit of toleration. Irksome restrictions, inevitable in times like these, are cheerfully borne; little hardships are soon forgotten, and most of us are showing more friendliness to each other than was the case hitherto. This may be exemplified by a story of a collision in the black-out between an old lady and a middle-aged man. Both fell to the ground, and after helping the old lady to her feet the man profusely apologised. "Don't bother to apologise," said the old lady, "but do, please, tell me which way I was going when we collided."

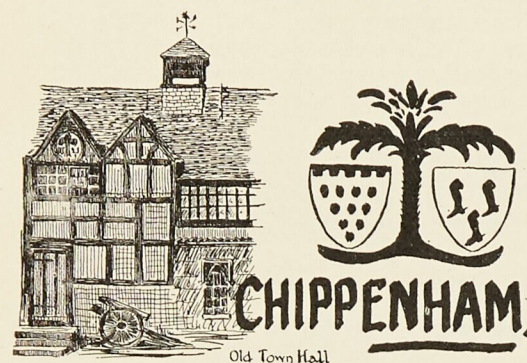
War, and its inconveniences, after all, is a great leveller. Each and every one of us recognizes we have a common danger to meet and a common purpose to achieve, and in this recognition we are prepared to continue making sacrifices, to bear one another's burdens, until victory is finally achieved, and when we may once more enjoy all that is meant when we wish our friends, as well as ourselves, "A Bright New Year."

R.B.S.

* * *

Set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them.—Bacon.

Friends Elsewhere.



Edited by W. H. WESTON.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

The distinction of being the first member of our Staff to be called to the Colours has fallen to Jack Hanks.

On Wednesday, 29th November, in the presence of his fellow-workers, our Manager, Mr. W. V. Long, handed him a silver cigarette case as a token of their good wishes for his future. In a short speech Mr. Long expressed the hope that this small present would prove to be a constant reminder of his association with our Factory, and further expressed the hope that before very long Jack would once again be back amongst us.
W.H.W.

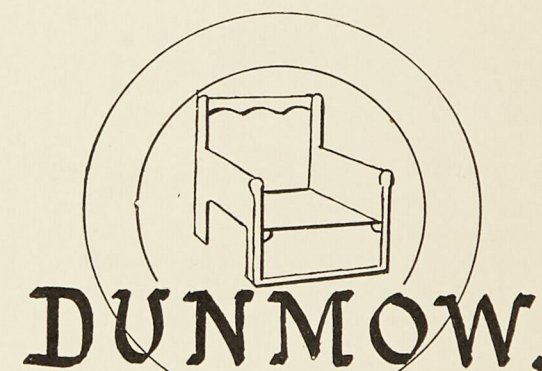
It was on a Friday we had our first raid practice. True, it only lasted about five minutes before the "all clear" sounded, but it served as a good rehearsal, and enabled those responsible for the safety of the public to note where the weak spots of the organisation lay. Nothing sensational happened. The chief warden of A.R.P. at a large stores told me about their own experience. They have a staff of about 1,000, and shelters for 15,000 open to the public, which cost £4,000. This firm have trained 200 wardens and hold three classes per week to fill up the ranks. Certain men control all the doors. At the sound of the five sirens every man and woman take their post. Down the lift come the bakery girls and back to the top of the roof are taken the trained roof watchers, 22 of them. First-aid parties get together, so do the fire-fighting squad. There are four first-aid posts with a personnel of 32. It seemed to

me a very complete and efficient organisation.

And oh, the railway stations! What miserable and gloomy places they are. The enormous glass roofs blacked out, and the tiny little lights make us creep about in ghostly fashion. The blue light in the carriage makes it blue, too. The latter has brought into being a new class of law breaker—those who furtively and secretly scratch the bottom of the blue bulbs and so get a better light. Now that trains are so few we get to them in good time, walk down the platform, and having found a compartment with the best light, enter. If there is no-one about we stand on the cushion and do a little more scratching with a pen-knife, and soon we find people saying, "Come in here, there is more light." Nursing our guilty secret, we feel we have indeed "done a good deed in a naughty world."

H.W.H.

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Edited by C. P. WARD.

SPORTS CLUB NEWS.

BILLIARDS.—Our billiards team entertained our friends from Ford End on the 13th November. Some very close games were seen during the evening. Our team proved a little too good for the visitors, the result being a 5—1 win for us.

DARTS.—The local White Horse team entertained us right royally on the 20th November. The Flitch team had no difficulty in winning the match. We should like to see a return game before long.

A whist drive was held in the Recreation Hall on Friday, 24th November, when there was a fair attendance. Mr. Culpin presented the prizes to Mrs. Falkner, Mrs. Hall, Mrs.

Sewell, Mr. Stacey, Mr. Gipps, and Mr. Richardson. The lucky number was held by Mr. Sapsford. Mr. T. Walsh was M.C.

Much pleasure is felt by the staff in sending two dart boards to the B.E.F. in France, from the Outing Fund. We hope in due course that more surprises of this nature will be forthcoming, thus enabling us to play a small part in providing a little amusement for some of the boys out there.

* * *

"Yes, it took me about six weeks of hard work to learn how to play tennis."

"And what have you got for your pains?"

"Liniment."

* * *

Girls and billiard balls kiss each other with about the same amount of feeling.

C.P.W.

The other day I was reading some of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, and in the "Wife of Bath's" tale I came across two lines which I thought would interest others as they did me.

The Wife of Bath is speaking slightly of one of her many husbands, and says:—

The bacoun was not fet for hem, I trowe,
That som men hav in Essex at Dunmowe.

It would seem that as long ago as 1386 the Dunmow Flitch was famous!

J. W. LLEWELLYN JONES.

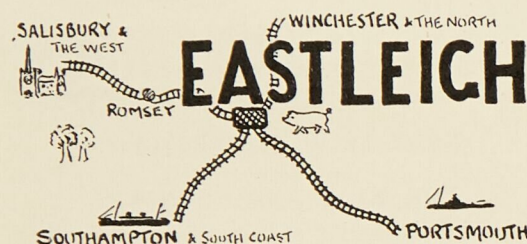
WINTER.

We do not welcome him or enthuse over his advent; in fact, we more often refer to him as to some dark and dreary ogre, but if by some strange chance hoary, old man Winter omitted to pay his seasonal visit we should sadly miss him and the benefits he brings. Blustering winds, driving rains, snow, frost—probably from a material comfort point of view, these elements do not appear as at all beneficial, but protected with adequate clothing for such an occasion, what is more exhilarating than the feel of cold, clean rain stinging your face to new and unaccustomed life? Unless it is the salt spray from the sea, met under similar circumstances. For those who prefer less Spartan conditions, choose one of those bright, clear, dry frosty days, when the grass is glittering white and crisp under foot,

and the air you breathe is like a tonic from a magic spring, causing the blood to flow warmly through your veins, the colour to appear in your cheeks, and your eyes to shine with unusual brightness. To Summer, with its long, warm, drowsy days, poor old Winter may lose in comparison, but nevertheless, one can feel more vitally alive in his hardy elements.

RAMBLER.

* * *



Edited by L. S. JONES.

We have been pleased to see Mr. Redman, who paid us an all too short visit during November.

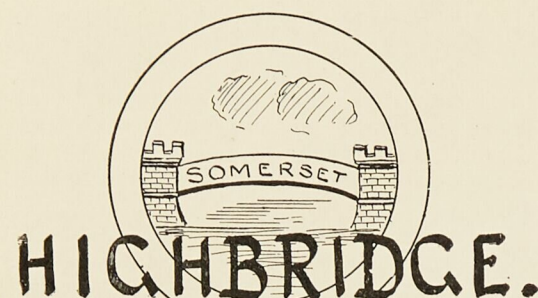
We are sorry that Mr. C. King has had to undergo an operation, but at the time of writing we hear that he is making good progress, and we hope it won't be long before we have him back with us again.

Several stalwarts of the Welfare Association have resumed activities in the Hut, and it is interesting to know that plans are afoot to renew some of the competitions, which were such a source of interest to us during last season.

At the beginning of another year we would like to remind all our Eastleigh readers that the article appearing under this heading month by month is *ours*, and we invite contributions from all. Any item of interest will be welcomed, and we are sure that there are many interesting things occurring from time to time which would be of mutual interest, so please do your best to help in this way during the coming year.

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We are not content with praise unless we deserve it, nor are we content with deserving it unless we obtain it.—*Adam Smith.*



Edited by C. B. SHIER.

We take this opportunity of sending our Season's Greetings to all our friends at Calne and Branches, wherever they may be, with our sincere wishes for a brighter and more prosperous New Year in 1940. May the New Year be a memorable one in the world's history, and may it bring peace and goodwill to all nations, with a deeper understanding of each others needs and aspirations.

To many it may seem rather paradoxical to express such feelings in a world full of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, but the majority of us do believe that many of the evils that exist are the result of a lack of knowledge of other people's difficulties; hence we should take a more optimistic view, that out of the evils which surround us at the moment good will come. It will come, if we individually cultivate that spirit of good fellowship to all men. Let us try anyway, remembering that it is the "unconquerable spirit" that wins.

WEDDING BELLS.

On Monday, the 6th November, at closing time, a very pleasing presentation was made to Mr. Berkley W. F. Young, on the occasion of his marriage to Miss O. Adams, at Huntspill Church, on Saturday, 11th November.

The presentation took the form of a lovely chiming clock, and was presented to the recipient by Mr. P. H. J. Doble (in the absence of our Manager), with every good wish for their future welfare.

We are sorry to lose one of our Factory Staff, Arthur Charles Chedzoy, who has left us after 26 years' service. We shall miss him, but he felt that the call of "home" must come first, and so will carry on the

good work of market gardening at the well-known establishment, "Bleak House," Bridgwater Road, West Huntspill.

It was felt we could not let him go without some sort of memento of his labours amongst us, so a presentation was made on behalf of the Manager, Office Staff, Factory, and Creamery, on Wednesday, 22nd November, at closing time, of a chiming clock, by our Manager (Mr. A. G. Kidley), who in a few well-chosen words referred to Mr. Chedzoy's length of service with the Company, and hoped he would have every good luck in the future.

No longer shall we see him pottering about in the "Herbaceous Borders" (with apologies to Mr. Middleton).

We are pleased to report that our esteemed Manager is back with us after his illness, and we sincerely hope that he will soon be himself again.

We are sorry to say that our old friend, J. Gillett, is still confined to his bed, after his collapse, as reported last month, and we hope soon to hear better news of him.

Many of us who have given years of our life to the industry of bacon curing feel that the present scarcity of raw material owing to the War should spur us on to improve the systems which have made the industry a necessity for supplying the nation's breakfast table.

There is no doubt that the present system of feeding is producing a very high-class animal for bacon. We hope that our supplies of pigs can be kept up and the public served with British bacon.

FUR AND FEATHER NEWS.

We have to congratulate our Creamery Foreman, Mr. Walter J. Young, on being appointed a judge at the Bridgwater Homing Society's Show, recently held in that town. We are told that they had record entries, the young bird class having 98.

We have to congratulate two of our employees, Messrs. T. Hardwidge and R. Slocombe, for obtaining several prizes at the local Highbridge Chrysanthemum and Pigeon Show, held on Saturday, 4th November. We are told that the exhibits were of a

high order, and that the Show was a great success.

We have pleasure in giving the awards to these two gentlemen, viz:—

R. Slocombe—Chrysanthemums—Two seconds, 1 third, 1 fourth; vegetables—One second and 1 third.

T. Hardwidge — Chrysanthemums—Three seconds, 3 thirds.

BRITISH LEGION NOTES.

The Service of Remembrance was held both at Highbridge and Burnham-on-Sea on Sunday, 12th November, and proved to be a record in attendance, and we understand that the Poppy Collection was also a record.

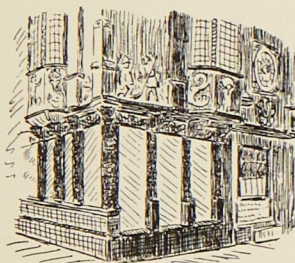
A.R.P. NOTES.

A combined exercise in the whole of the Bridgwater area was held on Monday evening, 27th November, and was considered satisfactory under the conditions of very inclement weather.

We hope soon to have a "sudden call-out" as a test of all sections of the services in case of emergency.

C.B.S.

* * *



Edited by J. E. SMITH.

THIS AND THAT—AND CANALS.

At School we were once called upon to produce an essay on Canals. Most of the form had never seen one, and to those who had, the scene probably conjured up a depressing vision of the typical English Canal—a lifeless stretch of water imprisoned between high, concrete walls, and choosing for its background some moist and grimy industrial town.

For some time there was a blank silence in the classroom, broken occasionally by the stealthy raising of desk lids. Finally, pens began to scratch, increasing in volume until an onlooker would have thought the task an easy one.

Disillusionment followed. Hardly were the essays collected when our Master glanced up from the pile of books before him, with the observation that our geography text books contained an excellent treatise on Canals, and it might be purely luck if one of our essays bore a close resemblance to this authority.

Two essays on the same lines might be called a coincidence, but as he noticed that every effort handed in was copied practically word for word from the same source, he felt the thing had become a habit—and a bad habit at that!

It was, I recall, far too sunny a day to be in detention.

This incident taught me two things; first, that Canals were a dangerous subject if your Form Master had a liver, and secondly (gleaned from the offending geography book) that Canals were at one time growing prosperous and plentiful in England until bought up and deliberately allowed to fall into disuse by their rivals in cheap transport, the railway companies.

Some ten years elapsed, as the authors say, before I ventured to renew my acquaintance with Canals. This time a tough little sailing boat had replaced the School desk, and the Canals were not outcasts and eyesores, but a recognised and even beautiful feature of the countryside, for the scene lay in Holland.

The artificial origin of these waterways is happily concealed by the practice of allowing the water to flow within a foot or two of the top of the bank, as in the case of natural rivers, while the gently shelving banks themselves are a delightful pattern of roughly-dressed stone and greenery, the latter not too severely cropped, but tended often enough to maintain the Canal's neat appearance and efficiency.

The largest of these Canals run straight as Roman roads, and wide enough for large steamers to pass each other, with plenty of room to spare for smaller craft. The smaller Canals often flow into tiny rivers, and wind through the land rather like peaceful English lanes. On a hot summer's day this likeness is increased by a gentle breeze blowing over the rich pastureland, bearing a mingled scent of cows and clover. There is something unreal in the way a village looms up ahead, houses running along either bank, pavements bordering the Canal itself, with lamp posts every now and again, and everything in

keeping with its English counterpart, except that keels take the place of wheels on the "road."

S. J. AMSDEN.

REMINISCENCES II.

If we had to kill a chicken in the house it was not thoughtfully taken overnight from the perch, but left until the morning. My father had already indicated which particular bird was destined to be the victim, and my brother and I would start running it down. This we looked upon as a great adventure, and I can see this poor, dazzled thing, after taking us through the stack-yard into the horse yard, and round the back of the pond, finally submitting to capture, after having hidden itself as far as possible in a heap of bushes.

Then one of the men on the farm would tie it by the legs on a large hook behind the wood shed, the site always used for these executions, and it would be stuck by inserting a pen knife in its mouth, at the same time piercing the brain, so we were told. It seemed to us a long time dying—strange to say we saw no cruelty in this, and I am glad that such methods of killing became unfashionable. In some places even to-day this method is still in vogue for the killing of ducks and chickens instead of the more humane way of breaking their necks.

When out one day we found a swallow's nest *in the branch of a tree*—this caused a great sensation. I remember a white-haired ornithologist of the district coming to prove the authenticity of this departure from the accepted rules for this bird's domicile. For many years I treasured a photograph presented to me and taken by the photographer, a Mr. Vick, who had a studio somewhere near the Barrack Corner, in Ipswich. This was the first time I had seen a photograph taken.

Charley, our pony, mentioned in my reminiscences of last month, was on one occasion nearly the cause of the drowning of my brother. It was a hot day, and my brother rode the pony into the pond for a drink. Charley, like horses do sometimes, went for a good swim, finally rolling over and leaving its rider submerged in the deepest spot. Fortunately, one of the men saw what had happened, and a day in blankets soon put matters right. For weeks my brother was looked upon as a hero, and no end of a fuss was made of him, to the

exclusion of myself. This is probably why I remember the incident; one is very impressionable at that age.

We had a rookery on the farm, and each year, on or about May 12th, friends of my father were invited to rook shooting. I enjoyed picking up the birds, *if* and when they fell, but often a wounded bird would fall back into the nest or get entangled in the branches to die a lingering death. Again I did not realise the cruelty of this sport. Rook pie was looked upon as a great treat; young rook is not at all bad eating. The breasts only were taken and squares of best beef steak cooked with them.

My father's rifle was a muzzle loader. A measured quantity of gunpowder from the powder flask was poured in at the muzzle, being jolted down by tapping the butt on the ground, then a wad of paper rammed home with a ramrod, then a round lead bullet was rammed in, finally a percussion cap was placed over the firing pin. I should have mentioned that my father used to make his own bullets during the winter evenings, melting down lead and pouring it into a small mould, making one bullet at a time. We always enjoyed the evening devoted to the replenishment of our store of ammunition.

With six in family we had a governess and did our lessons at home. I cannot recall any particular impression of my nursery schooling, though I remember one governess, of whom I was particularly fond and would have liked to marry. I think I was about nine years old then, so the family would not agree to it. She wore full leg-of-mutton sleeves and voluminous skirts, and was inclined to be wasp-waisted.

On fine days the six of us would go for a walk—a regular cavalcade of pram, wheelbarrow, and toys of a vehicular nature, including also a couple of mongrel dogs.

On one of these occasions I remember pushing my sister in the pram; the handle was just about up to my head. I was frequently knocking my head on it, and, coming to the top of a hill, I thought it would be fun to let the pram go downhill by its own momentum, regardless of consequences. I can see the thing now, gaining speed until it overturned at the bottom, sending my sister sprawling. She was fairly plump and round and did not take much harm.

J. E. SMITH.

(To be continued).



Edited by L. STOCKDALE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND BENEVOLENT SHARE-OUT.

On Friday, December 2nd, the annual general meeting was held in the Club Room. The balance-sheet for the previous year was read and approved. All present were congratulated by Mr. Gale upon their excellent health, which made the share-out of 9s. 9d. possible.

The elected officers for the coming year were:—Life president, Mr. Bodinnar; chairman, Mr. Gale; treasurer, Mr. Faull; secretary, Mr. Fairbrother; auditor, Mr. Sumner.

The annual meeting for the Works Council Election was also held on Friday, December 2nd. Mr. A. E. Sumner was elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. J. Onslow's return to Calne.

The representatives elected for the Works Council were:—Mr. R. Cross, Mr. A. E. Sumner, and Mr. L. G. Stockdale.

Messrs. R. Cross and L. Stockdale thus retain their seats on the Council, and Mr. Gale congratulated them on retaining the confidence of their workmates.

At the meeting of the Welfare Club Committee it was decided to place the Club Room at the disposal of men serving with the Colours. An invitation to this effect was sent, since which full advantage has been taken of this privilege. This has given our own members a little more variety of play, and also helped the Club funds.

At a Committee meeting held on November 6th, it was decided to run a competition for Mr. Bodinnar's Cup, introducing the following games:—Billiards, snooker, table tennis, darts, and shove-halfpenny. The first draw was for darts. We hope members will support their Committee in this effort to get this competition going and play their games off promptly.

Our whist drives for the Winter months started on October 17th, and we are happy to be able to report even better attendances than last year. To keep this going we decided to run the drives in series of six, and a prize awarded to the highest aggregate score in addition to the usual prizes given at each drive.

On November 15th a whist drive was held to obtain funds for H.M. Forces overseas. For this occasion all prizes (which numbered 10) were given by residents of Kidlington, to whom we are very grateful, and this enabled us to raise the sum of £3 3s. 8d., which has been forwarded to the appropriate quarter.

We, at Kidlington, take this opportunity of wishing all Branches a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

On the evening of Tuesday, December 5th, we started our tournaments by entertaining the R.A.F. Sparks Club, and a very enjoyable evening resulted.

The results were as follows:—

BILLIARDS.			
Mr. Stockdale ...	56	Mr. Parton	57
Mr. Gale	78	Mr. Bradshaw ...	36
Mr. Belcher	50	Mr. Mortimore ...	54
Mr. Faull	69	Mr. Walkington...	68
Mr. Pollard	29	Mr. Guy	59
Mr. Bates	38	Mr. Cook.....	67

DARTS.			
Mr. Bates	2	Mr. Cook.....	0
Mr. Knibbs	1	Mr. Mortimore ...	2
Mr. Eustace	0	Mr. Budd	2
Mr. Pollard	0	Mr. Williams	2
Mr. Warland ...	2	Mr. Guy	0
Mr. Stockdale ...	0	Mr. Parton	2
Mr. Hillier	2	Mr. Walkington ...	0
Mr. Gale	2	Mr. Mortimore ...	0
9		8	

TABLE TENNIS.			
Mr. Pollard	3	Mr. Cook.....	0
Mr. Warland ...	0	Mr. Guy	3
Mr. Stockdale ...	1	Mr. Parton	2
Mr. Faull	3	Mr. Budd	0
Mr. Gale	2	Mr. Mortimore ...	1
9		6	

SNOOKER.			
Mr. Warland ...	59	Mr. Guy	67
Mr. Belcher	22	Mr. Bradshaw ...	68
Mr. Gale	56	Mr. Walkington ...	36

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Many thanks are due to Mrs. Bull, who is always ready at all times to give her services preparing the sandwiches and coffee, which everyone enjoyed.

* * *



LEEDS

Edited by G. S. CAMPBELL.

A friend who lives alone in a cottage near Leeds recently found himself with a visitor in the form of a field mouse, driven indoors by the first frosts.

This is not one of those touching stories about the companionship of a lonely man and a mouse, for this chap at once set a trap for the mouse—one of those non-lethal affairs which capture the creature alive—or should.

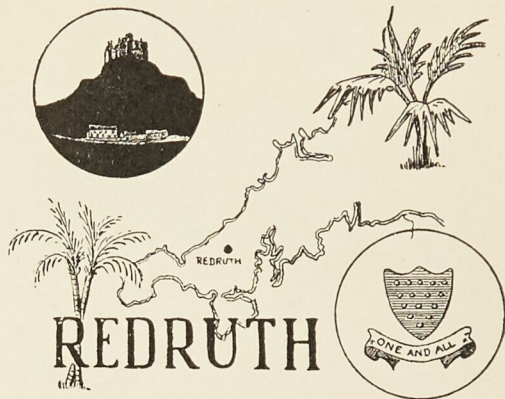
In this case the mouse managed to take the cheese and leave the trap unsprung on several nights. At last my friend baited the trap with a gristly piece of meat that the mouse could not remove without a struggle.

That night he was awakened by a demoniac wail from downstairs, followed by an appalling clatter. No ordinary mouse could be responsible for such a commotion. My friend lay in bed several minutes with that dreadful cry ringing in his ears. The moonlight cast thick shadows in the room. It seemed just the night for a witches' sabbath.

At length he ventured downstairs and found a terrified cat crouching in a corner with the mousetrap on one paw. It was a neighbour's cat, and had come in through an open casement.

My friend examined the paw to see that it was unhurt, clouted the cat for alarming him, and turned it out.

He has given up setting the trap. He says the mouse is sure to die before long of insomnia through being unable to sleep for laughing.



Edited by A. J. CLARK.

In this, the first issue of the Magazine in a New Year, we send our wishes to our friends elsewhere for their prosperity and happiness in the days to come. One hopes that the dark clouds overshadowing the world at the moment may be dispelled and the New Year see a peace which may be lasting.

At the Church of St. Stephen's, Treleigh, on Saturday, the 2nd December, the wedding took place of Mr. R. Burrows and Miss V. Harris. The bridegroom was for some years a member of our Office Staff, and is now attached to the Van Sales Department, at Calne. Mr. and Mrs. Burrows have our good wishes for their happiness.

In the Redruth and District Hospital, following an operation, is J. S. Wood, one of our watchmen. We are pleased that he is now making progress, and hope that this progress may be continued and that ere long we shall see him back at his usual post.

A.J.C.

* * *

Seen in a South Wales shop:—
You are registered at Birth.
You are registered at Death.
Register here for *Life*.

* * *

Women from every walk of life have streamed into Britain's feminine Army, the Auxiliary Territorial Service. In one Company there is a girl from China, a girl from Canada, a professional crooner, and an actress who plays the accordion.



Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

Owing to pressure of work our Totnes Editor has requested me to send in some copy for the January Magazine, and I am very pleased to fall in with his request.

The last month of 1939 has arrived. In Devon Winter comes upon us with a grip that is less severe than that with which our "up-country" friends are familiar, but rain seems to be ever with us. The River Dart has difficulty to keep within the limits of its banks the waters which come pouring in from a multitude of swollen tributaries as it hurries along its journey from Dartmoor to Dartmouth and the sea. The quietness and tranquility of the Totnes Weir on a June evening is a strange contrast to the noise and tumult of this bleak December afternoon when the water comes rushing over the top in one mad raging torrent. The gentle flowing kindly River Dart which we know in June is no longer gentle, no longer kindly, in December. But the peace of Midsummer has not only disappeared from the quiet water of the River Dart; in this world of ours war rages. In the world it is also December. But amidst all the strife, if we listen, we shall soon hear the bells ringing on Christmas morning, and because the streets are blacked out perhaps the Star in the East will be more easily seen by us; so we will take courage for Christmas is in December.

In common with our other Factories we have been busy getting retailers to register with us. Some of the journeys we have made have been long; returning late at night with the present lighting restrictions, and almost continuous rain, has not been

altogether pleasant. In this connection we have had the valuable assistance of Miss Pickford, whom we hope has enjoyed her stay with us, despite the adverse atmospheric conditions.

Young Farmers' Clubs are very numerous in Devon. One of the most active and progressive of these is the Halwell and District Young Farmers' Club, with headquarters in the village of Halwell, which is on the very picturesque main road between Totnes and Kingsbridge. Last week pigs fed by members of this Club were delivered at our Factory; an invitation was extended to all the members on the day the pigs were killed. This invitation was gladly accepted, and we had the pleasure of seeing a large number of young and enthusiastic agriculturists, both male and female, taking a very keen interest in all they saw and heard concerning pigs and bacon. The following day it was our privilege to judge the carcasses and so successful were the efforts of the young farmers to produce the right kind of pig that the judging was a most difficult task. Later in the week a dinner was held in one of the farmer's barns at Halwell, when the Secretary of the Club gave a very pressing invitation to the Manager of Totnes Factory to attend. Unfortunately the urgent duties in connection with registrations for bacon made it impossible to attend the dinner, but we have received an intimation that this invitation may be extended again at a later date as these young farmers are very anxious to show their appreciation for the interest which we always take in supplying them with the best feeding stuff from our Mill, and taking their pigs at the Factory when they are ready.

We extend to all those associated with the House of Harris at Calne, and all the Branches, our very best wishes for the coming year.

W.B.F.

* * *

Spinach pudding and cabbage doughnuts are among the many curious recipes recommended to German housewives by the Nazi Government.

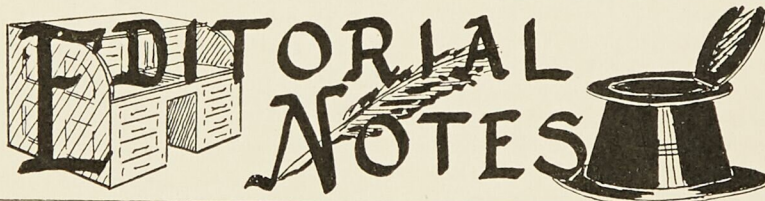
And it is reported that many Germans, owing to the soap shortage, are obliged to wash themselves with powdered horse-chestnuts.



BY APPOINTMENT,
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 14. _____ FEBRUARY, 1940. _____ No. 2.

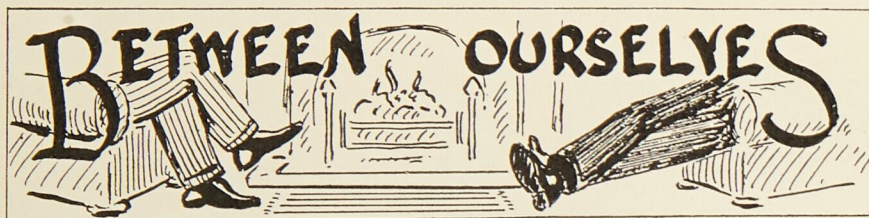


OUR readers have already received an intimation that for the benefit of employees desiring to continue to invest their savings in Government Loans in future, a Firm's National Savings Group, affiliated to the National Savings Committee, has been formed, and full details of this scheme will be communicated to all employees in due course.

Saving at all times makes the saver secure from those shortages of money which are not only embarrassing but often tragic in times of emergency and need. During a War saving has a wider importance, as it enables the State to use the money for essential food and munitions, and reduces the cargo space on our ships for non-essential imports.

We feel that we are voicing the thoughts of all who have deposited in the C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., Savings Scheme when we express our thanks to the Directors, not only for the generous rate of interest which has regularly been given, but for the Scheme itself, which has enabled many to take the first steps towards house purchase, adequate life assurance provision, and other sound personal arrangements for thrift and well-being.

Gratitude for all that the Savings Scheme has meant can best be expressed by a ready response to our Chief's appeal to depositors to continue to save for the benefit of our country.



The Proceedings and Address by Mr. Bodinnar at the Bonus and Savings Scheme Meeting, held at Calne, on Friday, 26th January, 1940.

WE are at War. So far, we know very little in this country of what that War really means, and some of the French people, for example, are saying, when they visit this country, that they are astonished at the ease with which we are carrying on our lives in England as compared with the greater stress under which the inhabitants of France live in certain portions of that country. Except for an odd enemy plane or two which goes over the Orkneys, or which is reported to have been somewhere in the Thames Estuary, except for the great calamity that comes from the sinking of a destroyer, and except for what one fears must be the minor effects of the War in the loss of lives which we, as a country, have so far suffered, it has not yet been brought home to us in our own individual lives and homes, speaking at any rate for the majority of us, that we are at War, and it is a War we are rightly in. The "Daily Telegraph" this morning has an article in which it says that Herr Hitler is already choosing and educating German officials for positions they will occupy here when he governs this England of ours!! I have no doubt whatever that Hitler *thinks* that as a result of this War he is going to be the ruler of this country.

Don't think, therefore, because we have not yet suffered any great inconvenience, that there is not a War which has still to be faced.

Now we mean to win that War. We say that while we have no quarrel with the Germans as individuals, we dare not let humanity go on to its destruction in the absence of freedom and the ordinary facilities for the leading of decent, quiet,

happy lives, with the right for every man and woman to think their own thoughts and to worship God according to their individual convictions.

We are going to win this War. How are we going to do it? By the ordinary methods, of course, of defence and attack, and with the help of our Navy and this young Army that is growing up; with all the gallantry already shown by what I hope at the end of the day we shall say is an unbeaten and an unequalled Air Force; by our shipping, and by all the bravery of the fishermen who are going out on their mine-sweeping expeditions. In all these ways, active ways, we shall do our part as a country in winning the War.

But there is far more than that in the winning of a War. How are *you* going to win it? What are *you* going to do? How do *you* propose to make your individual contribution to getting the world out of the tangle and the mess that it is, and to ensure the coming of a greater reign than that of Herr Hitler, or even of our own gracious King George VI.—the coming of a reign of peace, in which the Prince of Peace will at last dominate all the nations of the world so that the world, as a whole, may proceed towards the destiny which God Almighty has in view for it. How are *you* going to act on the Home Front? What is *your* job to be?

Yesterday I sat for about two hours giving evidence before a Committee set up by Parliament, known as the Parliamentary Committee on National Expenditure. I had to give an account of stewardship in connection with bacon contracts we have made with foreign countries and of the organisation that there is behind the control of all bacon, the control of pigs, and the control of English factories. I thought as I came away from that meeting about our gathering here to-day, of some of you whom

I have known for so long. As some of your faces and some of your characters, and some of your friendships, passed through my mind I tried to use those of you who are among my older friends as a sort of example, and I tried to think of you individually as a Committee set up to examine your own individual expenditure, and of what results you might arrive at if you considered the nation's need as against your own habits.

Finally, it won't be the Army, it won't be the Navy, it won't be the Air Force that will win the War, but the final test of the struggle between Germany and ourselves may be the resource and wealth of the nation—the ability to stick it out.

We started off, as a nation, with some economic advantage over Germany; an advantage which, I am going to suggest to you, could be wasted and frittered away by individual misuse of resources and of the tokens of wealth.

So my appeal to you to-day in connection with the change-over that is being made in regard to our methods of saving is that if this country comes to stand in the last ditch it will be the resolve of the individual and the careful economy of the individual quite as much as the well-thought-out National Government schemes of economy and control that will bring results. In other words, to put it quite simply to you: The penny you save, the one over the eight that you did without, the avoidance of waste in any shape or form, may be the balancing factors which will give us victory and, as I hope, may bring us a speedier victory.

Now I have for 15 years preached to you the gospel of preparation for a rainy day. Some of you have taken heed and have known its value. Has the rainy day come for England? Has the time for which she has made careful preparation come? I think it has. I think that England is facing to-day more serious issues than she has ever faced in her long and glorious history. Your ability to deal with your own rainy day, and your thought for your country at this stage, in such ways as you can serve, will help England, her Allies, and her fine Dominions to carry this job through. That is why I appeal to you to-day, as I have never appealed before, that if you have never before had a thought for your best interests, if you have never had occasion before to think widely of England and all

that England means, that moment has come for us to do it. And that is why the Directors, in thinking over this Savings Scheme, and in realising that with wisdom the Committee and the Directors and everybody else had planned that Scheme and had carried it on to the great satisfaction, I hope, of everybody for so long, decided that the moment had come when a new form of savings directly calculated to benefit the country, and carrying Government guarantees, that were not associated entirely with the gilt-edged securities that were previously on the market, should be adopted, and that the time had come to suggest to the depositors that our old Savings Scheme should be merged into a National Savings Scheme.

It has been running, I see, for 14 years. During that time the Company have contributed towards the interest no less a sum than £8,518 3s. 6d., and for the last five years, when the growth of the Scheme has been very rapid, we have gladly paid over £1,000 every year towards the interest.

During these 14 years we have also paid, as Directors, a sum of £6,700 for the expense of running the Scheme. In other words, in the 14 years we have given the Scheme a total in interest and expenses of £15,218.

My friends, when we first launched it, it was on the guarantee to you that we would guarantee the capital and interest. We have kept our word. All the investments have been sold. There was a loss on the sale of them owing to War conditions making the quotations lower than we paid for them—there was a loss on the investments of capital and interest of £2,013. The loss of capital has been paid into Lloyds Bank this morning by the Company. In addition, the Firm's gesture made in the plan you have had put to you of that extra 3d. on the £, which is to be added after the accounts are completed on January 31st, will cost the Company £1,153, and the expense of winding it up is estimated at £50. Those items, which the Firm are now finding, amount to £3,216, in addition to the £1,000 towards interest for the year 1939 that we have paid. I want to say to you that we have kept our word. We have made up the loss; you will get your money in full; you will get all the interest up to January 31st, and you will get 3d. in the £ in addition as a gesture of the Company's continued interest.

I therefore stand before you to-day to

give this account of my stewardship as Chairman of the Savings Scheme. Nobody has been let down. Every penny that you have put in will be paid out. It has cost you nothing to run the Scheme, and we are giving you 3d. in the £ in addition. I want to say this to you for your satisfaction—the balance-sheet showed that, on December 31st, £91,877 15s. 9d. was then due to the depositors. The whole of that money is in Lloyds Bank to-day.

Now let me tell you briefly how the change to the National Savings Scheme is going to be worked. Your balance on December 31st will appear in your account, and will include the interest for 1939. At the end of January another month's interest will be added, and these together will give you a total. If that total is £5, 1s. 3d. will be added, for the 3d. in the £. If it is £100, 25s. will be added, and so on. That total will be the amount due to you on Savings Scheme account. To it will be added, for convenience of distribution, the amount of your efficiency bonus for the year 1939. If, therefore, there is somebody with £5 on January 31st, to that will be added 1s. 3d., being the 3d. gift—£5 1s. 3d. If the bonus is £10, the £10 will be added to that and there will be a total of £15 1s. 3d. as available for the new investment.

As soon as possible after the beginning of February your book, with a form, will be sent to you, asking you if you would like to have these amounts invested in National Savings Certificates or 3 per cent. Defence Bonds.

A point has been put to me this morning which we will at once meet. Interest will not be payable on the Savings Scheme monies after January 31st, but, so that there shall be no loss of interest to the individual, the Firm are perfectly willing (and are empowered to do it under the National Savings Scheme) to buy a very large block of National Savings Certificates which will bear the date of February 1st, so that by the time you get your little transaction completed you will have a National Savings Certificate with interest from February 1st, and will therefore suffer no loss of interest.

The old Savings Committee are going to carry on the new Scheme. I want to thank them most sincerely for all they have done. The work of Mr. Pigott, of Mr. John Holley, and those who have been responsible for keeping the books, the work of two mem-

bers of the Committee who every month have been sitting down to examine the books and accounts, the work of the Committee as a whole, is something that I have never fully paid tribute to. I want to do it now, and I want to say in your name, and in our names, how grateful we are to the Committee for the hard, careful, and thoughtful work they have put in—some of them from the very commencement of the Scheme. They have consented to carry on as the Committee under the National Savings Scheme Group. They will so carry on, and the Firm will continue to pay all the expenses.

Now, my friends, in passing from this subject, may I say this one thing to you. When you get your book, and when you know that you have got to make a decision, some of you will be tempted, as one of my friends has already been tempted, to say: "Well, I have £59 there. I'll spend the £9." Somebody else may say: "I have got £15 13s. 10d. I will spend the £5 13s. 10d.; or shall I spend the lot?" I do beg of you to leave your savings untouched for the sake of England, and for the sake of your own future. We do not know what this War is going to mean, except that we know this, that if the War ended to-morrow, never again, never again shall we be able to slide back into those happy, easier ways which characterised some of our national life before the War. Six million pounds a day is going into aeroplanes, armies, bombs, and ships, all of which, within a very short time, must become obsolete, or some of which will be used for the destruction of life. Six million pounds a day is going to waste to a very large extent. Never again will the old, easier days come back to our ken. I therefore do appeal to you not to waste a penny shown in your bank books at the beginning of February, but to lend it to the Government, with the Government's guarantee that if you take up a Savings Certificate you can get it out at any moment without losing a penny, and the guarantee that Defence Bonds will be repayable by the Government, plus a premium of £1 for every £100, in a very short time. Don't mis-use the opportunity that will be given to you to re-invest this money. I would be an awfully proud fellow—if you will allow me to say just this one personal word—I'd be an awfully proud fellow, and I'd be very happy indeed, if I could know that every one of

you had done his, or her, little bit to lend your money to the Government in this time of national need.

Well, the next point is a happier one, and that is about our Efficiency Bonus. Fifteen years we have had that little game running; a pleasant little game, started by a few sportsmen who thought that the ordinary rules of the course could be improved on, and that if the runner had the chance of a little encouragement it might put that little bit of extra pep into his race that might otherwise have been missing, the little bit of pep called efficiency. So a few sportsmen devised the Efficiency Bonus Scheme, which has been quite a pleasant little game for you because the forfeits have been paid by the sportsmen every year. This bonus that was given, without being asked for, was, and still is, nothing to do with wages, and it is subject every year to the sort of announcement I am now going to make as to whether it will go on or not. It has been for you a pleasant thing which has formed the basis of the savings which many of you enjoy. Some of you have got it in bricks and mortar; some of you have got it in insurance policies, some of you have got it in the renewed health of your child, or in the goodwill and the asset of your wife's life, because you were able, without cringing and asking for charity, to have a little operation done for her without making too much grouse about it. In one way or another this Bonus Scheme has added wealth and enjoyment.

During the 15 years that we have carried it on it has, for all our places, cost the Company over £120,000, and for 1939 our total Efficiency Bonus, as apart from certain other things that we do for all our Factories, came to £11,585.

Recently we have been happy, without it having been suggested by anybody, to give a voluntary increase in Wages. I believe that made a lot of you happy. I am so glad that was so. I hope you will take it as another example of our trying to anticipate a need and of trying to do the thing we thought was right.

The Efficiency Bonus Scheme will, unless there is anything in the shape of Government control or any unforeseen circumstances, be continued for 1940.

Now what are our prospects as a business? I don't know whether you have read the papers this morning. If so, you

will have gathered that the Minister of Food and the Minister of Agriculture were in pretty hot water in the House of Commons yesterday because they had not got feeding stuffs for pigs and poultry in particular. It is a fact that there has been a desperate shortage of feeding stuffs for pigs. It is a fact (criticism of the Ministers apart) that when you have thousands of ships, as we have, which voyage over what everybody now calls the Seven Seas, and that those ships are dodging in and out and zig-zagging on their course to escape enemy mines; or when those ships are waiting about for Admiralty convoy, you don't get the full use out of your shipping tonnage that you would get if those ships were able to traverse the ocean directly from point to point. As it is, the shipping of the country has had to be rationed and the most important things have had first call on our shipping space. It was laid down by the Government some little time ago that, in regard to feeding stuffs for animals, the most important class of animal was the cow and the sheep, and that pigs were less important than those others, because it would take three years to rear a bullock for human consumption, whereas the pig could be reproduced very much more quickly.

There was, therefore, a lowering of the amount of feeding stuffs that was available for pigs, and as a result we have been having pigs born in Cornwall and drowned at birth, and, I understand, that small store pigs at Chippenham Market (I hope I have got the quotation correctly; it was reported to us yesterday in London) were being sold at 5s. a head.

I hope every agriculturist will observe what the Minister said, that more feeding stuffs would now be made available for pigs and poultry. Meantime, the pig population has gone down seriously as the result of the slaughtering policy which has been carried on, very largely based on the fear of the farmer that he will not have sufficient food to take his pig to maturity. What the effect of that is going to be upon Bacon Factories in the country I am not able to say. I can only say this, that my job is to provide enough bacon from all sources for a ration for everybody in the country who wants to use bacon. The extent to which Bacon Factories will get pigs will depend on the number of pigs that are forthcoming every week, and it is my job once a week

(I have done it on the telephone since I came here to-day) to say, after considering the grand total of *all* kinds of bacon available, that out of the total number of pigs for the week in question so many pigs are to go into bacon and so many into pork. Now, for Heaven's sake, don't blame *me* if you don't get enough pork! But somebody has to decide these difficult things, and whilst I have not to distribute pork to the butchers' shops, I have got to say how many pigs in a week shall be devoted first to bacon and, secondly, to go to Government slaughter-houses.

All I can say is that we are only at the commencement of controls, and that controls may be tighter. There will be a tighter control on Mr. Redman's favourite article of food, the sausage! I understand that there is already a controlled price on his second favourite article of food, which is a black pudding—(loud laughter). I gather that a very special black pudding that was made for him about three weeks ago quickened his return to health, for which we were all hoping and praying after he had had a very serious attack of bronchitis.

Well, now, in all these circumstances, may I make this appeal to everybody at all our Factories.

I don't know what the future brings. I feel less sure of it as regards the Bacon Industry than I have ever felt, but I think some of you could do something, in spite of difficulties about black-outs and dark mornings. I think some of you could do a little better for yourselves—to say nothing of the work of the team of which you are a part—if we had a swing-back in certain directions to better time keeping. Don't worry about personal irritations. You will have bigger ones before we finish. Don't get out at elbows with the chap who works next to you. Don't let that little animal—the ape—rise to dominate your temper. Don't let the ape take the dominant place on your shoulder, whispering rumour and mischief and restiveness and ill-will into your ear. Try to rub along together in all our places that some of us love. Make a good job of things, the one with the other. We will be glad of it on such occasions as I had yesterday morning when one of those who are assisting me, and doing a mighty important job in London, came up and said, "I have done in for to-day." I said, "I am sorry, What is the trouble?" I will use his language

to me. "My God," he said, "when my boy was born, and as a result his mother nearly died, we said, 'One day he will be man enough to come after me,' and now the Germans have sunk him in a destroyer."

God forbid that any such sorrow should come within your lives, or that anything of that nature should come to wreck your happiness and to devastate the woman you love. But you won't get through this War, and you won't get through your lives, without some sorrow and some hardship, and you won't get through without feeling, "I wish I hadn't misunderstood him or her. I wish I had not forfeited that friendship, and I wish I hadn't spread that lying rumour about him." You will need sympathy. So let our jobs and our lives lead us back to the ideal with which we started together so many years ago, that we would run our business life together, and we would learn how to be friends. Let friendship and understanding characterise all your doings and give you the spirit that an old team of Spartans had—the spirit that will endure. For when you have got a fellow who knows how to endure, and a girl who knows how to grit her teeth and blind back the tears and go straight ahead with life and all that it means, then you have got a spirit that will conquer Hitler and bring us a total victory that will give the world entire freedom.

In a few minutes we are going to distribute a whole lot of Medals. These Medals denote a term of service. They also denote loyalty. Yesterday morning an old chap passed away who served the Company for 69 years, and whose proudest possession in life was, he told me, that Gold Medal of his with five bars upon it that denoted 65 years of service, to which he added another four. I went one day to see old Henry Carpenter when he was pretty seedy. He sent everybody out of the room and, in his own inimitable way, he said, "Please, sir, I can't get up, but will you open that drawer and take out the Medal." And he said, "Would you pin it on again?" Old Henry Carpenter, who yesterday crossed the Great Divide, and who has gone now to receive the reward which is truly his, who has gone to a place where there is Peace, and where there is a re-association of all the happiness and all the pleasantness he had in this life, and where there is the greater joy of seeing and being with that great One without Whom life is of no avail.

He has gone over, and I'll bet you anything you like that old Henry to-day, if he could have his way, would like to have his Medal with him. God rest the soul of Henry Carpenter, and God ease the minds of all our old folk and all who are getting on in years; and God be with all mothers whose sons are in khaki, and with the girl whose lover is abroad, and with all those we love. As presently we shall give these Medals to those of our friends who have put in 20 years and over, and especially to Joseph Carpenter, who will receive his 65 years' Medal, let our hearts go out to them in affection, and let us try to carry on this job that we are doing together to victory and satisfaction.

I am going to move that the balance-sheet of the Savings Scheme, which has been put up for your perusal, shall be received and adopted.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. H. J. D. Cleverley and carried unanimously.

Mr. Bodinnar decorated with Medals those in Calne whose names appear elsewhere, and said he would be sending personally to all at the Branches who were not present.

He also presented the following awards:

CRICKET SECTION.

1ST XI.

President's Batting Cup and Certificate—Mr. R. Swaffield.

President's Bowling Cup.—Mr. I. J. Taylor. (Mr. Taylor has won this Cup for three years in succession, and was presented with a Medal in recognition of this, together with the usual Certificate).

2ND XI.

President's Bat, for the best batting average.—Mr. F. Butler.

Mr. Redman's Bat, for the best bowling average.—Mr. G. Dean. (Mr. Dean was also presented with a Certificate, signed by the President, in recognition of his having headed the bowling averages three years in succession).

FLOWER SHOW.

Fruit and Vegetables, highest aggregate.—Mr. G. Phelps.

Flowers, highest aggregate.—Mr. F. Summers.

A very hearty vote of thanks to the Directors for their generosity in regard to the Scheme, and to Mr. Bodinnar personally

for all he had done, was moved by Mr. J. F. G. Edwarde and seconded by Mr. Tom Cleverley, the former calling for three cheers for the Directors.

In response Mr. Bodinnar called for three cheers for our Gracious King George VI. and England. The audience burst spontaneously into singing the National Anthem, and a great occasion ended with a cheery remark from our Chief: "Let's wind up with a chorus together, and let it be 'Roll out the Barrel,'" So the roof rang with the barrel song in very truth.

* * *

The Broad Highway.

Relief Salesman A. L. Mitchell has received his calling-up papers, and left early in January. We wish him every good fortune and a speedy return.

We sympathise with Van-Salesman G. I. Williams, of Llanelly, who has temporarily lost the sight of one eye. We are glad to say that the sight is gradually coming back and he is making capital progress.

We sympathise with Mr. H. G. Baker, of Nottingham, in the loss of his mother; and with Van-Salesman D. Dolman, of Weston-super-Mare, in the loss of his father.

We welcome Relief Van-Salesmen J. F. Gaisford and E. J. Hodgkinson.

We have been glad to receive letters from Van-Salesman F. S. Patten, and Mr. T. Hughes, of Croydon, who are both "Somewhere in England."

J.H.G.

* * *

In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose.—*Sir T. Browne.*

* * *

How to get a square meal.

What about a dog biscuit?

* * *

How to turn an old suit.

Give the hanger a sharp twist.



SILVER MEDAL. Calne.		HENLEY, W. E..... 20	
YRS.		BUTLER, E. V. 20	
BRITTEN, E. J..... 20		STANLEY, W. C. 20	
KNIGHT, M. 20		BEAZLEY, A. C. 20	
BURRIS, W. A. 20		EAMES, H. H. 20	
JONES, T. W..... 20		HUDSON, G. H. 20	
SNOOK, T. 20		HOLBROW, C. H. ... 20	
BLANCHARD, F. E.... 20		PIGOTT, R. H. 20	
KIRTON, R. J. 20		ROGERS, S. C. 20	
STEPHENS, H. W. ... 20		SIMPKINS, Miss W. M. 20	
WINTER, W. 20		STEVENS, H. F. 20	
ANGELL, H. 20		WOOD, G. A. 20	
CLEVERLY, H. J. D. 20		WALLIS, W. E. 20	
CLEVERLY, Miss L. G. 20		EDWARDE, J. F. G.... 20	
SANDFORD, W. G. ... 20		PRIOR, W. 20	
CROFT, F. J. C. 20		STEVENS, C. 20	
ROSE, Miss B. E. 20		COUSINS, C. D..... 20	
LUGG, F..... 20		BAKER, H. G. 20	
DOLMAN, B. 20		HANNEY, H. H. 20	
GINGELL, Miss A..... 20		KINGTON, F. J. 20	
BROWN, H. J. 20		ROBINSON, F. C..... 20	
SUMMERS, W. G. J. ... 20		TERNENT, A. T. 20	
RICHARDS, G. 20			
HUNTLEY, W. B..... 20		Redruth.	
WILTSHIRE, T. G. ... 20		LEATHAM, J. F. 20	
BERRY, S. J. E. 20		Chippenham.	
		CLOTHIER, E. G. 20	

Highbridge.		LUDGATE, W. H..... 20	
GIBBS, R. 20		NEATH, H. W. 20	
Dunmow.		CULPIN, W. 20	
Ipswich.		HOBBS, C. E..... 20	
SLADE, R. W. 20		BARKER, C. W. 20	
BOWMAN, A. F. 20			
SILVER MEDAL AND ONE BAR. Calne.		GODDARD, A. F. 25	
		ZEBEDEE, F. J. 25	
		BRITAIN, E. 25	
		SLADE, B. C. 25	
		TREMBLING, B. 25	
		WESTON, W. S. J. ... 25	
		SILK, G. G. 25	
		GALE, A. H. T. 25	
		GIDDINGS, T. 25	
		BARBER, P. W. 25	
		KNOWLES, P. T. 25	
		BALL, F. W. 25	

Dunmow.		Chippenham.	
WHYATT, E. C. 25		MASSEY, A. 35	
CRICK, H. 25		PERRY, E. 35	
WALSH, T. 25		GOLD MEDAL. Calne.	
		PARTRIDGE, E. F. ... 40	
		HAINES, A. H. 40	
SILVER MEDAL AND TWO BARS. Calne.		Tiverton.	
ROSE, H. T. 30		CLEMO, A. H. 40	
RUTHERFORD, J. ... 30		Totnes.	
Calne Mill.		DASH, F. W. 40	
ROBBINS, W. 30		GOLD MEDAL AND ONE BAR. Calne.	
Chippenham.		ANGELL, E. F. 45	
BAKER, J. J. 30		GOLD MEDAL AND THREE BARS. Calne.	
Highbridge.		EDWARDS, F. G. 55	
POPLE, F. 30		ROYNON, J. E. 55	
Dunmow.		GOLD MEDAL AND FIVE BARS. Calne.	
ANDREWS, P. 30		CARPENTER, J. 65	
WALSH, J. 30			
Chippenham.			
WESTON, W. H. 25			
Highbridge.			
BEVAN, Mrs. M. 25			
		MAIL, A. J. 35	

On Keeping Pigs.

Napoleon once called us a nation of shopkeepers. It looks as though we shall soon be a nation of pig-keepers.

For the backyard pig, after many years' exile, is returning to its old home. Villagers and allotment holders up and down the country are being encouraged to keep pigs of their own, and a movement has been launched to revive the Pig Clubs which flourished in the last War.

These small bands of enthusiasts will be doing a big national service. They will help us all to get enough bacon for our War-time breakfasts.

And they will do this mainly by solving

the pig's *own* food problem. The pig is a terrific eater, and in pre-war days enjoyed the luxury of large quantities of imported feeding stuffs such as barley meal. But now, owing to a falling off in imports, the pig will not be able to eat nearly as much of this kind of food as before.

The villager and the allotment holder are coming to the rescue. Although the pig has a huge appetite, it isn't at all fussy about its food. It will eat all kinds of household scraps and waste products from the allotment.

So our motto must be: "Back to the backyard!"

The pig kept at the bottom of the garden played an important part in the last War. Four hundred Pig Clubs were formed between 1914 and 1918, and in the end they

gave us nearly 5,000,000lbs. of pig-meat a year.

This was a great achievement. But it is nothing compared with what can be done if pig-keeping is taken up on a really nation-wide scale.

Besides being an important national service, pig-keeping is a fascinating hobby—and a profitable one, too. The householder with two pigs in his backyard will probably want to keep one for home consumption. He can sell the other at a good price.

There is nothing very difficult or mysterious about pig-keeping. The only equipment necessary is a simple sty on a dry, clean patch of ground.

But the beginner will need help and encouragement. He may want to raise a little capital to buy his pigs, and he may not quite know how to find the best market for any surplus stock. He will certainly want a good deal of expert advice.

On all these matters the Pig Club will be of immense value to the small man. It will provide a forum of discussion where the local householders can exchange views and information on pig-keeping topics. And it will help them all to solve their common problems in a co-operative way.

A special body, the Small Pig Keepers' Council, has now been formed to give advice to people who want to start Pig Clubs in their own districts. It has the backing of a large number of influential organisations, covering farmers and farm workers, young farmers, professional pig breeders, allotment holders and Women's Institutes. It is also to get all possible help from the Ministry of Agriculture. Its chairman is Mr. Cedric Drewe, M.P., and its vice-chairman is Mr. John Green (of B.B.C. fame). The secretary is Mr. Alec Hobson, of the National Pig Breeders' Association.

If you want to form a Pig Club in your district you should get in touch with the Small Pig Keepers' Council. Its address is Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

The Council will gladly give you all the assistance and advice you need. But the success of your local Pig Club will depend entirely on the enthusiasm and energy of your neighbours and yourself.

It will be up to you to start the ball rolling. The best plan is to arrange for a few interested people to meet, quite informally, to discuss the idea. This gathering

should prepare the way for a full-dress meeting at which the Club would be properly formed, a constitution adopted, and officers elected. You can get a copy of a "model" constitution from the Small Pig Keepers' Council.

The first big job facing the newly-formed Pig Clubs will probably be to raise loans to help their members buy pigs. A great deal can be accomplished by enlisting the support of local property owners. It is hoped, too, that the Small Pig Keepers' Council will be able to arrange for financial assistance.

Other important functions are the co-operative buying of foodstuffs—for the pig must have *some* pig-meal to supplement its diet of household scraps and allotment waste—and co-operative marketing of pigs for slaughter.

But perhaps the greatest service a Pig Club can perform is to press for the removal of all unreasonable restrictions on pig-keeping. In many places, especially in towns, the local bye-laws prohibit the keeping of pigs within a certain distance of buildings, and some private landowners have placed similar restrictions on their tenants.

The pig is really a very clean animal—as long as it is kept in clean surroundings—but it has never quite been able to shake off its undeservedly bad reputation.

In his undergraduate days Mr. Walter Elliot, the Minister of Health, wrote of the pig:—

Alive it is a loathsome beast,
But dead it makes a toothsome feast.

But now-a-days Mr. Elliot is a good friend of the pig, and of the Pig Club movement. His Department has recently issued a circular urging local authorities to relax as far as possible any restrictions on the keeping of pigs in their districts. This request is already meeting with a generous response.

* * *

Nothing so dangerous as an ignorant friend; it is better to have a wise enemy.—*La Fontaine.*

* * *

The true university in these days is a collection of books.—*Carlyle.*

* * *

How to avoid hitting your thumb when driving in a nail.

Hold the hammer with both hands, or, better still, get someone else to hold the nail.

Card Tricks without Sleight of Hand.

When the game of whist or bridge is ended and the cards still remain on the table, someone is sure to say, "Who can show us some card tricks?" Here are some which will mystify, but which do not require any sleight of hand in performing them. The first one is called

THE FOUR BURGLARS.

You display in your hand the four Jacks, the rest of the pack being face down on the table. Then tell the following story. "Once upon a time there were four burglars who went to rob a house" (close up the four Jacks and place them face downwards upon the rest of the pack). "One of them" (show it) "went in at the cellar" (place it underneath the pack). "The next went in at the kitchen window" (push it in the pack about a third of the way up). "The next went in at a bedroom window" (place it about two-thirds up in the pack). "And the other went into the attic" (show it and leave it at the top). "Now they agreed that when they had finished operations they would meet in the middle of the house. Will someone please cut the pack. Thank you. Now see if they carried out their intentions."

On examining the cards the four Jacks are found all together in the middle of the pack.

HOW IT IS DONE.—The four Jacks which you exhibit at the start are not so innocent looking as they appear to be, for behind the third one are concealed two kings. The first card which you take up is a Jack, which you show, and place at the bottom of the pack (in the cellar). The next one, which you do *not* show, is a King, who goes into the kitchen. The next, also a King, you do *not* show, and he goes in at the bedroom window. The fourth card, a Jack, you *do* show, and replace at the top (the attic). You now have left three Jacks at the top and one at the bottom, and when the cards are cut, they are naturally brought together in the middle of the pack. The object of using two Kings instead of two ordinary cards is that a slight glance at them might give the game away, whereas a King would look very much like a Jack.

ODDS AND EVENS.

Dividing a pack of cards into two halves, you give half the cards to one person and half to another. Tell them to pick out six cards each, and to return the other cards to you. When they have well examined their six cards so as to be able to remember them you give each of them half a pack, and tell them to well shuffle up their six cards with the others. On returning the two lots of cards to you, you are easily able to pick out each one's six chosen cards.

To do this, you arrange the cards beforehand into two lots. In one lot you place all the odd numbers, and in the other one all the even numbers, Kings and Queens counting as even numbers. To the person who has the odd numbers you return the even-number pack, and to the one who has even numbers the "odd" pack. Then, however much they shuffle up their six cards with the others you can easily detect the six strange cards among them.

SPOTTING THE WINNER.

Holding the pack of cards face downwards, you ask one of the company to drop a few at a time, thus making six or seven heaps. Then ask him to take up the top card of any heap, show it to the company, but not let you see it, and then replace it on the top of any of the heaps. You then gather up the several heaps in any order, and on dealing them out, you stop at the card which has been chosen.

This is the secret. Before handing the cards over you glance at the bottom card of the pack. The person to whom you hand the cards then drops them in six or seven heaps, and when he has done this, there is one card, and one only, of which you are certain, that is the one at the bottom of the first heap. Notice the card which he chooses, and when gathering them up, in any order, manage to bring your "known" card on to the top of his chosen one. Then when you deal them out, his card follows yours.

F. C. THOMAS.

* * *

LAST WORDS.

7—How far can you lean over?

Some Impressions of Finland.

THE boat glides slowly through an island-infested sea, the hot summer sun beats listlessly on the clean decks. The land breeze brings the scent of distant firs. Finland greets you. Helsinki, hidden away under a natural harbour of islands, stretches out on the horizon, sparkling in the sunshine.

Passports checked, one proceeds through the Customs. A kindly old gentleman smiles his welcome and addresses the party in broken English.

"You are English?" he lisps.

"Yes!" is the reply. He waves the party through. No searching, no questioning, . . . they trust the trusted.

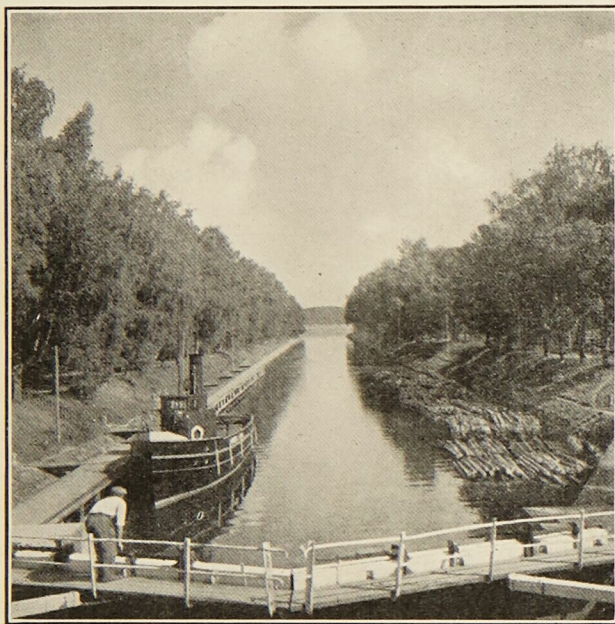
Helsinki welcomes you, . . . its clean streets invite inspection; its trees bow their salutations; its modern buildings fascinate; but, most of all, its population treats you as its friend, and not as a foreigner.

The Finns have athletic physique. The men are tall, broad-shouldered, with tanned complexions. They are handsome and self-confident. The women are of smaller stature, but, nevertheless, possessing the same physical perfection as their opposite sex. The Finns' character is summarised in four distinct words—courtesy, forbearance, kindness, and cleanliness.

Finland is considered to be a land of lakes and forests, not possessing anything spectacular in the way of fine cities, railways, or any other mark of civilisation. The first glimpse of Helsingfors alters that opinion. Planned on modernistic lines, the buildings fit into their surroundings with artistic

precision. The wide roads, diverging into magnificent squares, give a spacious appearance to the city. Parks, with beautifully-kept lawns and flower beds, fountains playing lazily in the background, take one into the country even in this bustling capital.

The small lake steamer chugs quietly away from a lake-side village. The whining of the saw-mill dies away, leaving just the view of a large rectangular wooden building nestling behind a hill of sawdust. Small houses surround this centre of industry, the coloured roofs glistening in the morning sunshine, the whole scene enclosed by the fir trees in the background.



The lake is calm, "save where the boat leaves its troubled trail." Small fir-clad islands rise smoothly out of the crystal clear water to the left, then to the right, and now in front. The boats wend their way on this never-ending waterway—Finland, the land overrun by lakes!

Like all countries, Finland has and preserves its own customs

and characteristics. The most specially interesting Finnish custom is the Finnish bath.

The bath is a wooden outbuilding, preferably on the bank of a lake. The bath is square, having along one wall a raised platform, three or four feet high, on which the bather reclines. A furnace for heating stones to a black heat is situated on the floor opposite the platform. Beside the furnace is a large tub full of very hot water. One undresses, enters the bath, and sits on the platform. The Suomi-woman throws one, two balefuls of water into the hot bricks. Super-heated steam is formed immediately, travels along the wall, and passes down over

the bather. Perspiration flows freely; the bather assists this operation by slapping himself with hot birch twigs. The higher the platform the hotter the bath. After a few minutes the bather descends to the floor, soaps himself, and washes the soap off by pouring first hot and then cold water over his head. He returns to the platform for a minute, and then goes for a swim in the lake, returning to dry and dress. Each house has its own Finnish bath, and the whole family takes the bath, altogether, once a week, and more often if there is any illness in the neighbourhood. The Finns, as regards sex, are neither prudes or exhibitionists. Many travellers will not have a Finnish bath because of the women attendants at any hotel bath. There is, however, no need for embarrassment.

Finnish food is very palatable. The basis of all meals is an endless variety of hors d'oeuvre. One has hors d'oeuvre for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, but one never tires of these profound delicacies. No alcoholic liquor is served in Finland without some accompanying food. There are no public houses as we know them. The Finns, I believe, are a very temperate race.

This proud race are undaunted, even by the menace that now threatens their picturesque land. The spirit of the hills, the spirit of the lakes, bred in every Finn, is undismayed, even by force of arms.

* * *

Runner (coming in last): Did you take my time?

Trainer: No need to. You took it yourself.

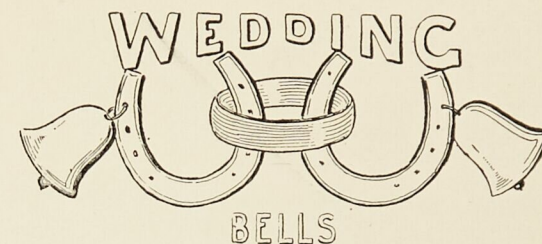
* * *

Liza: Such a perfect gent. sat next to me in the tram, 'Arry. Saw I looked tired, 'e did, so 'e made 'is missus stand up and give me 'er seat.

* * *

Walley Marks, who was professional golfer at Elberfeld, in Germany, writes in "Golf Monthly":—

"I frequently played golf with high officials in Krupps, and I know that a week before War was declared with Poland 400 men went on strike at Krupps' works. It was short-lived, however, for the men were told to resume work or be placed against a wall and shot."



At Bremhill Parish Church, on December 2nd, Miss Louisa Ferris was married to Mr. Fred Hobbs, of Bremhill. The bride, given in marriage by her brother, wore a navy blue frock, with large navy hat, navy blue shoes, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Three bridesmaids were in attendance; they wore long gowns of floral silk, with halos of silver leaves, black patent court shoes, and carried bouquets of white and bronze chrysanthemums. Miss Ferris was 19 years in No. 2 Factory, and was presented with a chiming clock from the Staff.

On December 5th, at Chippenham, Miss Kathleen Beavin was married to Able-Seaman S. Bollin, of the Royal Navy. The bride wore a green costume, with green felt hat, black suede shoes, black gloves and handbag. The bridegroom was in uniform. Miss Beavin was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery from the Sausage Department, to which she has been attached for five years.

By special licence, at Chippenham, Miss Peggy Brittain was married to Mr. Oliver Powley, of Grimsby. The bride wore a mauve coat, with floral spray, with navy blue felt hat, shoes, and gloves. Miss Brittain was five years in the Kitchen Department, and was the recipient of many domestic presents from her colleagues and a frameless mirror from the Staff.

On December 9th, at Calne Parish Church, Miss Fanny Reeves was married to Mr. Edward Silk, of Yeovil. The bride was given away by the bridegroom's uncle. She wore a tailored navy blue costume, with navy blue felt hat, shoes, white satin jumper, white kid gloves, and black fox fur, the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Reeves was 21 years in the Kitchen. She was a former

Works Council representative and many years a member of the Benevolent Committee. The wedding present from the Staff was a frameless mirror. Miss Reeves is making her home in Yeovil.

At Calstone Parish Church, on December 23rd, Miss Florrie Roberts was married to Mr. D. Leighfield, of Chippenham. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a white satin gown, with wreath and veil, white satin shoes; her bouquet was of white chrysanthemums. Two bridesmaids were in attendance. They wore pink taffeta dresses, with halos of pink flowers, silver shoes, and carried bouquets of pink chrysanthemums. Miss Roberts was seven years in the Tin Department, and was presented with a canteen of cutlery from the Department.

On December 23rd, at St. Paul's, Chippenham, Miss Phyllis Keaton was married to Mr. John F. William, of the R.A.F. The bridegroom was in uniform. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a gown of pink satin, with pink wreath and veil, pink satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of mauve chrysanthemums. Four bridesmaids were in attendance. The tallest bridesmaid wore a mauve satin frock, with net covering of lighter shade, gold head-dress, and gold shoes, and carried a bouquet of mauve chrysanthemums. The smallest bridesmaids wore crushed strawberry velvet frocks and muffs, with head-dresses of same shade, and silver shoes. Miss Keaton was the recipient of a carving set and table mats from her colleagues in the Sausage Department, and has now resumed her occupation there.

At Calne Parish Church Miss Ivy Pinnegar was married to Guardsman Alfred G. Haddrell, of the Coldstream Guards. The bridegroom was in uniform. The bride wore a white satin gown, with wreath of orange blossom and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a shower bouquet of red carnations. The bride was attended by her sister, as matron of honour. She wore a fuchsia taffeta gown, with gold head-dress and gold shoes, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. She also wore a necklace to match, the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Pinnegar is attached to No. 2 Factory, and was presented with a 14-day striking clock

and set of Jacobean glass ware. She has resumed her occupation again after five years' service.

On December 26th, at Calne Parish Church, Miss Laura Giddins was married to Pte. Cyril Read, of the 4th Wilts, late of the Warehouse Staff. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a white satin gown, with wreath of orange blossom and veil, satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Two bridesmaids attended. The taller bridesmaid wore a turquoise blue taffeta dress, with cyclamen sash, halo of turquoise flowers, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The other bridesmaid wore a pale pink satin frock, with muff of same shade, pink halo, and pink shoes. Miss Giddins has been five years in the Sausage House, and has resumed her occupation. Her wedding present was a frameless mirror, tray, and egg cup set from the Department.

At Calne Parish Church, Miss Irene Deacon was married to Mr. Arthur Sims, of Chippenham. Archdeacon Coulter officiated, and Mr. R. Pullein was at the organ. Given in marriage by the father, the bride was in a gown of white satin wreath and veil, and carried a sheaf of lillies. She was attended by two bridesmaids. They wore red satin dresses, with dark green sashes, green Juliet caps, green shoes, and green satin muffs. The reception was held in the Scouts' Hall. Miss Deacon was a patrol leader in the 1st Calne Rangers and an A.R.P. worker, and was amongst the first of the Firm's volunteers for blood transfusion. She was seven years in the Sausage Department, and was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery.

At Calne Parish Church, on December 30th, Miss Florrie Winter was married to Mr. Leonard Harris, of Bath. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a navy blue two-piece suit, with navy blue hat and shoes and gloves and spray of pink chrysanthemums, and carried an ivory Prayer-book. Miss Winter was 16 years in the Pie-wrapping Department, and was presented with a Lloyd Loom chair and linen basket. Miss Winter is making her home in Bath.

On January 6th, at Calne Free Church, Miss Dorothy Adams was married to Mr.

Herbert V. Edwards, of Chippenham. The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a white satin gown, with white velvet leaf wreath and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a shower bouquet of white chrysanthemums. One matron of honour was in attendance. She wore a mauve silk gown, with coronet and mauve veil, silver shoes, and carried a bouquet of mauve and pink chrysanthemums. Two bridesmaids were also in attendance, one attired similar to the matron of honour; the smaller one wore a pink silk dress, with pink floral wreath, pink satin shoes, and posy of pink and mauve chrysanthemums. Miss Adams was five years in the Kitchen, where she has resumed her occupation. She was the recipient of a bedroom rug from the Department, also a silver cake basket from her colleagues.

On December 16th, at the Sheldon Road Primitive Methodist Church, Chippenham, Miss Mona Ruddle was married to Mr. W. Lewis. Given away by her father, the bride wore a dress of white satin, with wreath of orange blossom and veil. Her bouquet was of pale lemon carnations. There were three bridesmaids, two being attired in lemon and one in blue; all had silver head-dresses and silver shoes to tone, and each carried a bouquet of pink chrysanthemums. Miss Ruddle worked in the Kitchen Department for seven years, and Mr. Lewis has been in the Boning Department for four years. The combined present from the Departments was a Westminster chiming clock. Mr. Chris. Lewis (Retort Department), brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

At Calne Parish Church, on January 1st, Miss Marjorie Moody, was married to Mr. Stanley Turner, of Lewes. The bride was given away by her uncle and wore a gown of white satin, with wreath and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a sheaf of lillies. She was attended by three bridesmaids, wearing dresses of net over taffeta in white, pink and mauve with accessories to match, and carried bouquets of pink chrysanthemums.

Miss Moody was the recipient of two table cloths from the hockey girls and a canteen of cutlery from her colleagues of the Office Staff, where she has resumed her occupation.

On December 18th, at Calne Parish Church, Miss Gladys Keepence was married to Mr. A. Dunford, of Chippenham.

She was given away by her father and, her friend, Miss J. Plucknett, was her attendant. Mr. R. Edwards, of Chippenham, acted as best man.

The bride is a member of the Office Staff, and was presented with a canteen of cutlery on behalf of her colleagues.

The groom is a keen and well-known sportsman, being a county cricketer and also captain of the Chippenham F.C.

On December 23rd, at Calne Parish Church, Peter Caaney was married to Miss L. Wait. The bridegroom, who was attached to the Traffic Office, is now serving in the R.A.S.C.

Before joining up he was a member of the Harris Dramatic Society, a joint member of the Harris Cricket Club, and was also associated with the work of the local Parish Church.

His former colleagues in the Office presented him with a dining table and coal-box.

* * *

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble, that he knows no more.
Cowper.

* * *

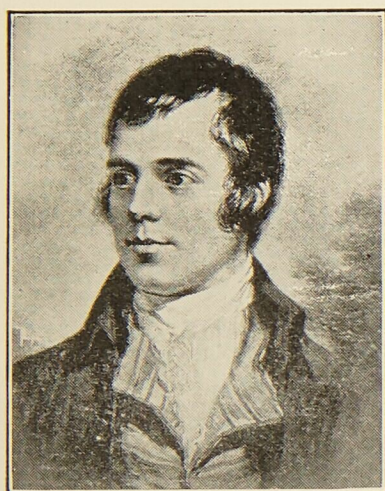
From great folks great favours are expected.—*Cervantes.*

* * *

The long succession of the generations of mankind should be regarded as a single man, ever living and ever learning.—*Pascal.*

* * *

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made,
And the things in common we share,
We want to live on, not because of ourselves,
But because of the people who care.
It's giving and doing for somebody else,
On that all life's splendour depends,
And the joys of the world, when you've summed it all up
Are found in the keeping of friends.



Robert Burns.

On 25th January, 1759, there was born in a cottage at Alloway, Ayrshire, built of clay with his own hands, to a poor, farm overseer and his young wife, a son who, according to the old family Bible, was given the Christian name of Robert. National poverty in the Scotland of these days was severe.

Fifteen years only had elapsed since the futile rebellion of 1745 on behalf of Prince Charlie, which the Government had suppressed with excessive vengeance. Even plain food was scant. Interest, however, in religion, education, and politics was keen, and the people were wonderfully well informed.

Robert Burns had a short life—he died in 1796—but he experienced all the joys, and most of the sorrows, with which our common humanity is acquainted.

Dr. Norman McLeod has said, "There are two things which to me make Burns sufficiently memorable. One is his noble protest for the independence and dignity of humanity; another is his intense nationality—a noble sentiment, springing like a plant deeply rooted for ages in the soil and bearing fruit which nourishes the manifest virtues of a people."

Professor Henry Drummond, in his "Greatest Thing in the World," wrote of Burns: "There was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman poet . . . He loved everything—the mouse and the daisy, and all things great and small that

God had made. So with this simple passport he could mingle with any society and enter courts and palaces from his little cottage on the banks of the Ayr."

When turning down a mountain daisy with the plough Burns felt sheer pain:

Wee, modest crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure thy
slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r, thou
bonie gem.

On turning up a mouse in her nest with his plough:—

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattie!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
And fellow mortal!

One could go on quoting examples of his warm humanity, his pity for the down-trodden. His poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," is a picture breathing his deep love for his father and his humble home:—

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride.

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffetts wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says,
with solemn air.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal
King,

The saint, the father, and the husband
prays:

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days.

No wonder Ruskin wrote: "The books that have most influenced me are Coleridge and Keats in my youth, Burns as I grew older and wiser."

Perhaps, in these days when we hear of dire threats to our independence, and even to our nation, it is well to recall the sturdy faith of Burns in mankind and his scorn of servility and tyranny. As one, faced at all times with the necessity of working, not only to keep himself but always others, he could write:—

My father was a farmer upon the Carrick
border,
And carefully he bred me in decency and
order,

He bade me act a manly part, though I had
ne'er a farthing,

For without an honest manly heart, no man
was worth regarding.

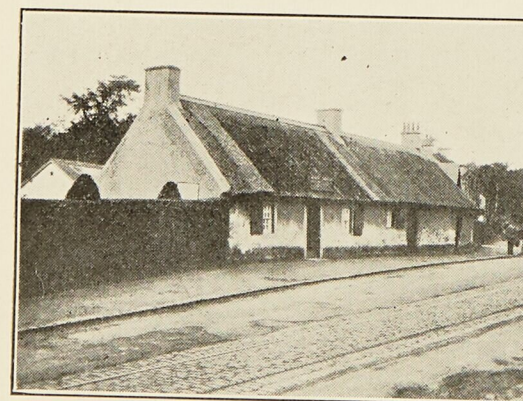
Or again:—

It's no in titles, nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like London bank;
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no' in making muckle mair;
It's no in books, it's no' in lear;
To make us truly blest;

If happiness hae not her seat,
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye's in the part aye,
That makes us right or wrang.

The freedom-ringing songs of Burns have, without doubt, helped to build the great British Empire, as others have stimulated faith in ourselves. It is fitting to read



"BURN'S COTTAGE, ALLOWAY."

again the songs which are known the world over, and to remember the ploughman-poet who wrote them.

Here's freedom to them that wad read,
Here's freedom to them that wad write,
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth
should be heard,
But they whom the truth wad indite.

* * *

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn, and flee!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

* * *

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

G.S.C.

*The blocks used in this article were kindly lent by
Mr. W. Whitelaw, Printer, Mauchline.*

* * *

The latest Berlin story is of two inspectors who arrived one day on a small farm.

"What do you feed your chickens on?" they asked. When the farmer replied "Corn," they said: "You are wasting the nation's substance. Pay 300 marks fine."

A fortnight later they appeared again and asked the same question. This time the answer was: "I give them potato peelings." It again proved wrong.

"To do that," the farmer was told, "is to endanger the supply of German pork. The potato peelings are needed for the pigs. One hundred marks fine."

On the third occasion he was more cautious. "I do not feed them at all," he said. "They get a mark a day now in lieu of rations."

H.W.A.

TABLE TENNIS.

The Table Tennis Section of the Woodlands Club House ping-ponged into another sphere of entertainment on Wednesday, 3rd January, when they held a supper and social evening. Some 40 table tennis enthusiasts and friends thoroughly enjoyed themselves from 7.30 to 11.30 p.m., and the next day asked for more. The evening started at half-past seven, when the guests began arriving rather quietly, due, no doubt, to the very cold weather, but a quarter of an hour later they were all installed at the tables and speculating about the menu. Apparently this was satisfactory, judging by the speed in which the plates were emptied, only one plate being regarded with suspicion, and this was proved quite unfounded later. After crackers had been pulled, the indoor fireworks exploded, and paper hats donned, the Chairman of the Section, C. Edwards, explained the purpose of the function. He said that as no annual meeting had been held this year he would like to put the position of the Section to them. During the summer the Committee had worked very hard trying to form a Calne and District T.T. League, and had about eight teams in it, when, unfortunately, the War started, which put an end to the League. Because of the War also, it was impossible to find many teams to play, but some matches had been played, and the R.A.F. has promised some more games. He hoped, however, that they would regard this evening as some compensation for the few matches which this lean season had produced. The Committee had worked very hard for the success of this evening and had provided the sweets for the supper and the prizes for the social, and he pointed out that if the guests entered into the spirit of the social and enjoyed themselves the Committee and helpers would be amply rewarded. He concluded by proposing the prosperity of the H.W.A.

R. Stevens, responding for the H.W.A., as one of the secretaries of the various Sections, said that he was sure of the continued helpfulness of the H.W.A., provided that they had the support and real interest of the members. He thanked them for the toast and asked for a larger membership for some of the other Sections.

"The Absentees" was then proposed by Herbie Webb, who mentioned a number of our former members who had been called to His Majesty's Forces. He added to the homely atmosphere by relating some story of a sow (we, of the House of Harris, cannot seem to leave pigs or bacon very far away from us) which inexplicably became mixed up with a bride! W. Smith then voiced the very best thanks to the Committee and helpers, especially to Mr. and Mrs. Winstone and Mr. and Mrs. Ash. Their future health and happiness was drunk with every expression of goodwill. "The Ladies" was proposed also by Wilf., and Herbie concluded the toasts with one to the Chairman, with the suggestion that in future he hoped that Charley would go to sleep in bed instead of thinking of such things as suppers and socials. The Chairman thanked the guests and explained that Herbie would then carry on as the M.C. of the social.

The social started with a Paul Jones, Ken Rutty making the music on the piano, aided by Monty Fell on the drums. Passing the parcel was then played, and after removing dozens of pieces of paper and string, someone was rewarded with a very surprising object. Herbie then paired everyone into couples and sent them searching all over the Club House for peas. After about ten minutes B. Dutton and her partner were presented with a prize each for collecting 34 peas between them—almost a case of hoarding. A fox-trot was the next item, followed by a black-out, in which everyone was making a noise representing some different animal. There were pairs of each kind, and the object of each one was to find the mate. After the squawking of hens, cooing of doves, and mooing of cows had died down, their mates being found, the lights were put on and the couples danced a waltz.

Much furniture removing and knee-work was evident in the next game—Around the Marble Arch—but the winners, Molly Angell and Wilf Smith, emerged quite whole to claim their prizes.

Apparently the party knew very little about crime, as the game of Murder did not get going for a quarter of an hour—perhaps this was explained by the fact that the lights were out again. However, the frightful deed was committed in the hall, and the two detectives, Pat Cousins and C. Edwards, were able to discover the murderer by the texture of his clothing. This unfortunate

chap had rather distinctive clothing—R.A.F. uniform—which was, in this case, all against him.

Booms-a-Daisy and the Lambeth Walk were then entered into with much comment on the dignity, or otherwise, of the dances. Oxford won the race around chairs by 2 to 1 against Cambridge, only one table being slightly damaged in the process. After this the need for something quiet was felt, so Herbie divided them up into groups, and they competed one against the other by singing nursery rhymes. One could soon guess the ages of the groups by the number of tunes they could think of. A statue dance was next on the programme, which was won by P. Kettle and W. Penny, after much concentration by both dancers and judges, who included P. Trembling.

Twenty minutes passed before the Sardine (Pat Cousins) was found hiding in the girls' room, and the last four finders were then forced to pay a forfeit. Their tasks, very amusing they were, too, were invented by Herbie, and included dancing and removing shoes.

Another dance, this time a fox-trot, followed and, like most of the other dances, was an "Excuse me" one. The guests mixed so well that very few dancers were able to dance more than half-way round the floor without changing partners. Playing, as little more than children again, at Underneath the Arches, a great waste of lipstick was joyously carried on. To cool down again the guests sat down and, after Herbie singing "The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," soon had "John Brown's Body," "Widdicombe Fair," &c., and a round, well under way, with M. MacLean supplying the music.

A last dance and "Auld Lang Syne" sung through twice to make sure that every word was meant, finished the evening promptly at 11.30. With many "Good-nights" and "Oh! I have enjoyed myself," the table tennis people wended their way home, tired but perfectly happy.

* * *

Success is full of promise till men get it; then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.—H. W. Beecher.

* * *

On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
But write our benefits upon the wave.—

W. King.

CHIPPENHAM.

Edited by W. H. WESTON.

11th Annual General Meeting of Employees' Benefit Society.

The above meeting was held at the close of business on Friday, 22nd December, 1939, under the chairmanship of Captain C. Herbert Smith, supported by Mr. W. V. Long and Mr. T. Johnston.

In opening the meeting the Chairman said how sorry he was that the secretary (Mr. E. Tucker) was away ill, and he felt certain everyone would wish him a speedy recovery. Captain Smith then made reference to Mr. Bodinnar, saying he was sorry our President was unable to be present owing to the very important duties upon which he was engaged in London. Mr. Long then read a letter conveying to everyone Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar's best wishes for Christmas, and a motion from the chair that these good wishes should be reciprocated was unanimously carried.

After the minutes of the last general meeting had been confirmed and the accounts adopted, Mr. Long proposed that, in view of the fact that this is war-time, all formalities should be waived and the same officers should be re-elected *en bloc*. This proposition was seconded and carried. After a vote of thanks to the Chairman had been passed the meeting was declared closed.

During the year 23 members received benefit to the value of £19 8s. 4d., and the balance for disposal amounted to £30 0s. 3d., the share-out being 7s. per member. Under the Hospital Scheme 26 vouchers were issued for the receipt of 19 members or their dependents.

Staff Welfare Association.

The fifth annual general meeting of the Welfare Association was held on Friday, 22nd December, Captain C. Herbert Smith being in the chair.

After the minutes had been read the Secretary presented his report, and the accounts were submitted by the Treasurer, these being unanimously adopted. Captain Smith felt that through the War our activities would be much reduced, and it was agreed that as members would not benefit much by

the Association a small nominal subscription of 6d. instead of 1s. 6d. should be made to keep the Association alive.

Mr. Yeates gave a review of the Outing and Christmas Club. Thirty-five members had taken advantage of this and £41 6s. 6d. had been saved during the ten months it had been in existence. It was decided that the Club be still carried on, Mr. Yeates kindly offering to undertake this work. Special mention was made of the help given by the auditors, Mr. Pinfield and Mr. Tucker, who had audited the cards and accounts each month.

A proposition from Mr. Baker that the Association send two dart boards to the troops met with the approval of all present.

The meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the Secretary and Treasurer for the way in which they had run the Association.

Sick List.

Messrs. W. Thomas, H. Timberlake, E. Archard, W. Heavens, J. L. Weaver, and H. C. Archard have been away, but we are pleased to report that they will soon be back at work.

Mr. E. Tucker, unfortunately, has had a nasty breakdown in health which necessitated his removal to Hospital on Christmas Eve. We are very glad to know that the treatment he is receiving is restoring him to health again.

Departure.

We were sorry to lose Miss L. Rose on Friday, 5th January, when she left our employ to enter upon marriage. We take this opportunity of wishing her every happiness in her new life.

W.H.W.

* * *

How to make a rock garden cheaply.

Go out on to the back lawn at night and play the saxophone.

* * *

How to help a poor man.

Leave him a loan.

* * *

How to make a perfect finish for motor-cars.
Run up against a good strong telegraph post.

DUNMOW.

Edited by C. P. WARD.

SPORTS NOTES.

WHIST DRIVE.

Our Christmas whist drive was held in the Recreation Hall on Tuesday, 19th December, when 19 tables were in play.

Our thanks go to the Office Staff, who kindly served us with refreshments, and to all those who helped in many ways to make this drive such a bumper one.

Mr. Hooper presented the prizes to the following:—1st Mr. T. Gunn (playing as lady), Mrs. C. Oakley, Mrs. F. Wright; consolation, Miss Metson; Mr. Richardson, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Gleeson; consolation, Mr. Williamson. Lucky number prizes, Mr. Wilson and Mr. L. Richardson.

BILLIARDS.

Many of us are looking forward to the billiards competition for the President's Cup, which commences on the 1st January. We are expecting to see some good games in connection with this.

WORKS COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Factory Staff was held in the Recreation Hall on Friday, 22nd December, for the election of the Works Council for 1940. After the voting had taken place the following were elected:—Mr. F. Wright, Mr. J. Walsh, Mr. G. Banks, Mr. J. Cloughley, and Mr. A. Choat.

We should like to congratulate these members on having achieved this feat for three successive years.

We are sorry to report the death of Mr. W. Ledgerton, who had been with us for many years. Our sincere sympathy goes to the bereaved family. A wreath was subscribed for and sent by his fellow workers.

* * *

She had mastered all the simple tricks of driving the car and they decided to try a trip on a country road. The proud husband was about to relax when out of the clear blue she squeaked, "Quick, John! Take the wheel! Here comes a tree!"

Our hearty congratulations go to Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Hall, of Cambridge, on the gift of a daughter, Glennis Jeanette, on Friday, January 19th.

* * *

"What's the hardest thing about learning to skate?"

"The ice, when you come right down to it."

* * *

EASTLEIGH.

Edited by L. S. JONES.

We congratulate the following upon being re-elected to the Works Council for the coming year:—Messrs. L. Brown, J. Carter, B. Flynn, R. Haines, and T. Mudge.

The annual general meeting of the Benevolent Scheme was held in the Hut on December 20th, presided over by Mr. Taylor. The accounts were presented and unanimously adopted, which, after allowing for a reserve of £20 to be carried forward, permitted a share-out of 7s. 10d. per member. The Special Reserve Fund showed a balance in hand of £12 13s. 10d. The Society is to be congratulated upon the result of the year's work. The officers were then re-elected *en bloc* as follows:—Life president, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P.; treasurer, Mr. G. H. Taylor; assistant treasurer, Mr. L. Brown; secretary, Mr. L. Toogood; auditors, Messrs. L. S. Jones and J. Carter, together with Mr. L. Hunt as sick visitor.

A Christmas party was arranged and given by the Welfare Society to the evacuated children adopted by one of the Eastleigh Schools on Friday, December 29th. It took the form of a tea, Christmas tree, and games. Mr. Taylor very kindly arranged this and carried it through to a very successful conclusion, much to the delight of the children. It was felt by the members of the Welfare Society that they would like to do something of this sort to help the children, and every one of its members contributed towards the cost. We are sure that we are amply repaid by the enjoyment derived by these kiddies at the party.

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

OBITUARY.

We offer our sincere sympathies to Mr. C. A. Cross in the loss he has sustained by the death of his father-in-law (Mr. Rueben Gore), on Thursday, the 28th December, 1939, who for many years was an employee of the Weston-super-Mare Gas Company.

We offer our sympathies to our old friend, "Bob" Gibbs, who, whilst doing some shopping in Bristol, slipped on some steps during the black-out and, unfortunately, fell on his arm, fracturing the elbow, which will necessitate his being on the sick list for several weeks. We hope he will have a speedy recovery, but fractures of this kind need time, as our correspondent knows to his own cost.

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus King (nee Miss M. A. Owens), on the birth of a daughter, on Sunday, the 3rd December, 1939, and we are glad to know mother and daughter are doing well.

WEDDING BELLS.

At the close of business on Monday, the 18th December, 1939, the following presentations were made by our Manager, on behalf of the Management, Office, Creamery, and Factory Staffs. To Miss Joan Lawrence, of the Creamery Staff, was given a case of cutlery, on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. W. Gadd, at St. John's Church, Highbridge, on Saturday, the 23rd December, 1939. To Mr. S. Frost, of the Offal Department, was given a nice chiming clock, on the occasion of his marriage to Mrs. Richardson, at Weston-super-Mare, on Thursday, the 28th December, 1939.

Mr. Kidley, in his usual breezy manner, offered the recipients every good wish for their future welfare and happiness.

ANNUAL MEETING OF EMPLOYEES' BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The annual meeting was held at the Company's Office, on Monday, the 18th December, 1939, at close of business. Mr. Kidley (in the chair), in his opening remarks,

referred to the meeting being held under the shadow of War, and that, in consequence, many of the pleasures that we ordinarily enjoy we must forego this time, in that we should not have our President, Mr. Bodinnar, or our vice-chairman, Captain C. Herbert Smith, with us. Nevertheless, they had kindly written him, and he had pleasure in reading extracts from their letters, and referred to the remarks of our President, that he noted with pleasure the continued usefulness of the Society, with which formation he had had something to do, and conveyed his sincere regards to all, with confidence that they were all doing their bit to help the country in the great struggle in which it is engaged. He also referred to Captain Smith's absence, that owing to unforeseen circumstances and altered train services, he regretted he was unable to be present.

The Chairman said that we equally regretted the absence of these two gentlemen, and then referred to the past year's working, and can congratulate ourselves on a very successful year. The membership continues to steadily increase from 76 per cent. of the total Staff in 1936 to 87.67 per cent. this year. He then referred to the benefits paid out to members, and said that 22 sick benefits had been paid out to the value of £11 5s. 10d., against 25 last year at a cost of £22 1s. 8d. Three maternity benefits, which was the same as the previous year, but glad to say there were no death benefits. There had been no call made on the Special Fund for necessitous cases, but your Committee had decided to help the families of those of our Staff who have been called up for National Service by paying their Hospital contributions out of this fund. We have made the usual grants to local Hospitals, Nursing Associations, and the St. John Ambulance, at a cost of £5, which is the same as last year.

The Chairman then referred to the balance-sheet generally, and briefly stated the balances of the several funds. Income and Expenditure Account balance at end of year was £33 13s. 2d. Reserve Fund Account, balance in hand of £61 5s. 10d. The Special Fund, with a balance of £13 9s. 11½d.

The Chairman referred to the fact that the accounts had been duly audited by the hon. auditors, Mr. Lynham and Mr. Phillpotts, to whom we should extend our sincere thanks for the work they have put in. The accounts were then submitted, and it was

unanimously carried that they be adopted.

The Chairman said we had now come to the tit-bit of the evening, the amount which ranks for share-out. It had worked out that a full-time adult member is entitled to 8s. 10d. per share. He then referred to the fact that they had had a good year, and the Committee had thoroughly discussed the matter with regard to conserving the funds in good times, and it was thought opportune that the advantage may be taken this year in placing a substantial sum in this Special Fund, and it was recommended that 7s. only rank for share, and that the 1s. 10d. per share go back to that fund, which would benefit to the extent of £5 11s. 5d.

It was put to the meeting by Mr. W. H. G. Young, sen., that the share-out be as recommended, viz., 7s., and 1s. 10d. to the Special Fund.

The officers for the ensuing year were re-elected as follows:—The chairman, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq.; vice-chairman, Captain C. Herbert Smith; directors' representative, Mr. W. J. Pople; and directors' auditor, Mr. R. C. Lynham.

As there was no further business the meeting was declared closed, and on the proposition of Mr. H. C. Marsh, a vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Kidley for presiding, which was carried with acclamation. Mr. Kidley thanked Mr. Marsh, and hoped that when they met at the next general meeting it would be under happier conditions.

BLACK-OUT.

We hear of many queer things happening during the hours of black-out, and our correspondent would like to know what "George" said when he rode his cycle into the ditch with "ferrets, rabbits, and 'all,'" after a day's sport. Perhaps it was the end of a perfect day, or was it the black-out that was the cause of the trouble?

Our correspondent would also like to know what "Stanley" thought when he tried to walk through a closed glass door. We know what he saw, but what did he say and think?

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.

As many of our Staff are associated with the above noble cause it is only fitting we should publish news items from time to time, and we have to congratulate our local association for the efforts made to secure a new

motor ambulance, led by their popular Superintendent, Mr. F. J. Hayes, who, we regret to say, died suddenly at his work, within a week after the accomplishment of his ambition. We are told the ambulance is right up-to-date in construction, and the Brigade raised the sum of £500 to secure this addition to complete the efficiency of the work of these good men and women in the cause of humanity.

The ambulance was dedicated by the Vicar of Highbridge on Sunday, the 10th December, 1939, in the presence of a large crowd of local people, who came to witness the ceremony. In connection with the foregoing we have to congratulate Miss D. Ware, of the Office Staff; and Messrs. H. D. Smith and L. Pitman, of the Creamery Staff, in gaining their First Aid Certificates.

A.R.P. NOTES.

We have to congratulate Mr. Jack Young, of the Creamery Staff, in passing his anti-gas course, and obtaining a Certificate of Merit.

* * *

IPSWICH.

Edited by S. J. AMSDEN.

EDITORIAL.

As I write these lines, the day of rationing is upon us, the cause of some considerable change and bustle in our normal routine. The editorial chair usually manages to steer clear of such upheavals, but this time it almost deserves an article to itself.

The word went forth, "Let there be Area Pig Allocation Officers," and behold, Messrs. C. Baldry and J. E. Smith were no longer with us. We congratulate these old friends on their new appointments, but why, oh! why, must they spirit Joe Smith away to the wilds of Norfolk? The editorial chair was empty. They dumped me into it. "Mr. Smith," I begged that gentleman, as he made for the door, "promise me you will continue to entertain our readers as often in the future as has been your custom hitherto?" Says he, "You shall have some more of my reminiscences from time to time, but I really cannot guarantee ——" Already, you observe, the alert and conscientious editor was becoming infected with the guile and skill in evasion which are part

and parcel of the make-up of the occasional contributor. There was a touching little scene at the door, where he met Mr. Fuller, whom he embraced with true Gaelic ardour, and a kiss on either cheek.

The editorial chair hasn't really settled down again yet. There is a sporting chance that when the next issue comes round I shall have followed Mr. Smith—not into Norfolk, but into the Navy. Which just shows what a dangerous thing it is to become an Editor. ... Any more, please, for the editorial chair?

[Mr. Amsden's hint has been fulfilled and the chair is now occupied by our old and popular friend A. H. Mackenzie whose excellent and constant help has always been appreciated by our readers and the Magazine staff.]

On Friday, December 22nd, Miss Marjorie Edwards, of the Office Staff, was married at St. Matthew's Church to Mr. J. Swain, who is in the Army. Our very best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Swain for their future happiness and prosperity.

Our heartiest congratulations also to Mr. Bert Grimsey, of the Slaughterhouse, whose wife presented him with twins on Saturday, December 30th. Mother and the children are all doing well.

S. J. AMSDEN.

* * *

KIDLINGTON.

Edited by L. STOCKDALE.

The first of our serial whist drives ended on December 13th, the prize being won by Mrs. Pugh with an aggregate score of 974 for the six drives.

On December 20th we held our Christmas drive, which again proved a success, 57 players taking part. The prizes and winners were as follows:—1st (goose), Mr. A. Jones, 184; 2nd (cockerel), Mrs. Hambridge, 176; 3rd (joint of beef), Mr. Coles, 172; 4th (bottle of port), Mr. C. Barber, 171; 5th (2cwt. coal), Mrs. Cox, 171; 6th (two rabbits), Mrs. Pugh, 170. Consolations—Miss Sey-

mour, 133; Mr. Hutt, 134. The bottle of sherry was won by Mrs. Hunt.

Our first whist drive after Christmas, on December 27th, was held as a partner drive, and 21 pairs took part in the game. Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield took first prize with a score of 184; Mrs. Hambridge and Mrs. Rodgers second, 173; and Mrs. and Miss Richards third, 171. We are pleased to be able to report that our whist drives this season are proving a great attraction, and our attendance has doubled since the first one.

Wedding bells were ringing loudly on 23rd December, when two of our Staff joined the "united states." Messrs. Warland and George have been on our Staff since a short time after we opened, and are both very popular. Mr. Warland was married to Miss Woodward, of Shipton-on-Cherwell, and Mr. George to Miss Walton, of Kirtlington. Both men received oak striking clocks, contributed to by every member of the Office and Factory Staffs. These were presented by Mr. Gale, who wished them joy and happiness in the future.

The black-out conditions have doubtless been the cause of rather smaller attendances at the Recreation Hut so far this Winter. The R.A.F. men continue to evidence the pleasure they feel in being allowed to play in the room, but we should like to see more of our own men playing. It is a source of very great satisfaction to be able to report that, chiefly owing to the untiring energies of Mr. Teal, who runs the whist drives, the debt of £22 with which we commenced this Winter session has been reduced already to £12.

* * *

TOTNES.

Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

At the beginning of the year it is in the order of things for New Year resolutions to be made, and all of us who did so doubtless felt quite sure at the time that we should keep them, but how many of us can still pride ourselves with our efforts? Probably very few, if we are truthful. These (pie crust) resolutions we all make are not really resolutions, but just the things we should like to

do, or do without, but how often our determination to keep them fail sadly at the first temptation. There is something nice in making these resolutions, even if we do not always keep them, as it serves to show that we do not consider ourselves perfect, but do try sometimes, even if the effort is feeble, to correct our misdoings or our extravagances, whichever the case may be. We are reminded of the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try, again." There is, however, one resolution which most will have made this year, and which is a national one, and that is to see the great struggle now on through to a final, honourable conclusion. There does appear to be a very grim determination that at least this particular resolution will be faithfully kept, as on it hinge all our hopes for better times in future years.

We were interested to read in the Hockey Section of the Christmas issue an item where we learned that a mixed team of nine girls and two men succeeded in defeating the R.A.F. team, a number of the successful side bearing the name of Angell. For the return match it was decided to strengthen the team by including two extra men, and this match was lost. May we suggest that for the next game with these men from the skies a team composed entirely of females should be fielded, and should include as many "Angels" as possible, as we feel confident such a team would fly over the airmen.

One feature of the festive season just passed which gave all of us very great pleasure was the opportunity given to us of extending a heartfelt welcome to several of our comrades who had joined the Colours, and had been granted Christmas leave. This particularly applied to two of our Navy men who had been almost constantly at sea since the outbreak of War.

W.J.T.

* * *

HINTS.

How to cut your bills in half
Use scissors.

* * *

How to improve your eyesight.
Get up early and you'll see father off.

* * *

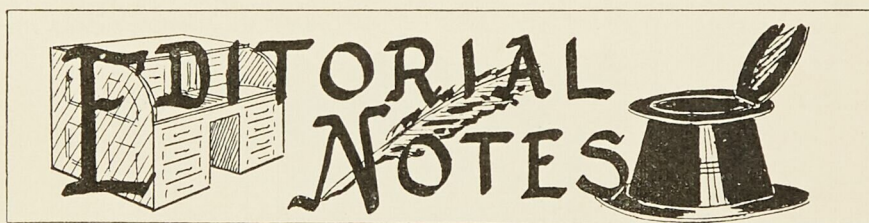
How to get out of a scrape.
Let your beard grow.



BY APPOINTMENT,
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 14. _____ MARCH, 1940. _____ No. 3.

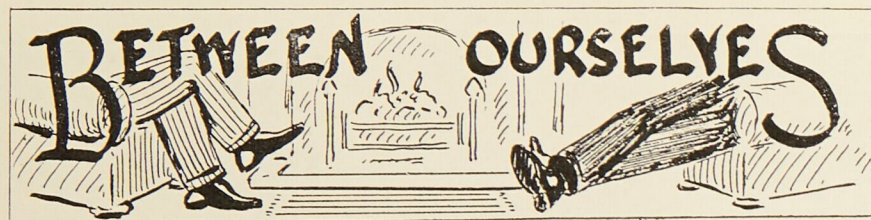


FACTORIES, Offices and private households contain many odd scraps of material which are normally thrown away. The Ministry of Supply have now started a great national drive to round up as much of this valuable waste as possible. The materials most needed are paper, bones, scrap metal, rags, and kitchen waste for pig and poultry feeding. Most of us have accumulations of waste paper in our cupboards—newspapers, magazines, show-cards, invoices, price lists. These oddments are, in many cases, of no further use to the owner, but the paper-maker would welcome them with open arms.

The householder is asked to do only two things: (1) Gather together any waste material, and (2) place it in parcels by the dustbin.

The collection of household and Factory waste is not only an important national service; it is also profitable. Much of the material collected will command a good price when sold to Factories, and the proceeds will help local authorities to keep down the rates.

In many districts, especially in country areas, the job of collecting salvage has been undertaken by Boy Scouts, Women's Voluntary Services, Women's Institutes, and other bodies. The proceeds of sales go to the bodies concerned. To avoid overlapping, however, the Ministry of Supply have made it a rule that any collection work must be done in consultation with the local authority.



THE last time I was in Calne we had our great Meeting in the Warehouse when all the arrangements had been very finely and splendidly made by our friend Mr. Knowles.

He was, with all his tremendous enthusiasm and interest for the welfare of everybody, most anxious to see the change over from the Savings Scheme to the National Savings Groups carried through easily and efficiently. I had daily letters from him in London on this matter and on the other great bit of work he did in connection with our Employees' Benefit Schemes.

To-day we are all in Calne again to pay our tribute to his passing.

I have this morning received a letter from one who knew him well. He finishes the letter by saying—"I know how much it must mean to you to lose him after so many years; one who was 'steel true, blade straight.'"

For many years Mr. Knowles had not been in good health and some of us knew from the nature of his illness that we

were fortunate indeed to have had him with us for so long.

I write as one who has received a great blow and one of the most severe personal losses that has come along.

Always keen to maintain the Firm's name and honour, always looking for opportunities to serve, he was devoting what he told me would not be a very much lengthened service with the Firm to doing his bit (and what a big bit it was) to meet the changing conditions that War has brought to our business, and above all to carry, as far as he could, any burdens of the business which would lessen my own in the other work I have taken on.



He served gallantly in the last War. He has served the Company, he has served you, and he helped me gallantly too.

You will all be joining with me in thoughts that cannot be expressed for Mrs. Knowles and Tony.

Calne,
24th February, 1940.

My Visit to French War Factories.

(By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM).

You cannot talk for ten minutes to Monsieur Dautry, France's Minister of Armaments, without realising that here is a man with a quick, logical brain, who has the gift of summing up a situation so rapidly that it looks as though the process were intuitive, who then without hesitation decides upon a course of action, and who has the individuality to enforce its performance.

He is at his office from early in the morning till late at night, and then often goes to some factory or other to see how the work is proceeding and to talk to the men on the night shift. On the second occasion I saw him he mentioned, incidentally, that he had been up all the three preceding nights, but he was as alert, his mind was as nimble, as though he had had three good nights' rest.

It was during the night that he himself made out for me a programme to enable me to visit War Factories. I saw them make powder and explosives; I saw them make planes, and the guns for them; anti-aircraft guns, armoured cars, cannon; when I was on the Front I would have said that the whole nation is under arms, but after a week visiting armament works I was almost inclined to say that the whole country is one huge Factory.

I first visited three Factories at the Front. One was a Sugar Factory, almost on the banks of the Rhine, and so near the advanced posts of the enemy that it was well within range of a big machine-gun. I went to a Foundry which is actually in front of the Maginot Line; and visited various Factories near Paris, where in one I saw the manufacture of armoured cars, in another of shells, in a third of aeroplane guns.

I wish I could give some impression of the immense complication of the labour that goes to produce almost everything that is needed to kill men with. I have seldom seen a more elegant instrument than an aeroplane gun. It was staggering to me to learn that one part, not more than a foot long, went through 109 hands before it was ready, and another part, 3ins. long, went through 50.

Though it takes no more than 10 minutes of actual time to make a machine-gun shell, its fabrication, so many are the processes

necessary, so many hands must it pass through, requires a week for its completion. There is a multitude of machines each doing its delicate little job, a string of women each occupied on a different operation that must be done by hand.

I spent one morning at a Powder Factory. It is situated in a wood, nearly 400 acres in extent, which must be charming in spring and summer. The Factory was founded in 1870; it was smaller then, and the Director rode and shot in those pleasant woods. He has been ousted now and buildings are to be seen among the trees wherever you look; they are of small size for the most part, and separated from one another, so that should an accident occur in one it would not bring disaster to its neighbour.

I saw the whole process of manufacture from the white cotton flock, saturated with ether and alcohol, that looks so innocent to the final operation, which is so dangerous that only two men are allowed together into the shed where it is performed, and there is a trench full of water within a few feet of the doors so that if there is a fire they should immediately plunge in. But in all the buildings in which the complicated business is transacted there are ingenious, automatic devices for flooding in case some of the material catches fire.

My visits to these various Factories had taken me North, East, and South in France. I had seen a great deal that was strange to me, but one thing I could not help growing conscious of, and that is the tremendous effort the country is making and the wonderful spirit that possesses the men and women who are engaged in it.

Monsieur Dautry, amazing organiser as he is, could not have kept this gigantic machine going with such efficiency except for the willing collaboration of this army of workmen who have cheerfully accepted the much longer hours of work which the needs of the moment have made essential. The day shifts work 11 hours, the night shifts 10, and in many Factories they work seven days a week. They earn good money.

They are wonderfully alert, and are prepared to endure as long as necessary the interminable hours of arduous toil, for they are aware that this effort they are making is for the security of their country and the welfare in the future of their children.

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Before the "Mike"

(By ARTHUR PERCY).

THE AUDITION.



Occasionally when I have returned from the B.B.C. after broadcasting I have been asked by quite a number of people such questions as: "How did you first come to broadcast?" "What did you have to do?" "Where did you go?" and a host of other questions.

The Editor was among those who asked me these questions, and suggested that I should write my experiences in the Magazine, and so I have accepted his invitation and will endeavour to make them as interesting as possible.

As many of the Calne readers are aware, I used to follow a breezy occupation. I say breezy because it was breezy in more senses than one. Working at heights up to 200ft., and sometimes higher, is apt to set one's nerves on edge, and more so when the wind was blowing. Well, some kind of relaxation was needed at the end of the day and, for mine, I did a little entertaining.

In some towns that I happened to be working in, different cinemas and theatres would hold Amateur Talent Contests, or "Go as you please," as they are sometimes called. I often entered these and met with a measure of success inasmuch as I had 48 awards, gained in many parts of England, Scotland, and Wales.

In one of these contests, the "Daily Express" Amateur Talent Competition, I won first prize, and, on the strength of this, one of the adjudicators recommended me to the B.B.C.

In due course I received an invitation from the B.B.C. to attend at the Studio for an audition or, in simple terms, a trial, informing me most courteously that no fee or travelling expenses could be granted. I was then working at Mauchline, Ayrshire, which meant I had to travel to Glasgow 30 miles distant. It was in January, and the day I travelled there by motor coach was extremely cold, the roads being coated with ice. I was chilled to the bone. The B.B.C. official noted how cold I was when I arrived at the Studio in West George Street, and he

conveyed me to a snug, warm room to thaw. He remained with me chatting until I was sufficiently recovered to carry on with my programme, which was to be of an eight-minute duration, composed of imitations of birds, animals, and musical instruments.

Gazing at the "Mike" for the first time was an ordeal. It seemed to stupify me. I never suffered from stage-fright, but this object seemed to extract every atom of moisture from my tongue, but after a drink of water I was much easier. I was told to forget the "Mike" was there, and given a set distance to stand away. The official adjourned to a glass-panelled room at the end of the Studio, and I was left with a pianist as companion.

Presently a voice came through an amplifier saying: "O.K. Carry on" (I was broadcasting to the listening room). I began, and that eight minutes seemed like 80; and when it was over, was I relieved?

The official came and thanked me for the entertainment and said, "I will let you know the result of the audition in a few days' time."

This gave me the impression right away that I had failed and that it was much easier to tell me by post than verbally.

Within me I blamed the cold for upsetting me before the audition; or was it that microphone? These and other things made me ponder why he couldn't have told me there and then.

Ten days later I received a black-bordered envelope with the Glasgow postmark upon it. Crude joke, I thought, telling me I've failed with a mourning envelope to suit the occasion. The letter was worded:—

"We are pleased to inform you that your audition was successful, and we hope to be able to offer you an engagement in the very near future."

Well, I had arrived and, believe me, I had to open the window to throw out my chest.

(Next month: "My First Broadcast.")

* * *

LAST WORDS.

8—"Take your finger off that trigger, you fool!"

The Late Henry Carpenter.

ON January 24th there passed to his reward the oldest and best-known of the Firm's retired employees in his 91st year.

Henry Carpenter entered the employ of the late Mr. Thomas Harris on the 19th April, 1859, three days before reaching his tenth birthday.

For two years his job was to take meat round the adjacent villages with a pannier donkey, after which he was placed in the Lard Room, in which Department he served the Firm for 68 years, first as a junior, then as a second hand, and later as foreman, in which capacity he initiated several young men into the art of rendering a perfect lard.

He had none of the technical knowledge now considered indispensable, but the product of his work was faultless and the reputation of the Firm was always absolutely safe in his hands. On his own initiative he retired on the 70th anniversary of his first engagement.

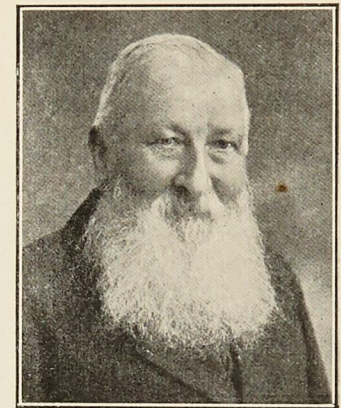
One often hears the remark that in such a lengthy period of service a man has seen "many changes." But that is a quite inadequate expression. What he has witnessed is an entire transformation of Factory technique—of hours and conditions of labour, of the relationship of employer and employee, and of social conditions generally.

Such a transformation brings with it responsibilities that are not always readily accepted, and privileges that some of us are apt to neglect, but of its beneficent character we are all aware and are thankful that the days of Henry Carpenter's early experiences can never return.

We shall miss his jovial countenance, his happy reminiscences, and his stories of the old days, told with a dry humour that betokened his happy outlook on life, present as well as past.

Here is one of many such stories:—

Wombwell's Menagerie, which in those days paid periodical visits to Calne, came to the town and pitched on the Strand, occupying some two-thirds of the space and leaving room for one vehicle to pass opposite the Post Office.



Arrangements were made for an afternoon exhibition and another in the evening, admission to the latter being 1s., but genuine working-men being allowed to see the show for 6d.

Henry finished work early on that day, went home to tea, changed into his Sunday best—he always did his tailor credit—walked up the steps at the entrance to the show as the band played national airs and put down his 6d. entrance fee.

The good lady who was taking the money looked at Henry, then at the 6d.: again looked Henry up and down and said, "You are not a working-man, sir. I want 1s., please." Henry protested his genuine character. He had worked that day, he said, from 4 a.m. till 6 p.m., and had been a working-man all his life. "Let me see your hands," said the lady. Henry put up his paw. She took it in her own, turned it palm upwards. "Yes, just as I thought, as soft and smooth as a child's. What work do you do?" He explained that he worked in Harris' Lard Room, and it was lard that made his hands so supple. "Is that so?" said the lady. "I'll use lard for my hands in future. You can go in."

J.C.

* * *

The sweeping of magnetic mines presents certain technical difficulties; but was safely carried out during the mine clearance after the Great War. Similar methods, and improved ones, are probably being used now, for no weapon yet invented has not eventually been met and mastered by its antidote.

Inter-Departmental Football.

THE "BODINNAR" FOOTBALL CHALLENGE CUP.

I don't know whether there will be any Departmental Football this year, but those of you who follow the fortunes of their Department in the annual fight for the much sought after "Bodinnar" Cup will find the following facts and figures of interest.

Besides giving the winners of this Cup from the year it started, in 1929, I have also been able to obtain the scores, with the exception of four, of all the rounds for every competition, and even if only to settle those arguments this article will have served its purpose.

The winners up-to-date have been :—

1939—Warehouse and Kitchen (joint holders)

1938—Kitchen. 1933—Kitchen.

1937—Warehouse. 1932—Slaughter.

1936—Slaughter. 1931—Warehouse.

1935—Kitchen. 1930—Warehouse.

1934—Slaughter. 1929—Warehouse.

1939.

Final—Warehouse, 3; Kitchen, 3 (after extra time).

Semi-Final—Kitchen, 2; Retort, Sausage, &c., 1.

Semi-Final—Warehouse, 2; Office and Maintenance, 1.

Replay—Retort, Sausage, &c., 3; Slaughter, 2.

Retort, Sausage, &c., 4; Slaughter, 4 (after extra time).

Warehouse, 8; Boning, &c., 2.

1938.

Final—Kitchen, 3; Warehouse, 2 (after extra time).

Semi-Final—Kitchen, 2; Slaughter, 1.

Semi-Final—Warehouse, 6; Boning, 2.

Slaughter, 4; Sausage, &c., 1.

Warehouse, 5; Retort, &c., 1.

1937.

Final—Warehouse, 3; Kitchen, 1.

Semi-Final—Kitchen, 5; Boning, 1.

Semi-Final—Warehouse, 1; Slaughter, 0.

Kitchen, 2; Retort, 1.

Slaughter, 2; Office and Maintenance, 1.

Warehouse, 6; Sausage, 0.

1936.

Final—Slaughter, 2; Warehouse, 1.

Semi-Final—Slaughter, 3; Office, 0.

Semi-Final—Warehouse, 5; Maintenance, 1.

Office, 2; Kitchen, 0 (after extra time).

Slaughter, 4; Retort, 0.

Warehouse, 5; Boning, 1.

1935.

Final—Kitchen, 3; Office, 2 (after extra time).

Semi-Final—Office, 2; Slaughter, 0.

Semi-Final—Kitchen, 3; Warehouse, 1.

Office, 4; Maintenance, 2.

Warehouse, 3; Boning, 1.

Kitchen, 2; Retort, 0.

1934.

Final—Slaughter, 2; Maintenance, 1.

Semi-Final—Maintenance, 5; Retort, 2.

Semi-Final—Slaughter, 2; Kitchen, 0.

Maintenance, 2; Warehouse, 1 (after extra time).

Replay—Kitchen, 6; Office, 0.

Slaughter, 5; Boning and Sausage, 3.

Office, 1; Kitchen, 1 (after extra time).

1933.

Final—Kitchen, 3; Boning and Sausage, 1.

Semi-Final—Kitchen, 2; Maintenance, 0.

Semi-Final—Boning, 1; Warehouse, 0.

Maintenance, 4; Slaughter, 3 (after extra time).

Boning, 4; Office, 1.

Warehouse, 4; Retort, &c., 3.

1932.

Final—Slaughter, 4; Warehouse, 2.

Semi-Final—Warehouse, 3; Basement, 1.

Semi-Final—Slaughter, 2; Kitchen, 0.

Kitchen beat Office.

Slaughter, 4; Sausage, Retort, &c., 0.

Warehouse, 3; Maintenance, 0.

1931.

Final—Warehouse, 3; Slaughter, 1.

Semi-Final—Slaughter, 3; Basement, &c., 2

(after extra time).

Semi-Final—Warehouse, 3; Retort, 1.

Slaughter, 6; Maintenance, 3.

Basement, &c., 2; Boning, &c., 0.

Warehouse, 3; Kitchen, 2.

Retort, Sausage, &c., 2; Office, 0.

1930.

Final—Warehouse, 3; Slaughter, 1.

Semi-Final—Warehouse, 2; Retort, Sau-

sage, &c., 1.

Semi-Final—Boning, &c., 1; Slaughter, 2

(after extra time).

Slaughter, 4; Office, 2 (after extra time).

Warehouse, 4; Maintenance, 2.

Boning, &c., 6; Kitchen, 1.

Retort, Sausage, &c., 3; Basement, &c., 1.

1929.

Final—Warehouse, 2; Kitchen, 1.

Semi-Final—Kitchen beat Basement, &c.

Semi-Final—Warehouse beat Boning, &c.

Kitchen, beat Retort, Sausage, &c.

Warehouse, 3; Maintenance, 2.

Boning, 5; Office, 2.

Basement, &c., 2; Slaughter, 1 (after extra time).

time).

A brief summary of the above gives the following facts and figures :—

The Warehouse have been in the final eight times out of a possible 11; winning it four times and joint holders another. Their record run was performed in the first four years of the competition, when they won the Cup three years following, losing it to the Slaughter with their fourth attempt. Then again, from 1936 to 1939, they appeared four times following, to win the Cup once and becoming joint holders of it another.

Incidentally, they have appeared in the semi-final every year with the exception of 1934, when they lost the round previous to the semi-final by two goals to one, and that was after extra time. A truly magnificent record.

The Kitchen come next in the honours list, having won the Cup three times and joint holders of it another out of six appearances. Their best run has been during the last three years, when out of those three appearances they won it once and joint holders another. They have made eight appearances in the semi-final. Although their record is not quite so imposing as the Warehouse, it is one to be proud of.

The only other team of note is the Slaughter, who have appeared five times in the final, winning the Cup three times. They have appeared eight times in the semi-final. Their best run was when they appeared in the final the three years 1930 to 1932, winning the Cup at their third attempt.

* * *

S.T.

Universal suffrage is the government of a house by its nursery.

* * *

BISMARCK.

High heels, it is said, were invented by a girl who was kissed on the forehead.

* * *

S.T.

FACTS.

As a result of the Empire air-training negotiations recently held in Ottawa, the Australian contribution of air personnel will be even higher than was expected. Australia will provide 10,400 pilots and 15,600 air gunners and observers, as well as a ground staff, which will bring her total up to 50,000 men.

Striking confirmation of the Allies' financial superiority is provided by a special report of the United States Federal Reserve Board, which is America's equivalent of the Bank of England.

The Board estimates that at the end of August the combined holdings of gold, dollar balances and American securities by the British Empire and France amounted to £1,688,000,000, whereas those of Germany amounted to only £32,000,000, or less than one-fiftieth of the Allies' holding.

This means that the Allies could finance their imports for a period of 15 months without exporting anything at all, whereas Germany can import for less than five weeks without exports. We do not want to live on our capital in this way, of course, and are exporting as hard as we can in order to pay for imports out of income. But if the worst comes to the worst, we have these resources which we can use . . . and Hitler has none.

* * *

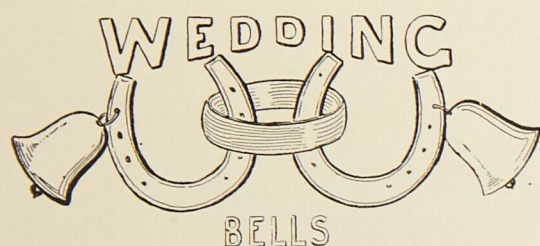
A German cannot buy new gramophone records unless he hands in an equivalent number of old ones.

This is one of the many measures enforced by the Nazis in their desperate attempts to solve the problems created by the raw materials shortage.

* * *

The acute shortage of rolling stock on the German railways is shown by the fact that passenger trains are being curtailed, and that trucks are being used very sparingly.

Between Ludwigshafen and Emmerich, for example, goods must be forwarded by river, and *not* by railway, except in cases of extreme urgency.



By special licence, at Devizes, on January 31st, Miss Edna Kington was married to Mr. Eric Williams, of the Warehouse. The bride wore a green coat, with green felt hat, shoes and gloves to match. Miss Kington's last period of service was two years in the Boning Department.

At Chippenham Parish Church, on February 3rd, Miss Dulcie Knight was married to Mr. Herbert Hiscocks, of Melksham. The bride was given away by her father and wore a navy blue costume, white satin blouse, navy blue hat, shoes, and gloves, and wore a spray of pink carnations. There were no bridesmaids. Miss Knight was five years in the Kitchen, and was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery from the Staff.

On February 3rd, at Calne Parish Church, Miss Muriel Newis was married to Mr. L. Rowe, of Melksham. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a gown of white satin, with halo of orange blossom and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a shower bouquet of Madonna lilies and lilies-of-the-valley. Five bridesmaids were in attendance. They wore dresses of mauve suede silk, with mauve velvet capes, violet head-dresses, and silver shoes, and wore gold crosses and chains, the gifts of the bridegroom. Their bouquets were of mauve tulips. Miss Newis was eight years in the Pie Department, and was presented with an overmantel from the Department. Mr. Gale made the presentation.

At Chippenham, on January 10th, Miss Kathleen Salter was married to Mr. A. Somers, of Co. Wexford, Ireland. The bride was unattended, and wore a navy blue costume, with satin blouse, navy blue felt hat, shoes, and gloves to match, and wore a spray of lilies-of-the-valley. Miss Salter was the recipient of a tea service from the Tin Department, where she has been attached for five years.

On Wednesday, January 17th, by special licence, at the Methodist Church, Studley, Miss Gertrude H. Cleverly, of Studley Hill, was married to Pte. Cyril Hickman, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. The Rev. T. T. Holdsworth officiated, and Mr. A. H. Thomas was at the organ.

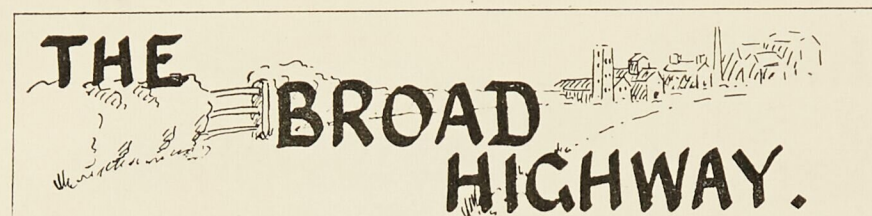
Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore an ankle-length dress of white satin, with head-dress and embroidered veil. Carrying a shower bouquet of white chrysanthemums, she was attended by her sister, Miss Irene Cleverly, who wore an ankle-length floral dress of ice-blue and pale pink roses. She wore a wreath of pale pink rosebuds, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums and pink carnations.

The bride received from her colleagues of the Kitchen Department, where she has been employed for over 10 years, a case of dinner knives and forks. Miss Cleverly has also assisted at the First Aid Department for over six years, and is also a member of the Firm's A.R.P. scheme.

The wedding took place at the Calne Parish Church, on Saturday, January 20th, of Miss Molly Angell and Mr. Wilfred Smith. The bride, who was given away by her father, was dressed in a white-figured brocade dress and veil, with shoes, &c., to match, and she carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations. The three bridesmaids wore pink net frocks, with shoes and veils to match, and carried flowers similar to the bride.

Miss Angell was attached to the Ledger Office for about five years, and received an oak sideboard from her colleagues. Mr. Smith received an oak clock from his fellow workers in the Slaughter Department.

At Devizes, Mr. Harold Withers was married to Miss Kathleen Kington. The bride was unattended. She wore a petrol-blue coat and frock, with same shade hat, navy blue shoes and gloves, and wore a spray of white chrysanthemums and fern. Mr. Withers is attached to the Hangar, and was presented with an overmantel from the Staff. Miss Kington's length of service is five years in No. 2 Factory. Her wedding present was a chiming clock from the Staff of the No. 2 Factory.



Our Representatives and Van Salesmen in all parts of the country have had many difficulties with which to contend during the very severe weather of January and early February. It is satisfactory to know that we were able to maintain a remarkably efficient service throughout all these difficulties, thanks to the way in which everyone was determined to overcome the adverse conditions.

We are glad to say that Van Salesman G. I. Williams has been able to resume work and that his eye is now very much better.

There have been a considerable number of casualties due to the severe weather and prevalent epidemics, but we are glad to say that these epidemics seem gradually to be dying down, and we hope everybody will soon be fit and well once again.

We welcome Relief Salesmen E. H. Clarke and J. E. Walker.

We sympathise with Van Salesman W. J. Courtney in the death of his brother at the early age of 37.

TRIBUTE TO MINCED STEAK.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT.

The spirit of the R.A.F. in France and the appreciation with which parcels are received from home is clearly indicated in a letter which the Mayor of Calne has received from Sergt. F. G. Hayward, a stranger to Calne. The letter, self explanatory, runs:—"Please forgive these belated thanks for including in your Christmas parcel to W.O. Tucker a tin of minced meat. This may sound amusingly peculiar, but the fact remains that had it not been for that tin of meat I should have had a miserable Christmas dinner, if any at all. Unexpected accidents will occur. Due to one I was without a tooth in my head, and so, as others settled down to make the most of the good things

provided, I was left to be a witness, until Tucker (a great fellow) unselfishly produced the tin referred to, already cooked and prepared for consumption. Incidents of similar nature are always taking place, and a word of gratitude expressed in this way may be encouragement to you good people at home who do so much in an endeavour to lighten the task and discomforts here in France."

Sergt. Hayward, of course, is referring to the Calne Christmas parcel sent to Warrant Officer Tucker, through the Calne fund. Warrant Officer Tucker is the son of Mr. T. Tucker, of North End.

* * *

"Nine Little Grumbler Boys" is the latest Nazi War song. It is on the same lines as "Ten Little Nigger Boys."

Each little Grumbler Boy in turn commits some offence against the Nazi State, and pays with his life.

* * *

R.A.F. SLANG.

The R.A.F. are rapidly inventing a new War slang. Here are some examples:—

To "win" a wanted article is to "organise" it.

Supplies arranged become supplies "laid on."

"Fed up"—"brownd off."

If something displeases—"a poor view" is taken.

Something badly done is "a black."

A job properly done is a "job buttoned up."

Correct method of doing a job is "the right drill."

A Commanding Officer is a "Station-master."

A reprimand is "tearing off a strip."

In the R.A.F. a young woman with fair hair is known as a "blonde job."



CLUB NOTES.

A games evening was held on Thursday, 25th January, and was well supported. We were very pleased to see several new faces, and by their expression we gathered that the evening was a happy one. The various games and their winners are given below:—

Table Tennis.—Men—1st, F. Cleverly; 2nd, K. Ruttly. Ladies—Miss J. Slade.

Poker-face Snap—B. White.

Darts.—Men—K. Brindle. Ladies—Miss I. Culley.

Advertisements.—1st, Miss D. Sandford; 2nd, Miss P. Carter.

Table Skittles.—B. White.

Draughts.—C. Kelloway.

Bagatelle.—B. White.

Another social organised by the Club House was held on 3rd February, and proved very successful. There were about 30 present, a smaller number than last time, as many of our friends were suffering from influenza or colds. Nevertheless, it was a very happy function, and one of the high lights of the evening was provided by a fancy dress, poker face, snap competition, which ended in a draw between Peggy Trembling and B. White.

Thanks and appreciation were expressed to Marjorie MacLean and Monty Fell for providing the music for the occasional dances which were included in the programme.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER.

Miss Ruth Harrison, who is the woman snooker champion of the world, a title which she has held for the last six years, and who has been champion of the women's billiards for three years, gave an exhibition at the Woodlands on the 23rd February, her first visit to Wiltshire.

At three frames of snooker against Reg. King (Retort), Miss Harrison played extremely well, and at times her positioning was

really brilliant, and although the balls did not run for her, she recorded one break of 35, and two of over 20. She was snookered twice, but did not concede a point throughout the three frames. R. King did his best and scored some fine shots, but luck was against him when he attempted to snooker. The final scores were 75-14, 108-14, and 58-32, Miss Harrison winning all three frames.

The balls were again running against her when billiards was played, and during the first 10 minutes scores were very low. The game then brightened up with a break of 44 by Miss Harrison, her opponent being this time M. Rivers (Office). Her play consisted mostly of losing hazards and potting reds, but she made some fine all-round cannons. On being told that it was the last stroke, Miss Harrison made a very good run of 65 from a poor leave. The final scores were 217 by Miss Harrison and 75 by M. Rivers, after about 40 minutes' play.

Fifteen minutes of fancy and trick shots followed, which proved of much interest and amusement to the small audience.

Miss Ruth Harrison expressed the wish, which is shared by the Games Committee, that the exhibition will do much to increase the interest in billiards at the Club House, which has been flagging very much this year.

It is hoped that some of our married members will take the places of the younger ones who have been called up.

* * *

UNDER-STATEMENT.

To appreciate the achievement of the R.A.F. patrol against mine-laying aircraft it must be remembered that, though they are on defensive rather than offensive duty, they are no less open to attack. Their presence over the enemy's bases, hampering his activities and necessitating a strict and inconvenient black-out, cannot endear them to the Germans.—*An Air Authority.*

CHIPPENHAM.

Edited by W. H. WESTON.

GENERAL MEETING OF EMPLOYEES, HELD ON WEDNESDAY, 31st JANUARY.

In the presence of the entire Staffs of our Factory, and supported by Mr. T. Johnston and Mr. T. Bullock, our Manager, Mr. W. V. Long, opened this most important gathering with the following words:—

"Ladies and gentlemen.—Those of you who were at our social last year may probably remember I expressed the hope that at that time this year Mr. Bodinnar would be in his position as Chairman of the Bacon Marketing Board, and that nothing would have happened in the meantime to have called him to the Ministry of Food to help in the distribution and arrangements of food supplies for the people of this country. Unfortunately, however, this hope was not fulfilled. Herr Hitler intervened and forced a War upon this country through his lust for power, world domination, and self-glorification; a War which I am afraid cannot end until Hitler and all he stands for has been thoroughly crushed.

"Now Mr. Bodinnar, as you know, holds a very important position at the Ministry of Food as Director of Bacon Production, and consequently he is unable to get down to Wiltshire very often. He, therefore, will be unable to come to us this year, as he has done for many years in the past, and we, on our part, cannot run a social.

"Mr. Bodinnar has therefore written to me asking me to read a letter, and also a speech which he made to the employees at Calne on Friday last, which he said was intended, not only for Calne, but for the employees everywhere."

Mr. Long then read Mr. Bodinnar's letter and speech, which received tremendous applause. Mr. T. Bullock proposed that a vote of thanks be sent to Mr. Bodinnar, which was seconded by Mr. L. A. H. Ambrose and was unanimously carried with acclamation.

This meeting also gave Mr. Long the opportunity of drawing the employees' attention to the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund. In making the appeal, Mr. Long said:—

"I have received a letter from the Lord Mayor of London with regard to the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund, and I feel sure that such a scheme as this will receive your very hearty support. I think it is being taken up by practically all Firms throughout the country, and I should like one of the Factory employees to propose that this should be done."

Mr. J. Baker then proposed that the scheme should be adopted. This was seconded by Mr. E. Johnson and approved by all present.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. A. B. Fortune, of our Office Staff, we offer our congratulations, having been presented with another son; and also to Mr. Rodney Edwards, of the Factory, who is now the father of a bonny girl.

WELCOME.

To Miss G. Brookman, who joined our Office Staff on 5th February, we extend a hearty welcome and hope she will be happy working with us.

W.H.W.

* * *

DUNMOW.

Edited by C. P. WARD.

INTER-FACTORY BILLIARDS MATCH.

A very interesting billiards match was played on Tuesday, 2nd January, between the Office and the Factory Staffs.

I think that those who saw the games will agree that there was nothing to choose between the two teams. Refreshments were served during the evening. The result was as follows:—

W. Culpin	100	W. Short	64
J. Dobson	100	D. Barringer ...	61
J. Hooper	95	J. Cloughley ...	100
H. Pledger	49	F. Wright	100
J. Clarke	61	F. Coughlan ...	100
R. Lungley ...	100	W. Gaylor	69

505

494

Table tennis and darts matches were also played the same evening between the two Departments, but in both cases the Factory proved too good for their opponents. It is hoped that these Factory v. Office

clashes will take place once a month next season.

On 15th January, the Co-operative Society paid us another visit for various games. An enjoyable evening was spent by all.

TABLE TENNIS.

The Table Tennis American Tournament which commenced in January is making good headway, and some very close games have been played. It is pleasing to see the keenness displayed by everyone concerned, and mild shocks have been given to some of the better players. It would not be at all surprising to see some of the unfamiliar names to table tennis at the top of the tournament list when it closes.

CANTEEN.

Most of us are pleased to see in the Recreation Hall a small Canteen for the purpose of selling cigarettes, chocolates, biscuits, &c., during the lunch hour and in the evenings. It has, I think, been long felt to be one of our needs, and is being very well supported by the Staff.

* * *

Waiter: Wasn't the dinner cooked to suit you, sir?

Diner: Yes, all but the bill. Just take that back and ask them to boil it down a little.

* * *

Bride: I have a confession to make, dear. I can't cook.

Groom: Don't let that worry you. I write poetry for a living. There won't be anything to cook.

Some of our Staff who have joined up are contemplating matrimony. To these we offer our best wishes.

WHIST DRIVE.

In spite of the bad weather a good number of people were present at our whist drive, held in the Recreation Hall on Wednesday, 24th January. Mr. Culpin presented the prizes to the following:—Ladies—1st, Mrs. Vine; 2nd, Mrs. Brewster; consolation, Mrs. Falkner; lucky number, Miss J. Barry. Gentlemen—1st, Mr. S. Ward; 2nd, Mr. G. Gipps; consolation, Mr. E. C. Stock. Mr. T. Walsh was the M.C.

EASTLEIGH.

Edited by L. S. JONES.

Great sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Angell in the loss of their twin babies.

At the time of writing we are experiencing very severe weather; in fact, it is probably the coldest on record for this part of the country. It is strange how each season creates some new record, but this one is certainly not to our liking. Yet, despite the cold spell, we have much to be thankful for, as the snowdrops and daffodils, which are now appearing, are a reminder that Spring is coming, a thought so delightfully refreshing, especially after the long, dark winter of black-outs and severe weather.

We are glad to report that the activities in the Welfare Hut are greatly improved. The competitions now in full swing are creating the necessary impetus and great interest is shown in the weekly draw.

We have rather a heavy sick-list this month, fully 30 per cent. of our Staff being away at the moment. We hope, however, that matters will improve so that we shall soon have a full Staff on duty once more.

It has been a great pleasure to see many of our friends who joined the Forces come along to see us again, and their cheery smile upon renewing old acquaintances heartens those of us who are left behind to pull our weight in an endeavour to do our part in the work which lies ahead.

* * *

U-BOAT VILLAINY.

"Not only had the U-boat deliberately set herself to inflict casualties on the Uskmouth's crew as they were abandoning ship, but at no time was any attempt made to ensure the safety of those in the lifeboat. They were left to fend for themselves in an open boat a hundred and twenty miles from land."

* * *

SHOPPING SECRET.

The secret of wise shopping is to make the maximum use of the foods which are in good supply.—*Ministry of Food.*

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

As we are writing these notes for the March issue we are still in the grip of "Jack Frost," and although 22 degrees of frost has been registered here we have been more fortunate than a good many places. It has played havoc with the water pipes and hot-water systems; not many households have escaped from burst pipes or from having their supplies cut off. It has been said that it is the most severe and prolonged spell of hard winter weather since the year 1880, when the local rivers were frozen over and one could skate from Highbridge to Glastonbury on the River Brue, which runs close by the Factory. We sympathise with those who have been sufferers through the extreme weather, and especially those in colder districts, where they have not been able to obtain coal and food supplies owing to being snowed under. We are rather fortunate that, being near the sea and due west, the snow does not last very long, but the sharp frosts have made the roads both treacherous and dangerous for all kinds of traffic, not forgetting the "foot-sloggers."

With the extreme weather has come all kinds of winter ailments, and most of us have been more or less affected by colds, &c., and our sympathies are extended to the following, who are out with 'flu:—Messrs. T. Burchell, F. Pople, A. H. Solomon, L. King, R. Slocombe, and F. Perham, and we wish them a speedy recovery.

We also extend our sympathies to our old friends who are on the retired list—Messrs. F. Lawrence, A. Wyatt, and H. Strange—whom we are told are laid aside by sickness, and we wish them a speedy return to health.

We are glad to hear that Mr. J. Gillett is better and able to get about a little.

We hope to devote a paragraph each month regarding the welfare of our employees who have joined the Armed Forces, and have to announce that two more have volunteered, viz., Messrs. W. Meaker and H. Harding. We hear from time to time of those who were called up early in the War, and understand that Cpl. E. J. Llewellyn has gone to join

another Battalion. We were pleased to see Gunner C. Morrissey, who is home on sick leave, after being run down by a car at Bath during the black-out and receiving rather serious head injuries, but we are glad to say he is on the mend, and we wish him a speedy return to good health. Cpl. R. Hooper has also been home for a short sick leave after 'flu and we wish him a speedy recovery. Pte. W. Aish, we understand, is Somewhere in England, and we wish him well wherever he may be.

WELFARE NOTES.

A Welfare meeting was called for on Monday, the first day of the New Year, to consider winter activities, and a discussion took place with regard to a suggested whist drive and dance to be held at the end of the month, and it was decided to canvass the members individually to know their wishes on the subject, and to call a further meeting. A further meeting was arranged for Monday, the 8th January, and the Secretaries reported the majority of the members voted for the whist drive and dance, and it was definitely decided to engage the Town Hall for Saturday, 27th January, to start at 6.15 p.m., the conditions being a free "do" to members, with an additional free ticket for a member's relative or friend.

It was agreed to award three prizes for whist for ladies and gentlemen, and that they must be in the form of vouchers; also four prizes for special dances.

The Whist Drive and Dance took place on Saturday, 27th January, but we are sorry to say were somewhat spoiled by the wretched weather experienced on that evening, and many who were not quite well in themselves would not take the risk of spending several hours in a cold building. Those of us who did brave the storm and tempest made the best of things, and endeavoured to create an atmosphere of comfort. The proceedings terminated at 11.45 p.m. to the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." We have to tender our sincere and grateful thanks to Mrs. Walter Young and band of helpers who kindly looked after the catering side of the enjoyment. The prizes for both the whist drive and dance were presented to the several recipients by Mrs. A. G. Kidley.

A special meeting was called for all employees on Tuesday, the 30th January, to

receive the "Good news!" conveyed to Mr. Kidley by our Chief, to the effect that so far as the Directors can see at the moment the efficiency bonus will go on for another year. We wish to tender our grateful thanks to the Directors for their kindness in this direction. A mention was also made as to the winding up of the Savings Scheme, and he (Mr. Kidley) hoped that everyone would follow the advice given by our Chief, that the money be re-invested in either National War Savings or Bonds, as the country needed the money to carry on the War to a successful issue. Another matter brought forward received unanimous support from all, with regard to subscribing to the Red Cross Fund, and we are glad and happy to say that it was the wish of all employees to fall in with the suggestion and contribute a penny a week to this deserving object, which should be supported by every worker in this country of ours. By this means we shall be doing our part to ease the suffering of those who are "taking the strain" in the great battle in the cause of humanity.

FUR AND FEATHER NEWS.

We are pleased to give our readers an account of a pigeon show, held at the Coopers Arms Hotel, Highbridge, under the auspices of the Huntspill Homing Society, of which our Creamery foreman, Mr. Walter J. Young, is the respected and capable Secretary. There were 114 birds entered in three classes, from areas round about, viz., Bridgwater, Burnham, Weston-super-Mare, as well as from the local club members. The judges were Messrs. F. Marsh and C. Cook, and we are told that on the whole the exhibits were a fine lot of birds. The members' prize for most points was won by Mr. R. Cook. As a result of the show the finances of the Society benefit to the extent of a balance of £4 12s. in hand, which is very gratifying. The Secretary wishes to bring to the notice of all that there are several employees who are keen pigeon fanciers, including R. Neath and C. Turner, and suggests that at our next Flower Show we include fur and feather class or classes.

On Saturday, 27th January, the news came through that racing would be resumed shortly, and arrangements could be made for the ensuing season. We are told that there was great rejoicing when the news was received at the West of England North Road Combine meeting, held at Bristol on the

27th, and it was definitely decided to have the same race points as last year, from Ashchurch to Thurso. So now, you "Homers," you will have to buck up and get your "birds" fit for the job. It is with great pleasure we announce that our Manager takes a great interest in the Society and has consented to become President for the ensuing year.

C. B. SHIER.

* * *

IPSWICH.

Edited by A. H. MACKENZIE.

EDITORIAL.

The War and the weather may cause some inconvenience, but not enough for us to abandon our chief annual fixture—the Children's Party and the Works Social.

True, the pros and cons had been very fully discussed by our Sports and Social Club Committee, and Mr. Bodinnar had been consulted, but in the end it was decided to go ahead as usual. Followed then the usual period of intense activity by the Secretary and aforesaid Committee, reaching its crescendo as the great day approached, but, as always, everything was ready at its appointed time, and the arrangements were excellent. Two drawbacks there were—serious, but unavoidable—the absence of Mrs. Ludgate, through illness, and of Mr. Bodinnar, through extreme pressure of work.

The afternoon's function was made vociferous by some 70 happy children, who shrieked with laughter at the funny film, tore vigorously round the hall in the game of musical mat, and fell to, with magnificent gusto, on the excellent tea provided. A pause of hushed, excited expectancy, and then in came Father Christmas to denude the great Christmas tree of its load of presents, passing them into the eager hands outstretched. Mrs. C. E. Hobbs had very kindly undertaken to preside, in Mrs. Ludgate's absence, over the Children's Party, and Mr. K. Downes rose nobly to the occasion and made an admirable Father Christmas. The tea itself was provided, as in former years, by Mr. Bodinnar, and the presents from the Christmas tree by Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate, whilst the prizes for the games

were presented by Mr. T. H. Ratcliff. Scarce had the echo of childish voices faded than our hard-working Committee were busy receiving members and friends for the dinner and social, which, like the Children's Party, was again held at the Crown and Anchor Hotel.

Mr. Ludgate presided, with Miss I. Ludgate taking the place of Mrs. Ludgate. Our absentee list was rather a long one, but circumstances made this unavoidable. Still it *did* seem strange not to see Mr. Bodinnar sitting next to Mr. Ludgate, and we missed our old friends from London and Dunmow. Although Mr. Bodinnar himself was absent, however, he had not forgotten to invite, as his guests, a number of old employees and widows, whom we were all very glad to see. After the loyal toast, the toast of "The Club" was proposed by Mr. Ratcliff, who reviewed the Club's progress through the year. The response was made by the Secretary, Mr. J. S. Bloomfield, in a most excellent speech, during which he read a letter received from Mr. Bodinnar (appended).

Mr. Ludgate then proposed the health of our President, Mr. Bodinnar, coupled with that of those of our members who were serving in the Forces. Mr. Ludgate expressed the regret, shared by us all, at Mr. Bodinnar's inability to be with us, a regret which, he said, was very fully shared by Mr. Bodinnar himself, who, on so many occasions, had gone to very considerable inconvenience to make the journey to and from Ipswich. Speaking on the President's behalf, Mr. Ludgate welcomed those old friends who were there as his guests, and then went on to voice our good wishes to those who had "joined up." Two of these latter were with us to-night, he said—Mr. W. V. Eaton and Mr. T. Mayhew—and we were all delighted to see them again and to wish them luck. Mr. Ludgate referred briefly to the work which Mr. Bodinnar was doing—work of truly national importance—and to the tremendous strain he was undergoing, and expressed the feelings of us all in his good wishes for Mr. Bodinnar's continued health and strength. The toast of "The Visitors," was then proposed by Mr. Mackenzie, and responded to in a very racy speech by Mr. J. D. Holgate.

A whist drive, games, and dancing followed, and the hours sped by all too quickly. The presentation of prizes was

kindly undertaken by Miss I. Ludgate, on her mother's behalf, and before we realised it we were joining hands in "Auld Lang Syne," and then standing to attention for the National Anthem.

The night was cold, the roads were hard and frosty, but we were warm with the glow of good fellowship and a happy evening.

A vote of thanks is indicated to that band of hard and willing workers, headed by our Secretary, whose efforts made this evening possible. That their efforts were crowned with such complete success constitutes to them a sufficient reward.

A.H.M.

The following is a copy of the letter from Mr. Bodinnar which the Secretary read to the gathering:—

DEAR BLOOMFIELD,

Thank you for your letter of the 13th inst. I have read the enclosed reports, &c., with very much interest.

I am afraid that on this occasion I shall not be able to attend your annual function, and you might explain to your members that the reason for this is that during the 15 weeks since War broke out I have only been able to get home three times.

Nevertheless, I wish the events every possible success.

I shall be glad if you will read this letter at the dinner on January 20th.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) J. F. BODINNAR.

FACTORY NEWS.

It's really all rather funny! When the idea of "local Editors" was mooted, I scoffed, as I thought (and for that matter, still think) that one Editor is enough for one publication. Anyway, on we went with Mr. J. E. Smith as Ipswich Editor, and all went well until circumstances took J.E.S. away from Ipswich. Thereupon the task fell to Mr. S. J. Amsden, who had hardly "assumed office" before he, like so many other brave young men, answered his country's call, and to-day he is in the mine-sweeping service. Good luck to him! This editorial mortality was somewhat disconcerting, and eventually it fell to my lot to step into the breach, so to speak, and endeavour to carry on until either one or the other of my predecessors should return. Thus, by a quick fate, is

the scoffer arrayed (metaphorically) in the editorial purple and fine linen. . . .

The past few months have had almost an air of unreality about them, and we are too close to appraise them correctly.

Life must go on, however, and we must eat and sleep and do our job of work as best we may and not be too discouraged by such trifles as the black-out, rationing of various kinds, &c., &c. After all, there is a big job on hand, and all else is subordinated to it.

We East Anglians are trying to pull our weight as well as we know how, and just now we are all cheered by the sight of the "great thaw," which is at long last succeeding the "great frost." "Suffering cats," what a frost it has been; and what wonderful sights there have been where the wind-driven snow had caught the hedge-tops and, arching over the lanes, been frozen into the most exquisite shapes. One of the real, old-fashioned winters, methinks, of the genuine Christmas card type. Jack Frost has wrought his fairy-like patterns upon our windows, to delight our eyes, e'en whilst our fingers froze, and I will not deface my lyric by references to burst pipes, flooded ceilings, frozen water supply, bumps and bruises due to slipping about, transport difficulties, or any such mundane subjects.

However, it is, at any rate for the moment, over (touch wood), and we may look forward to the spring, when, undoubtedly, we shall see our reward, and the snow-covered fields shall be covered with tender green; the gaunt trees burgeon with their new foliage; and Mother Earth, drawing strength from the afflictions of winter, shall bear the blossom of yet another year. Herein is a moral, but I will not stress it, leaving it for each to see, as he will for himself. . . .

During the last month or so the population of Ipswich has been increased by, namely and to wit:—

To Mr. and Mrs. Shipsey, one son.
To Mr. and Mrs. F. Bloomfield, one son.
To Mr. and Mrs. W. Goodchild, one son.
To Mr. and Mrs. W. Heron, one daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. B. Grimsey, twins (one son and one daughter).

To all concerned we offer our congratulations and best wishes.

Our sick list is not so good, and quite a number of our colleagues are absent with coughs, colds, &c., but happily mostly not

very severe. We are sorry that Mr. S. Hastings (Maintenance) is having such a long illness, and hope he will soon be on the mend. Our sympathy, too, to Mr. E. Denny (Bacon Department), who, we hope, will soon be about again.

We all gathered in the Men's Canteen the other evening to hear Mr. Ludgate, on our behalf, present a case of cutlery to Miss Doris Moss on the eve of her wedding to Mr. T. Armstrong. "Doris" had been with us for 12½ years, most of the time in the Lard Department, and she will be missed by her many friends at the Factory. Mr. Ludgate voiced the feelings of us all in wishing the young couple all happiness and prosperity.

A.H.M.

P.S.—Since writing above I have received from Mr. Ludgate a copy of a most interesting letter he has received from Mr. S. J. Amsden:—

JOINING THE NAVY.

DEAR SIR,

We duly entrained that morning at 6.15 a.m. The journey involved long travelling, and a Naval lorry was waiting for us at the station to take us to our base. From there we were taken to our billets. Mine were excellent. The next day we were supplied with Service respirators and "water-wings." On the Monday we reported at the base in civvies, and at lunch time were marched out in little round hats and bell-bottomed trousers. The rig is ideal for seamen, but so weighed down by tradition that we were very glad to be dressed like children when the clothing was issued. For my own part I found one vast pair of arms forcing me into my jumper. "No, son, it's not too small; if there's a wrinkle anywhere when it's on you, then the jumper's too loose." Another was tying the lover's knot in my hatband. A third "old hand" was seeing to the complicated collar and its accessories—black silk and lanyard, and by the time they'd finished I dared scarcely move for fear of spoiling the good work. Thereafter we received our identification discs, and were allocated to the post watch, A and B Platoon, forming six Companies in all, for the duration of our stay.

On the Wednesday we were "armed guard" for the morning. This meant rising at 5.30 a.m. and reporting for duty at 6.15, when we were issued with pouches, bayonets,

and helmets. Thereafter we repaired armed to the teeth, to the canteen, and drank tea! Later the previous night's black-out precautions were removed and the place swept out and cleaned. After breakfast we set out with shovels to clear a road for our lorries through the snow. The same afternoon we received railway warrants to proceed. The canteen issued us each with a paper bag of buns, and we departed by the 6 p.m. train. At a station en route we had a meal at the Y.M.C.A. Restaurant, and food for the Services was wonderfully cheap—bacon 2d. per rasher, and eggs 2d. each as well! I don't know whether the newspapers have been overdoing the "Navy heroes" stunt, but it is a definite fact that sailors receive outstanding attention wherever they go. People give way to them at shop counters, shopkeepers give extra measure, and in one place in particular you can't pay for your own drinks ever!

We arrived at our destination on Thursday, dozed in the R.T.O.'s Office till a lorry took us to our ships. Immediately we set to work getting stores aboard—food of all kinds, cutlery, crockery, oil, coal, blankets, water, ammunition, and depth charges. For the rest, we were actually out on patrol on the Friday, and have experienced every kind of weather—iron-hard frosts, snow, a young gale, fog with visibility nil, rain, and one day of perfect sunshine.

I have been promoted to signals rating, so shall have plenty to learn, as this involves Morse, semaphore, Naval code, and International code.

We have an excellent galley, complete with domestic boiler and refrigerator, and even our quarters have electric light and water on tap. There is certainly no hardship, though a laundry and bath would solve many problems. When in dock we stand easy for the day at 4 p.m., and in the summer mean to take full advantage of the locality. At present the black-out dooms any explorations, and the local towns are damp places to wander around, if you are uncertain of their possibilities.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) JOHN AMSDEN.

* * *
How to make a cheap hen run.
Chase it.

* * *
How to cover a cushion.
Sit on it.

LEEDS.

Edited by G. S. CAMPBELL.

It has been whispered that the Staffs in Harris Provincial Depots are so busy counting B.H.2's and doing mathematical calculations with B.H.D.2's that they have no time for compositions. Some of them are known to have interpreted the "D" in nomenclature unheard in the sedate corridors of the Ministry. Somebody was telling us the other day that there are 32,000 Parish Magazines published within the Church of England. In visualising this mass of effort do not forget about the B.H.2's, because a correspondent of one of the Magazines broke forth as follows about the matter—

Thirty thousand Editors
Have to mind their "P's" and "Q's,"
While thirty thousand Sextons
Mind their keys and pews.

Judging from the cheery voices we hear on the telephone from Calne and Ipswich, we are inclined to think that the Headquarters Staffs are rather happy to be relieved of the task of filling up our forms. The Provincial Staffs have not yet reached either the "P's" or "Q's," the "B's" being bad enough, and one can make a safe guess that these notes will be on a different "KEY" by the time they do. Phew!

Of course, there are other annoyances in the provinces as well as FORMS.

For example, you cannot see over the top of the big snowdrift outside my French window to-day. We could only see our milkman's head this morning as he walked along towards our house. He is a local Councillor, and in 20 odd years he has never failed to get through with the milk to every house where there are children. If there was a peace-time decoration available every customer would support any honour conferred on Tommy Swaine. Then the epidemic of coughs and colds had one bright moment for me. I was not feeling too well myself, but I turned out one evening to visit some Scots people. I found them also harbouring germs, and very doleful about it. They were huddled over a fire attired in dressing-gowns and sundry shawls, *and both wearing hats*. The pair of them looked extremely comical, and my sympathetic demeanour nearly cracked when the husband

solemnly raised his hat to me and quickly replaced it. I did not care to laugh outright. They may, or may not, have seen the joke. I have encountered many remedies for the common cold, all equally futile, but none more mirth-provoking than this.

Probably you have heard George Robey analysing popular nursery rhymes on the wireless. Thousands of wounded men in the last War will ever be grateful to him and Miss Loraine for the afternoon concerts they provided in London Hospitals. Frequently I have handed them a hurried cup of tea before they rushed off to take the boards at Leicester Square in "The Bing Boys." One can imagine the joy they gave recently when the old number, "If you were the only Girl in the World, and I was the only Boy," brought down the house Somewhere in France.

To illustrate further, none of us need to be reminded of the birth-pangs of new Schemes. The farmers and butchers out Harrogate way were in the midst of their problems, and talk in the bar-parlour the other night began with bulbs and went on to bull-fighting. That led a farmer to say he'd "Read somewher 'at t' bulls were offen hypnotised, like." "Has t' iver heerd o' chicken bein' hypnotised?" asked a joiner, and he described how it could be done by standing a hen on a chalk line on the floor and making it look at the chalk line for a little while. "It'll stand on that line, looking at it, for as long as you want—hypnotised," said the joiner.

"And I'll tell ye summat else," went on the joiner, seeing that the bar-parlour was sceptical. "You can make a fowl think its roosting by hypnotism." The procedure, he said, was to tuck the fowl's head under one wing and then, holding it at arm's length, to describe two or three circles with it in the air, "then put it on t' ground," he declared, "an' it'll stay ther all afternoon with its head under its wing, thinking its roostin'."

The farmer showed his disbelief by roars of laughter, and others joined in.

"You can laugh," said the joiner with dignity, "but I've done both these things." This roused the farmer. "Oh! hev ye?" he began suspiciously. "You ain't got no chickens, so whose did ye 'borrow' for your experimentin'?"

The joiner reached for his hat "Thine," he said disgustedly, and vanished into the black-out.

In the midst of the great blizzard, when humans were up to their waists in snow and traffic was floundering about among 20ft. drifts, we received a wire from Head Office intimating to our astonished senses: "Winter arriving Bradford 7.23 p.m." We had certainly sent an S.O.S. appeal for assistance, but we felt we had had enough winter. All was well when we met our genial colleague, who quickly thawed our numbed spirits; and he never betrayed a sigh when he walked into this dull and barren city, and gingerly picked his steps through the icy chill and darkness of the wool Metropolis.

Besides Mr. Winter we had the joy of receiving Mr. Goodwin, from London. The coincidence in his case was that we had booked his room at a hotel in Goodwin Street, so that he might not forget his address if he happened to wander astray in the black-out. We learned afterwards, however, that he was in excellent company!

Our friends, as previously remarked, made no comments either upon ourselves or about Yorkshire. They have been well trained. What they will say about us when they return to the Sunny South we tremble to contemplate, but the Editors are hereby authorised to publish all they have to relate about their hectic time among the Yorkshire puddings.

G.S.C.

* * *

IT'S OUR WAR.

The following is from "The Daily Gleaner," of Jamaica:—

"The German broadcasts represent British Colonial possessions as without liberty, as indifferent to the fate that might befall England

"There is one thing, however, that would surely astonish the people of Germany, and that is the natural and unconscious use of the word 'we' by the humblest person in the British West Indies, and probably in every other part of the British Colonial Empire also, when speaking of this War.

"We have sunk a German submarine, 'we' have brought down several German aeroplanes, 'we' are fighting Hitler and his gang. These expressions in West Indian streets are so common that they pass unnoticed.

"But wouldn't it be strange if people who felt that they had no liberty should thus look upon this War against Germany as very much their own War?"

REDRUTH.

Edited by A. J. CLARK.

We have been reminded by the Editor that we have been remiss in our contribution during the last few months. It is difficult for one to keep up each month the amount which has been set, especially when one receives little help towards it. Each month one sends out an appeal for contributions, but each month it regularly falls on deaf ears. We hope that this may stir some consciences and next month we may be overwhelmed with articles.

The very severe weather which has been experienced all over the country has been felt with no less severity in Cornwall, where one does not expect Arctic conditions. For the first time for many years we had a severe fall of snow, which in itself was unpleasant, but when frosts came following that we really felt we were in winter. Roads all over the county were made almost unuseable, and several severe accidents were reported. When, however, news reached us of the terrible conditions prevailing all over the country we realised that perhaps we were not quite so unfortunate. Now, as we write, there is a very great improvement.

To-day, the first day of February, is surely the first day of spring. "If winter comes, can spring be far behind," says the poet; and spring cannot be far away. Probably to-morrow we shall have a return of wintry conditions, but we can enjoy this, the first taste of the spring, surely the loveliest season of the year. After the dull, bleak days of winter, how refreshing is the sight of the first spring flowers, heralding by their very colour the brightness which is to come. Already in the shops here are many of the spring flowers—daffodils, their glorious colour a hint of sunshine on its way; mimosa, again with tiny balls of sunny yellow on feathery branches; freesias, heavy with a perfume all their own; and tulips, a mass of colour. Who, seeing these, Nature's heralds of spring, cannot look forward to the brighter days ahead, and leave behind the dark days of winter.

Soon we shall see the trees bursting in bud; each year we watch from the Office windows a clump of trees which one day

soon will be showing the first signs of the new leaves. I think most of us, perhaps unconsciously, have our own favourite places to watch for the first signs of spring. Each day as I walk to the Office I pass an almond tree, which, very early in the year, shows its delicate pink blossoms, and to me, that is one of the first signs of spring. I have not seen that blossom yet, but I know that very soon I shall see it and I shall know that spring is here; that tree will not disappoint me.

We are pleased to say that J. S. Wood, who has been away for some time, recuperating after a severe operation, is now well on the road to recovery, and we hope that he may soon be able to resume his duties as watchman.

As is usual at this time of the year, we have had a number away from their work, but all have now returned in good health.

We now have four men serving with the Forces. Lce.-Cpls. Carpenter and Floyd are "Somewhere in India" (we have been pleased to receive news from them); Cpl. Burrows and Pte. Green (our latest recruit) are serving "Somewhere in England." All of them have our best wishes for their good health and happiness in their service for their country and all that that means to us.

A.J.C.

* * *

TOTNES.

Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

In spite of all the rationing troubles, black-out worries, and other War-like cares, the Editor has called on us again for the monthly contribution, and even expressed the hope that our full quota of space would be occupied. That presents another problem which we must try to overcome. Having mentioned the word "rationing" reminds us that quite recently we received from a highly-respected grocer friend an amusing letter on this subject, which reads:—

SIR,

Tell me, how much is 3½ozs. of cooked ham at 3s. 3d. per lb.? Just served a lady from my part "of the globe." She said, "Young man, give us a half of 'Arrises 'am, and a nice 'ardy 'arted cabbage." I

wouldn't serve her because she had no coupons, and you should have heard what she started to call me, but luck was on my side for our old cat came strutting into the shop with a mouse in its mouth, and that was the last I saw of that beauty.

Now, believe me, I'm going to write a book on ladies. You know, "Ladies I have met." This is true:—

Lady: Half Harris bacon.

Me: Have you a coupon?

Lady: No, is it rationed?

Me: Yes, ma'am, it has been in the papers for weeks.

Lady: I never read 'em.

Me: It's been on the wireless for months.

Lady: I never listen in.

Me: Well, ma'am, for your information and guidance, a War broke out between England and Germany in the first week of September last year, and I'll tell you when it's all over.

And what about the lady who came to me and said: "Mr. ———, I've just taken home that $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter, put it in the butter dish, and dropped the lot. Can I buy another $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., please?"

I pulled myself up to my 6ft. 3ins. and replied: "Madam, you can't buy any more butter, but I'll give you a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. as a prize."

I used to pride myself as a teller of tales, but now feel I'm only an infant at it. However, send my usual number of sides, and some lard; and as for liver, well, isn't it cold?

At the time we received this communication from our friend we could have answered his last words with a most emphatic "Yes," as it has been much too cold for most of us. In fact, we have even now scarcely ceased from shivering. Usually we escape a lot of the rigour of winter, but this time Totnes and district had its full share. Most of us saw for the first time, the river Dart frozen completely over; and the couple of swans that are usually seen near the bridge were found one morning quite frozen in; but they were soon released when their plight was seen by kindly persons who ventured on the ice for the purpose. We are accustomed to hearing about this period of the year quite a lot from our gardening enthusiasts as to the height of their peas and broad beans and the date when they expect to commence cutting spring cabbage, &c., but during the past week or two there has been an ominous silence which seems to bode ill for the well-

being of these useful vegetables. It may be, however, that the silence betokens a grim determination to get on with the job at the first opportunity, in the endeavour to remedy any losses that have been incurred by the severe weather of the past month, which has also had the effect of causing some absentees from our Staff, on account of chills and 'flu, but we are hoping to soon have the sufferers back in our midst again. W.J.T.

* * *

"What crime is it to re-establish the 1914 frontier of Germany with Poland?" asks a Nazi broadcaster from Leipzig.

Here is the answer, given by Hitler in "Mein Kampf":—

"The demand for the restoration of the 1914 frontiers (of Germany) is a political absurdity of such dimensions and consequences as to make it appear a crime."

* * *

During the last War France obtained 3,441,000 tons of raw materials and commodities from her Colonies. This time the French Colonies are making an even bigger contribution to Allied victory. They will send to France *during the current year alone* a much higher total than the entire amount supplied during the 50 months of the last War.

* * *

A few words of comfort to the German public, from a recent Nazi broadcast:—

"It doesn't matter whether food is good or bad. All that matters is the spirit in which it is eaten."

* * *

Here is a frank confession made in the latest issue of Goring's periodical, "Four Year Plan":—

"We must face facts. As in 1914-18, England's power has brought German overseas trade to a complete standstill.

"German ships are lying in more than 100 harbours all over the globe. These goods and ships are blockaded by the British Navy, and part of them have already been confiscated.

"The Fuhrer himself said: 'Germany must export or die.' The whole of the import and export trade, particularly export, made the greatest effort to carry out the Fuhrer's wishes and the result is that in Kiel, Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg they are all gradually heading for ruin."



BY APPOINTMENT,
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

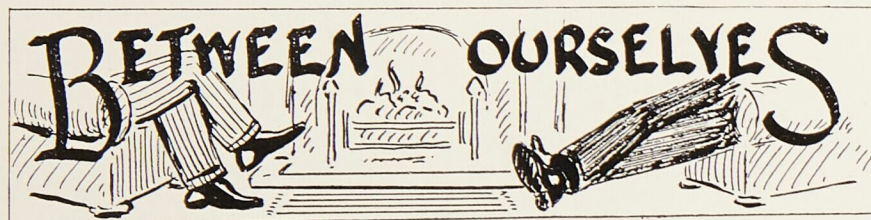
HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 14. ——— APRIL, 1940. ——— No. 4.



HOW can small investors help in an affair of millions? The answer is that every penny saved at this time has a definite effect upon the successful conduct of the War. That is why the Government has made a new issue of the National Savings Certificates and given them a greater significance, and also why Defence Bonds have been made available to the small investor. Personal saving is two-fold wisdom. It assures the saver of future comfort and, during the stern test of our

strength in war-time, it enables the Government to keep prices from soaring. It does this by reducing the demand for commodities, especially for those which would have to be bought in foreign markets and shipped to British ports at the risk of the seamen's lives, apart from the high cost of transport and the use of space in ships' holds which could be filled with materials for our fighting Services and munitions factories. Therefore, by saving, the citizen not only benefits personally but makes a vital contribution to the successful outcome of the War.



EASTER has come once again, but this was a War-time Easter and, anyhow, it fell too early in the year. I wonder whether any progress will ever be made in regard to a fixed Easter at a later date?

Easter usually means a garden and spring flowers, but our bitter winter had left its mark on our flowering shrubs and trees. I had not seen my own garden for all too long a while. I am going to miss—when I can visit my garden—some of the old favourites, for winter takes its toll of plants and lives; but inevitably the spring follows. The old plots of earth must be re-planted and life must be re-cast so that the younger life may be formed and influenced in the gracious atmosphere of goodly memories that do not die.

Gardens, too, have memories. I used to have an old mulberry tree which, those who knew told me, had had a life of centuries. What tales it could have told of ancient days and ancient folk; of the old who rested in its shade, of the birds who had made their brief home in its branches, of the glad and gay youth who played on the lawn, of the frosts of winters and the warmth of summers, of the ghosts of King Alfred who lived there, and of his sister who was married at the old Church across the way, and of all the changes in habits of those who, from time to time, lived in the old house that once stood near its shadow.

But my garden in March would have been incomplete if the blackbird's voice had been missing. Yet there he was in the same spot as usual, and though the day was dark and rainy, and though an aeroplane went noisily overhead, his voice was still as

seductive and his note as full of the promise of the fulness of the year as it ever was.

Then, as the evening fell during Easter-tide in that all too-brief a visit home, one sat to listen to the news—news of War—of diplomatic moves for position in the Balkans—deeds of gallantry by our airmen, our fishermen, our coastal patrols, our Navy, our armies and our Empire.

War—and Easter.

Finland—and aggression.

Poland—and atrocities.

The Jews—and robbery of home and belongings.

Over 1,900 anniversaries of a Calvary that for ever enriched life; and of an Easter that proved that life never dies; and yet, so long afterwards, a total War undertaken for the elemental principles of freedom, liberty to think, to act, and to worship. How strange the ways and how long the process by which mankind eventually reaches the knowledge and convictions that life for man and nation only begins in the light of a birth of 1,940 years ago, and of a life then lived for a brief 33 years to end in sacrifice and re-birth.

But War there is. The Cause is just. So fight we must till evil be destroyed and the world knows its own Easter when it breaks its bonds and begins that Eternal Springtime for which we work and fight.

Some Impressions of Finland.

(Continued).

FINLAND TO RUSSIA.

Any country, like any home, has a particular atmosphere associated with it. It may be an atmosphere of happiness, of gaiety, of contentment, or, on the other hand, of despair, of depression, of misery. One needs no special psychic powers to tell which prevails!

In Finland there was the spirit of contentment which comes only from a free people building up a great, free country. What contrast would there be in Russia?

We boarded the train at Viipuri with that certain nervousness which is prior to an adventure. The train sped rapidly towards the Russian frontier, and the Finnish people began to leave in increasing numbers at every station. We waved them good-bye, realising how much their friendliness meant to us. We drew alongside the Finnish frontier station, where our passports were checked, but, as before, no baggage was searched. There was lively, jolly conversation between official and traveller. A joke, a smile, and a friendly "Good day!" No Finns resumed their positions in the train; only a few tourists remained.

The train moves slowly, dramatically towards a little bridge ahead which, when crossed, announces the entrance into Russia. Barbed-wire entanglements line each side of the little frontier stream. A Finnish guard waves in reply to our greetings. The train moves slowly across the bridge and stops. Armed passport officials mount and scrutinise passports as the train moves slowly towards the Russian Customs House. Soldiers line the track, ignoring any gestures of friendliness on our part.

Collecting all our belongings, we bundled out of the carriage and into a large Customs building. Many officials paraded up and down, staring at us. The search began!

Firstly, all money had to be declared, the amount being noted down on a special form. Next, any personal valuables—watches, fountain pens—were examined and noted down. Then the official turned his attention to our luggage. Every article was examined thoroughly, every case opened, even to the extent of opening a tube of

toothpaste! Many articles caused much commotion—a silk dressing-gown, a steel shaving mirror, and an electric razor. Nothing, however, was confiscated, except a sheet of Finnish stamps.

The suspense of this search affected our nerves. The suspicion and the whole unfriendly atmosphere made us prejudiced before we had seen the country.

A special carriage is reserved for the tourists, as Russians are not allowed to travel with foreigners. The country between the frontier and Leningrad is very flat, with occasional woods to relieve the monotony. There are numerous stations, all crowded with people, hot, dirty, after working in the fields or on the roads, the men wearing nothing but a pair of pants and a shirt, with a pair of tattered shoes for their feet; the women in skirts and blouses, no stockings, and thin shoes. The Army are the only people who have decent clothes fit to wear.

If this atmosphere of depression existed in the open country, what would the towns be like? Leningrad Station supplied the answer. The dirt, the depression was overwhelming. Even the more jubilant of us held our peace. During the first few hours in Russia we all longed to escape from it.

It was, therefore, with very cynical eyes we viewed Leningrad and its surroundings, a description of which will follow next month.

C. E. SMITH.

* * *

ANY MORE HEROES?

The following story comes from an officer now on leave.

A certain ship was in port at the same time as the "Hero." One of the sailors from the ship returned from shore leave after enjoying some lavish hospitality, and woke next morning to find himself on the "Hero."

Of course, he was taken before the Commander charged with being "adrift," and was asked to explain his presence on the wrong ship. However, the jolly tar was equal to the occasion. "You see, sir," he explained, "when I got back to the jetty last night there was a boat waiting, and someone was calling out, 'Any more Heroes; any more Heroes?'" Naturally, I thought he was referring to me, and I stepped into the boat, and that is how it happened."

The Jubilee of Queen Victoria, 1887.

Celebrations at Calne.

THE SERVICE AT THE CHURCH.

At 9.15 on Tuesday, 28th June, the Mayor and Corporation assembled in the Council Chamber, and the Volunteers, under the command of Sergt.-Major Smith, at the Corn Exchange, and headed by the Volunteer Fife and Drum Band, with the Mayor and Corporation, proceeded to the Parish Church, where a special choral Service was conducted by the Rev. Canon Duncan and the Rev. H. T. Adam. The sacred edifice was crowded, during the Service the National Anthem being sung. After the Service the various bodies proceeded to Springfield, where a

PROCESSION

was formed in the following order:—

Volunteer Fife and Drum Band.

Volunteers.

The Mayor, wearing his robes and chain of office, the Corporation, and Members of the Local Board and their Officers.

Calne District Friendly Society.

Swindon Town Band.

Independent Lodge of Oddfellows.

Ancient Order of Foresters.

Town Fire Brigade.

Messrs. T. Harris & Sons' Fire Brigade.

The Jubilee Celebration Committee.

Calne Town Band.

The Inhabitants of the Town.

The Oddfellows and Foresters wore their regalia and carried their banners. At 10.30 the Swindon Band played "God Save the Queen," and proceeded by way of Church Street to the Green, which was fenced in with hurdles. Here three trees were planted, one by the Mayor, another by the Vicar, and the last by Dr. Bishop, as chairman of the Local Board. After this the procession was reformed, and having paraded other parts of the town, returned to The Strand, where the Mayor briefly addressed those present, and said what pleasure it gave him and all of them, to assemble that day to show their loyalty to and their love for Queen Victoria—(cheers).

Having referred to the proud position which our country holds, he read the letter from the Queen, dated 24th June, which letter, he said, was not written by an official, but dictated by the Queen's heart. At the conclusion cheers were given, and the Volunteers fired a *feu de joie*, the band playing and the people singing the National Anthem, after which more cheers were given and the company separated.

THE DINNER ON THE GREEN.

At one o'clock, about 300 of the aged and necessitous poor were provided with a capital dinner on The Green, supplied by Mrs. Maslen, the dinner consisting of cold roast and boiled joints, pudding, and beer. Among those present assisting we noticed the Mayor, also the ex-Mayor and Mrs. Harris, Canon Duncan, Messrs. F. Henly, Bownas, E. R. Henly, Tom Harris, W. F. Gaby, H. J. Harris, T. E. Redman, Whittuck, Pinniger, J. Harris, W. Harris, James, W. Maundrell, J. Yorke, F. C. Henly, W. Frayling, G. Rich, Maslen, &c. Shortly before the conclusion of the repast the Mayor briefly addressed those present, and expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing them all. They, as youngsters, had much to thank them for, and their (the coming generation's) aim would be to keep the country up to its present height in the estimation of all nations—(cheers). In addition to this dinner, everyone in the town, excepting tradespeople, &c., were presented with 2s. dinner tickets to get what they liked.

THE ODDFELLOWS.

The members of the "Bud of Friendship" Lodge of Oddfellows sat down to a capital dinner at the White Hart. Dr. Bishop presided, and there were present Mr. Fortune (in the vice-chair), Messrs. Lane, Nicholls, Beasley, and about 70 members. A capital repast was provided by Host Mead. After the dinner the Chairman proposed "The Queen," which toast was loyally received. The Chairman also proposed the health of the Mayor and Corporation, which compliment was acknowledged by Mr. Lane. The Chairman proposed "Success to the Society," and the secretary, and Mr. Clarke having replied, the health of the Host terminated the proceedings.

THE FORESTERS.

The members of Court "Alexander" of the A.O.F. dined at the Plume of Feathers, where Host Simmons provided a capital dinner. Dr. Smith-Batten presided, and there were present Messrs. J. Dew, R. Heath, James Grainger, Sergt.-Major Smith, and about 80 members. The health of the Queen was proposed in loyal terms by the Chairman, and drunk with enthusiasm by the company, the National Anthem being sung. The Chairman also gave the Mayor and Corporation, which was drunk with cheers. The health of the Volunteers was also given, and responded to by Mr. T. Gunning. Success to the Society was given, and the new banner was toasted, Mr. George Edwards acknowledging the compliment, and the health of the Host concluded the proceedings. During the afternoon several capital songs were sung by Mr. R. Heath, in his well-known style.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

At the conclusion of the Friendly Society's dinner the company adjourned to the field, where the Sports Committee had provided a capital programme, and arranged a good roped-in course. A grandstand was erected for ladies, and by the time fixed for the commencement of the sports it was well filled with ladies in summer attire. There was also a very large attendance round the course. The following were the results of the various events, the prizes consisting of useful articles, ranging in value from 5s. to £3. The competitors were handicapped.

100 Yards Flat Race—W. E. Bush, 1; G. Jefferys, 2.

High Jump—W. Weston, 1; J. Jefferys, 2.

Stilt Race—E. Tucker, 1; E. Bennet, 2.

Quarter Mile (Boys)—E. Smart, 1; A. Weston, 2.

120 Yards Hurdle—George Jefferys, 1.

Half-mile Flat—Eli Burchell, 1; T. G. Conway, 2; G. H. Weston, 3.

Long Jump—W. Weston (16ft.), 1; T. House, 2.

Quarter Mile (Men)—H. L. Chequer, 1; G. Jefferys, 2; Simon Haddrell, 3.

Tug-of-War—C. H. Harris and Co's. team beat T. Harris and Sons' team. A scratch team, got together to compete for

the second prize, was won by Judd's team.

Menagerie Race—H. Summers, 1; H. Wiltshire, 2; T. Weston, 3 (all goats).

Mile Flat—W. E. Bush, 1; T. G. Conway, 2; G. H. Weston, 3.

Donkey Race (first in)—W. Wiltshire, 1; H. Parry, 2.

Obstacle Race—H. L. Chequer, 1; G. H. Weston, 2; W. E. Bush, 3.

Donkey Race (last in)—H. Bush's, 1; E. Smart's, 2.

Consolation Race—T. Weston, 1; W. E. Weston, 2.

The onerous duties of judge were ably discharged by Mr. Herbert Harris, Mr. Pinniger being starter and Mr. R. H. Wickham (the well-known handicapper) referee. At the conclusion of the sports the prizes were handed to the successful competitors by Miss Sybil Harris, for whom three hearty cheers were given. During the progress of the sports the Swindon Band, under the leadership of Mr. G. Heap, and the Calne Band, conducted by Mr. Reeves, played a selection of music.

THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

At 2.30 the school-children assembled at Springfield, wearing their medals, and marched to the Green, headed by the Calne Band, where they had an admirable tea, supplied by Mrs. Maslen.

ILLUMINATIONS, &c.

At 8.30 the town was brilliantly illuminated, and at nine o'clock there was a grand display of fireworks on The Green, which brought to a close a day that will be long remembered in Calne and district. There were thousands of spectators present, hundreds going from Chippenham by road or rail. The illuminations were of a most brilliant character, and never within the recollections of the oldest inhabitant has the town presented such a spectacle as was witnessed on that day, and the scene required to be witnessed before one could credit that a town could be transformed into such a fairy bower. In addition to the illuminations briefly alluded to above, there were others that could not be detected in the day, but which at night looked magnificent. This was notably the case at Mrs. Murray's, Castle Hill, who had hundreds upon hundreds of fairy lamps; the Rev. R. Wheeler's (The Green) with charming

transparencies, &c. Directly after the excellent display of fireworks by Messrs. Penley, of Wotton-under-Edge, the Committee commenced their work of judging the best decorated and illuminated houses. It is only fair to say that the Mayor, Mr. T. Harris, and Mr. J. Harris withdrew their respective residences from the public competition, but notwithstanding this, so keen was the competition that it was only after two hours' hard work that the Committee came to the decision to award the prizes as follows:—

For houses rented over £10 a year—1st, Mrs. W. Pinniger, Patford Street; 2nd, Mr. Haines, Capital and Counties Bank; 3rd, Miss Gabriel's Orphanage.

For houses under £10.—1st, W. W. Beasley, Quarry; 2nd, James Spencer, Quarry; 3rd, Nicholas Weston, Lansdown Row.

Extra prizes were also awarded to W. Griffin and H. Beaven, both of the Quarry.

In addition to these names there were a large number, especially in the first class, whom the Committee thought worthy of special mention. A special word of praise is due to the Committee for their admirable arrangements, everything passing off without a hitch and with the utmost good feeling. On the Wednesday evening the illuminations were repeated, the town being again thronged with spectators.

[These extracts are taken from a brochure published in 1887, which has been kindly lent to us by Mr. A. J. Mail.]

We hope to publish in a subsequent issue, a brief account of the Chippenham festivities].

* * *

A Shipley man told me this one: "A good many years ago I saw a man waiting on Bradford station platform, wearing a silk hat, black frock coat, and waistcoat, very light brown tweed knee-breeches, thick woollen stockings, and strong walking boots. He carried a bulky parcel. Having a nodding acquaintance with the man, I asked him the reason for this mixture. He replied: 'I am going to Bolton Abbey for the week-end for a little holiday, and also to play the organ at a wedding. I shall only be visible down to the waist in the organ-loft, so my top half will look all right. I did not wish my frock coat creased by wrapping it up, so in the parcel is my cap and jacket to match the breeches. I'm also fitted up for a tramp on the hills.' " This is real Yorkshire.

The Sinews of War.

Modern warfare is to-day as much a matter of economics as of strategy, and the strength of the Allies cannot be fairly estimated until the economic factor is taken into account.

In "The Sinews of War" (Clarendon Press, 3d.), Mr. Geoffrey Crowther, editor of "The Economist," reveals the real strength of the Allies.

Here are some of the points he stresses:

To match the economic output of 1,000 Germans only about 700 Englishmen are needed.

The financial resources of the Allies are tremendous. To-day the gold stocks of Great Britain and France are approximately 175 million ounces. And to-day the citizens of Great Britain own £200,000,000 of American securities and a further £1,000,000,000 of other foreign securities. And so the Allies can make all the purchases they need, paying cash.

In 1937, the year for which the latest and most accurate figures are available, France and Britain, together with their Empires, produced 357,400,000 million metric tons of coal, as against Germany's 291,500,000 tons, and 65,050,000 tons of iron ore as against Germany's 12,300,000 tons.

Copper and nickel are vital metals in war. Once again France and Britain, with their Empires, produced in 1937 580,000 tons of copper against Germany's 30,000 metric tons, and 110,000 metric tons of nickel; whereas Germany produced no nickel.

The modern war-machine moves on petrol. In 1937 France and Britain and their Empires produced 5,880,000 metric tons. Germany produced only 500,000 tons.

These are impressive figures, but Mr. Crowther does not counsel easy optimism. This pamphlet proves "that in almost every respect we have an advantage that is overwhelming," but to win the War "we must be energetic and speedy in organising the transfer both of men and materials into their War-time jobs. In laying down programmes of War production we must be content with nothing short of the maximum that is physically possible."

* * *

God Almighty first planted a garden: and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures.

Wedding Bells.

At Hardenhuish Church, on February 24th, Miss Winnie Taylor was married to Mr. William Beven, of the Warehouse. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a dress of ivory satin, trimmed with lace and rosebuds, wreath of orange blossom and veil, and white satin shoes. Her bouquet was of pink and white carnations. Two bridesmaids were in attendance; they wore dresses of mauve satin, with head-dresses to tone, gold shoes, and carried bouquets of pink tulips and fern. Their presents from the bridegroom were gold crosses and chains; also a gold tie pin to the small page boy, who was attired in a lemon satin blouse and brown velvet trousers. The reception was held at the bride's home.

Miss Taylor has been four years in the Sausage Department, and was the recipient of a set of cutlery. Mr. Beven was presented with a clock and pictures from the Warehouse.

At Devizes Registry Office Miss Maud Bushell was married to Mr. Stanley Bowyer. The bride wore a navy blue two-piece suit, navy blue hat, blue shoes, navy blue gloves, and wore a spray of white carnations. Miss Bushell has one year's service in the Sausage Department, and was the recipient of a clock from the Staff.

On February 29th, at Chippenham, Miss Nora White was married to Mr. Ernest William, of the R.A.F. The bride wore a blue costume, beige satin blouse, blue hat, navy blue shoes and gloves, and spray of white carnations and fern. Miss White has been three years in the Retort Department and was presented with a chiming clock from her colleagues.

At St. James' Church, Devizes, Miss Vera Coates was married to Mr. William Fry, of Chippenham. The bride was given away by her brother. She was attired in a navy blue costume, floral satin blouse, navy blue hat and shoes, white gloves, and wore a pink carnation spray. The wedding present from the Kitchen was napery, where Miss Coates has served about one year.

The wedding took place, at Calne Parish Church, on Saturday, February 24th, of Miss Mary Gegg, of the Office Staff, and Mr. George Phelps, of the Warehouse Department.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a walking length dress of blue Jersey cloth, with hat and shoes to tone.

She was attended by her two sisters, the Misses Margaret and Wendy Gegg, the former wearing a dress of beige wool marocaine, with brown hat and shoes; the latter a blue rep dress, with head-dress of blue flowers, and carried a miniature doll dressed as a British Red Cross nurse.

The bride was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery from her colleagues in the Office, and Mr. Phelps was presented with an oak kerb and a pair of frameless pictures, from the Warehouse.

The marriage took place at the Parish Church, Calne, on Tuesday, the 6th February, of Miss B. Partridge, to Sergt. C. East, who was home on leave.

The bride, who is a member of the Cashier's Office, wore a dress of blue satin-back crepe, with navy hat and shoes to tone, and a spray of pink tulips. She carried an ivory Prayer Book, and was attended by her sister, Mrs. D. Whitcomb, and Mr. L. Whitcomb was best man.

After a reception at the bride's home the happy couple left for a honeymoon at Lincoln.

At Calne Parish Church, on Friday, March 15th, Miss Nancy Zebedee was married to Petty Officer J. B. Hinton.

The bride, given away by her father, wore a white satin gown, with a wreath of orange blossom and veil, and carried a bouquet of dark red carnations.

She was attended by the bridegroom's sister, Miss Margery Hinton, who wore a pale blue organdie dress, with head-dress to tone, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations and white tulips.

After the reception, which was held at the bride's home, the bride and bridegroom left for London, where they spent their honeymoon.

Miss Zebedee was attached to the Office for six years, and received a canteen of cutlery from the Office Staff.

Spirit of the People.

(By S. P. B. MAIS).

As I spend most of my days travelling up and down the country giving lectures and broadcasts I have an unusually good opportunity of seeing how the War is affecting all sorts of cross sections of humanity.

I have, for instance, recently lectured to a large girls' school in Bexhill, a domestic science school in Dorset, a boys' public school in Devon, a batch of nurses in Kensington, a school of evacuated Lancashire children from Liverpool, a Congregational Church in Southport, and the Co-operative Wholesale Society in Blackpool. I have been to many provincial theatres.

It was suggested that the black-out would keep people in their own homes. Neither black-out, nor lashing rain, nor fog, nor frost, nor howling gale has kept the people away from my lectures. I have never had larger or more enthusiastic audiences.

It was suggested that the black-out would depress the spirit of the people. You should have heard the laughter that greeted each sally in a revue I saw in a provincial town.

There is no sign of any black-out of laughter or of any black-out of the mind. When I asked one boys' school what difference the War had made to them, I was told that the food had considerably improved.

In this particular public school the boys had been turned on to cleaning their own shoes and their own class-rooms and studies. Their zest for this manual work had to be seen to be believed. Indeed, it is the unexpectedness of the good things that War has brought about that stands out in my mind.

I managed to snatch a day off work to get out with the hounds, and expected to find a handful of horsemen, no motors, and about half-a-dozen "die-hards" on foot. I was totally unprepared for the three hundred London evacuated children who were gathered on the village green half-an-hour before the hounds came.

I have never seen so eager a band of chatters, but I felt that the War-time Master (a woman, of course) would give them short shrift.

Imagine my surprise when she turned to me as she rode up and said: "Look here, Mr. Mais, isn't this wonderful? It's the

same at every meet. We get over three hundred of them, and they have the time of their lives following. They're confirmed lovers of the Hunt already."

"Don't they get in the way?"

She smiled genially.

"They hear every fox for miles. Who cares, bless 'em. They're seeing sport, getting to know what the freedom of the country really means."

She waved her hunting crop round.

"I'd give a lot for Hitler to see us now. That'd give him something to think about." And indeed it was a stirring sight.

In spite of War restrictions in petrol, there were at least a hundred cars at the meet, and there were at least a hundred riders. The men neatly, indeed smartly, groomed in tall glossy hats and pink coats, the women in their darker habits, all calling forth a continuous babble of admiration from the boys and girls, who showed no fear of the horses and a great desire to stroke the hounds.

I thought that hounds would never get away, so many were the foot-followers. And what a hullabaloo these children made when hounds found their fox. Hell-for-leather they scampered over the wet fields in the wake of the horses, their gum boots almost engulfed in mud, happy as I have seldom seen children before.

One of them, mud-stained and breathless, caught me up in a dense wood hours later, hopelessly lost. "I wish my mum could see me now," he said, "she'd have a fit." There's nothing wrong with the spirit of the children.

I've not only talked to the evacuated children in school and on the hunting field, but on the results of my weekly broadcasts to schools. I have now got a vast mass of evacuated child correspondents who write to me at great length about their efforts to milk cows, drive pony carts, saw wood, and make themselves useful in their new houses.

I have quite a staggering diary of a crippled child from Bermondsey evacuated to a south coast area, which is about as fascinating a study of natural history as one might expect from Philip Goose. Not a flower, not a bird, not a sea-urchin escapes this child's notice.

I do not think that we need worry about the spirits of the children. They are being well looked after. They are all the better for the change. Nor is it true that

there is any danger of a mental black-out among grown-ups.

People are much more talkative and friendly in trains than they were in peacetime, and in their own homes are reading much more thought-provoking books than hitherto. There is a good deal of unusually clear-headed thinking going on in the present time.

Each man and woman that I meet has got it well into his or her mind that this is an individualist's War, that each of us wants to take as active a part in it as possible to defeat once and for all these ogreish encroachments on our personal liberty.

No lectures of mine evoke more quick questions than that in which I debate the relations between the State and the individual. Men and women of every station in life attend these lectures, and all of them are questing for more and more knowledge, more and more manifestations of beauty to counteract the cult of ugliness and brutality that the Teuton is trying to enforce upon the whole universe.

* * *

Ways to Cook Potatoes.

Why is the humble potato a staple article of food? Because it is good to eat, you will answer; but science puts it another way.

For the man in the laboratory the potato contains—

- (a) Carbohydrates—the body's chief source of heat and energy.
- (b) Protein—the body-building food which makes children grow.
- (c) Mineral salts as necessary to the body as vitamins, and
- (d) Sufficient iodine to keep the thyroid gland functioning healthily.

Science goes further, and tells us what sorts of potatoes should be used for different kitchen purposes.

For boiling, mashing, or steaming, choose a floury potato of medium size. For baking "in their jackets," floury, large, oval-shaped potatoes are preferable. For frying, *sauté* and potato salads, waxy, long-shaped potatoes are best.

Finally, says the scientist, potatoes should be cooked in their skins whenever

possible. The largest proportion of protein, mineral salts, and vitamins in the potatoes is found directly beneath the skin in what is known as the cortical layer; this applies particularly to the mineral salts, therefore the potato is actually less nutritious if peeled before it is cooked, apart from the fact that quite a considerable weight of potato is wasted.

After cooking, the skin alone can be lifted off in a moment without taking any of the flesh of the potato with it, so that both time and money are saved.

The skin itself may be eaten with advantage, especially when the potato has been well cleaned and baked.

Steaming Potatoes.

The best method of cooking potatoes is to steam or bake them in their jackets. For steaming, wash the potatoes, then remove a small strip of skin all round the potato. Steam the potatoes until they are tender, remove the steamer from the water, take off the lid, put a clean cloth over the potatoes, and let them dry off. Serve peeled or unpeeled. This is the best method to use when the potatoes are to be mashed, and in this case it is worth mentioning that to pass the potatoes through a wire sieve well repays the short time that it takes, as everyone appreciates a perfectly smooth mashed potato.

Baking Potatoes.

For baking, having washed the potatoes brush the skins with salad oil or melted butter. This makes them crisp and tender. Prick them with a fork to let the steam escape, and put the potatoes into a moderately-hot oven. They should take about $\frac{3}{4}$ -1 hour to bake—not longer, or they will not be floury.

Variations of Baked Potatoes.

There are all sorts of variations of baked potatoes. After it is cooked, the centre part of the potato may be removed and the space filled with meat or fish, scrambled egg, a whole egg, or a cheese mixture. One can think of an endless variety of suitable fillings with which baked potatoes may be made into the main course of the meal, and it should always be remembered that, when baked potatoes in their skins are served, it eliminates the bother of washing up either the cooking utensils or the serving dish.

The Men who Man the Mine-sweepers.

(From a Naval Correspondent).

The Nazi mine-laying campaign has challenged once again the stubbornly invincible spirit of the fishermen of Britain. In thousands they have come flocking to an English town, where there has been established a base for kitting them up and for a brief disciplinary training before they are drafted to the trawlers and drifters which are now sweeping in every fairway menaced by this illegal warfare.

The base in question was a Corporation amusement centre before the War. There was a tea-house and lawns, a concert hall and conservatory, lily ponds and grottoes. There was a variety performance in full swing before a crowded audience when the Navy arrived to take it over. The audience and the artistes lent a hand to clear the hall and the stage. By midnight the first drafts of tried seafaring men were stacking their bags on the stage; men from every fishing port in Britain; boys of 15 and weather-beaten shell-backs of 60 were lying about their ages, to try to get taken on in this new War that threatened the freedom of men and seas.

The vast hall was murmurous with the accents of Hull and Grimsby, of Stornoway and the Orkneys, Swansea and Belfast.

The conservatory became a "dry" canteen, where a local catering firm rushed lorry loads of pies and cake, cauldrons of tea and coffee, mountains of sandwiches. The lawn became a parade ground, the tea-house offices, grottoes were converted into bomb-proof shelters—artistes' dressing rooms, whose mirrors had reflected fair faces, rouge, and lipstick, were the scene of ceaseless medical inspections as, day and night, stalwart men stripped and submitted tattooed chests to the stethoscope.

THE MEN IN CHARGE

The wise men who organised all this—and it stands to-day a remarkable tribute to their tireless labours and kindly understanding of the material they had to deal with—were all themselves retired. The Captain owned a tea plantation; the Commander farmed an apple orchard; the Paymaster-Captain had an antique furniture shop. They evolved a system which made

every allowance for the men's upbringing, insisted on no more discipline or restraint than a mine-sweeping trawler's crew required. The Petty Officers and Gunners' Mates who instruct them in elementary drill and rifle shooting were in civil life four months ago. They all wear the medal ribbons of the last War.

The town gladly threw open its doors to this invasion, and the men are billeted in twos and threes about the town. The landladies appear at the base weekly to draw their billeting money. There are practically no complaints. The local police, in their sagacity, apportion the billets according to the individual. I asked half-a-dozen men at random how they liked their billets. They ranged from the Engineman of a Hull trawler to an R.N.V.R. Signaller who had been a solicitor. The answer in each case was "Fine."

PRAYERS ON THE LAWN.

The men find their way to the base by 9 a.m. There is a muster on the lawn. Absence is practically unheard of. The Chaplain—he hails from the Missions to Seamen, and knows his men, as many know him personally—climbed up on an open-air stage amid stacks of shrapnel helmets and life-saving waistcoats awaiting issue, and in an intense stillness he read a few lines from the New Testament.

"Jesus said. . . ."

The hundreds of faces, young and old, uplifted towards him were tranquil and self-reliant. The Lord's Prayer and the Prayer for Seamen followed. . . . "and preserve your bodies and souls unto everlasting life." The Benediction brought the Service to a close.

The ranks broke up and the day's activity commenced. Fifty men under a Gunner's Mate were learning to march with a rifle. Their eyes never left him. Their eagerness to learn, their prompting of each other, their caps awry, the whole clumsy splendid effort moved one as no parade of Guards could.

In the Town Technical Institute a little band of ladies are training the cooks to cook the simple meals a trawler's crew requires. There they were, in white aprons, intent and absorbed before the range and preparing tables. The youngest was 16, and had two years' seafaring behind him. "They've got to have proper meals, haven't they," said

the soft-voiced lady in charge, "if we are going to win this War?" We were suddenly aware of a smell of burning. "McLeod!" she cried, and sped to the oven. "Haven't I told you. . . ." I crept away unseen.

I saw new entries being kitted up—a minute and a half to each man. Volunteer Reserve men rubbing up their semaphore with hand flags; skippers at navigation, gas masks being adjusted on bald heads and curly ones, trained drafts trundling off in lorries to the station, fresh ones stripping for medical inspection; listened to the babel of dialects in the canteen; but at the end my thoughts came back to the uneven ranks, the rifles gripped by unfamiliar but terribly determined hands on the parade ground that was once a lawn.

In some queer way I felt that this was England's answer, spoken clearer than a statesman could, to the challenge of the mine.

* * *

Design Wins Markets.

(By RECO CAPEY).

In normal times we are inclined to accept existing conditions as a matter of course, and as long as a reasonable security attends our industries we do not pay much attention to the reasons for such security.

But in periods of national stress all markets are in danger of curtailment, and then we begin to look into things and discover the special qualities that have caused our manufactured goods to be accepted throughout the world.

The three main characteristics of British manufacture are good craftsmanship, good design, and reliability. The whole world knows that a British manufactured article has had devoted to it an enormous amount of thought and care to ensure that the best possible value shall be given, and that the standard of an accepted article will not be lowered.

Good craftsmanship and good design are, in a way, synonymous terms, for design for manufacture has to be thought out in terms of technique, and work of the highest standard will take into consideration all the qualities that are inherent in the material.

That of lower standard will often incline towards exoticism, be showy in character and poor in taste, and be presented in a so-called

"modernistic" way to disguise inherent badness. That is not the type of work desired by this country, and is not the type that will benefit our export markets.

An object that is well designed (it may be traditional or modern in character) will adequately fulfil its function, be pleasant to handle, will act as a balm to the senses, and have such an appeal that a potential purchaser will be filled with a desire for possession.

Different types of object will be designed in consideration of qualities peculiar to themselves—a saucepan must be of such a form that the maximum amount of flame will be in contact with the base and it must hold an adequate quantity of material; a bracelet merely has to adorn, but there is not the slightest reason why both saucepan and bracelet should not be pleasing to the eye and touch.

It is natural that after a War there should be a change in taste, and the general trend will be for something diametrically opposed in principle to pre-War qualities. A pre-War restraint will be followed by a post-War gaiety, and vice-versa.

During the last War, and in the years immediately following, manufacturers in many countries, often with financial aid from the State, devoted a considerable amount of time and energy towards the artistic development of their goods, and were able to capture markets that had previously been closed to them.

We, in this country, endeavoured to recapture our lost markets without giving adequate thought to the artistic side of the problem and we fought a losing battle. We did not then realise that good design is a first-rate selling attribute, and only in recent years has the importance of the question come home to us.

If we are to take the place in world markets that is our due, we must see to it that the design of our products is of the highest possible standard. A well-designed article will always sell, it will be prized, and will never tire our senses.

England has fine craftsmen in almost every industry. We can produce goods that, technically, are second to none. England also has designers who are second to none, and they are capable of so improving the artistic side of our manufactured goods that both home and export markets will increase enormously.



Since the outbreak of War and the commencement of bacon rationing the country has been divided into three sectors—the Scottish sector, the Northern sector, and the Southern sector. It is not possible to send bacon from our Factories in the Southern sector to either of the two Northern sectors, unless the Ministry so orders. In order to keep our connection together in the North of England and Scotland we have opened seven Depots at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle, Bradford, Manchester, Leicester, and Birmingham, so that there are now seven new outposts of the Harris organisation from which quantities of bacon are distributed. This bacon is chiefly imported bacon, but sometimes we are fortunate in receiving an allotment of our own bacon, which greatly pleases our customers in those areas. We are greatly indebted to our lady and other helpers who are helping to run these Depots.

In order to keep the reputation of Harris Bacon in everybody's mind, we are shortly commencing a series of advertisements. This will be on the lines that, although we are prevented from distributing Harris Bacon in some distant districts under War-time restrictions, when the War is over everyone will once again be able to enjoy the superb flavour of Harris Bacon. Look out for these advertisements next month; they are quite original.

We welcome Messrs. H. L. Barrington, W. Beasley, and R. H. Roberts, who have recently joined the Van Sales Staff.

There are still a number of our Van Salesmen on the sick list, and there have been many problems arising as to how to keep the vans running but, with the co-operation of everybody, very few customers have been missed.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Scull, our representative in Kent, has been laid up for some weeks. He is gradually getting stronger and hopes to be able to make a start shortly after Easter.

J.H.G.

* * *

Dear are our parents, dear are our children, our neighbours, our companions: but all the affections of all men are bound up in their native land.

* * *

It is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe.

* * *

Scene: North Street, Calne.

The Hour: 4.30 a.m. onwards on a recent morning.

Some of the residents aroused at that early hour by repeated bangs and knocks, perhaps fearing an air raid, were surprised on looking out on that street to find a certain very popular young man's friends trying to call him in to work.

This failed, and the young man in question also failed to check in on the job early enough by nearly an hour. Worse to follow; not content with this lapse, he worked until dinner time all right and, still *very* tired, crept home to what the wife had prepared.

Having given him his meal, she left the house and he, poor chap, sat by the fire and turned the wireless on.

It must have been a symphony concert, or suchlike, for off he dropped to sleep.

The next thing he remembers was an old-fashioned organ-grinder (complete with monkey) outside playing "Asleep in the Deep."

Anyhow, once again he had to face the music for being late.



CLUB NOTES.

On Monday evening, February 26th, we entertained a billiards team from the Bristol Flying School. As the scores suggest, we won rather easily, but this was partly owing to the fact that the Flying School have had little or no opportunity of practising. The scores were:—

R. Prior	94	Sgt. Redknap	67
H. Webb	100	Sgt. Winter	14
C. Edwards	...	53	Sgt. Williams	...	54
M. Rivers	125	Sgt. Saunders	56

Billiards enthusiasts of the Welfare were treated to a pleasant evening on Thursday, February 29th, when the R.A.F. brought a strong team down to play us.

This is the first time that we have had the pleasure of playing them at billiards, and a very close match resulted. H. Watson played a good game to defeat his opponent, Aircraftman Eccleston, by 14 points. This was our only win out of four games, the rest of the team running their opponents to a close finish. We are to have a return match, when we hope to put up a better showing, although we did not disgrace ourselves by any means, as the scores show:

WELFARE.		R.A.F.	
M. Rivers	95	F.-Sgt. James ... 96
S. Toogood	92	F.-Sgt. Elliot ... 106
R. Prior	81	Cpl. Staples ... 123
H. Watson	93	A.C. Eccleston... 79

We visited the R.A.F. (Yatesbury) on Friday, March 15th, with a team of four, and lost the match by 272. Against a strong team our lads did well on strange tables, and

more of these games are needed to give us added experience. The scores were:—

F/S. James	200	S. Toogood	92
F/S. Elliot	200	M. Rivers	137
Cpl. Outen	200	R. Penny	168
A/C. McEntagart	200		P. Martin	131
		800			528

TABLE TENNIS

A match which had caused much friendly rivalry between Chippenham Liberal Club and ourselves was fought out at Chippenham on Wednesday, 6th March. The result was uncertain until after 18 games had been played, when the scores stood at 10—8 in our favour. After this, however, we were on top and our opponents collected only one more game before the match was finished—16 games for and 9 against us. R. Goddard was undefeated, W. Penny and C. Edwards won 4, and Herbie Webb 3. R. Prior, playing in his first match, was unlucky, but shows much promise.

Our old friends, the Nomads T.T. Club, gave us a splendid game on Wednesday, 13th March. We started off two games down, then picked up to 2—3, and after that the battle went first to one side, then to the other, until we were level at eight all. Putting on an extra pressure we drew ahead to 11—9, and the match seemed a cert. in our favour. Coffee and biscuits, however, were apparently upsetting to our morale, for we only won one game afterwards and lost the match 13 to 12. The high light of the evening was the game between Herbie and I. Tucker, Ian winning 30—28, a very fine duel.

It was interesting to note too, that, although we were down by one game, we scored 478 points to our opponents' 444.

Friends Elsewhere.



Edited by W. H. WESTON.

PRESENTATION AND WEDDING.

On Thursday, 22nd February, in the presence of a representative gathering of our Staff, including Mr. T. Johnston and Mr. T. Bullock, our Manager (Mr. W. V. Long) presented to Miss A. Nicholls, on behalf of her colleagues, a clock, on the occasion of her forthcoming marriage. Miss Nicholls commenced work with us some five years ago, being engaged at different times in the Lard Packing and Sausage Departments. Mr. Long voiced the feelings of everyone in wishing Miss Nicholls every happiness and prosperity in the future.

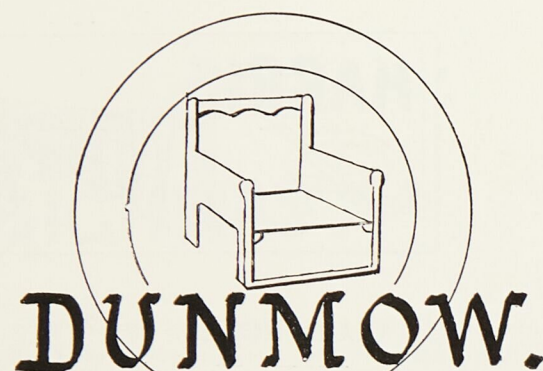
Miss Nicholls was married on Wednesday, 6th March, to Mr. V. Langley, the ceremony taking place in St. Paul's Church. The bride, who was given away by her father, was wearing a silver-grey costume with blue hat and blouse to match. There were no attendants.

The reception was held at the Carlton Cafe, after which Mr. and Mrs. Langley left for their honeymoon at Reading. On their return they will live at Audley Road.

W.H.W.

* * *

An incident in Leeds recently also brought out another fact. The heavy Clydesdale horse attached to a loaded railway dray slipped and fell. Although hundreds of young workers were near, it was an elderly man who rushed across and held down the horse's head while the bruised driver picked himself up. Have our young folk never learned what to do with a fallen horse?



Edited by C. P. WARD.

SICKNESS.

The Arctic weather which we have been experiencing for the past two months has left in its path a good deal of sickness. We are sorry to report that no fewer than 12 of our Staff are on the sick list, but we hope that with that gentle touch of "wife or mother" nursing, they will soon be with us again.

WEDDING BELLS.

The marriage took place at Dunmow Parish Church, on the 11th February, between Ernest George Gilbey and Christine Hockley. Mr. Gilbey is on the Factory Staff, but is now serving in the Forces. We extend to them our very best wishes for the future. Mr. Gilbey was presented with a box of knives and a butter dish from the Staff by Mr. Culpin.

We are sorry to lose Miss B. Brooks from the Office Staff. She has been with us for the past six years. We all wish her good luck at her new post.

We welcome Miss V. M. Moore to fill the vacancy, and hope that she will have a happy time amongst us.

WHIST DRIVE.

The proceeds of our whist drive, held in the Recreation Hall on Friday, the 16th February, are to be given to the members of our Staff now serving in the Forces. It was very pleasing to see so many of our employees at the drive, apart from illness and bad weather. I should like to thank everybody for their co-operation in this effort to help our fellow-men. Mr. Culpin distributed the

prizes as follows:—Ladies—1st, Mrs. Piper; 2nd, Mr. J. Dobson (playing as lady); 3rd, Mrs. Richardson. Gentlemen—1st, Mr. G. Sewell; 2nd, Mr. T. Baines; 3rd, Mr. F. Clarke. Lucky numbers—Mr. J. Dobson and Mr. J. Coughlan. Mr. C. Ward was the M.C.

BILLIARDS.

The billiard team was entertained by the Dunmow Police on the 14th February, at their headquarters. To our surprise the Flitch team rose to the occasion, and scored a 4—2 win over their "big" opponents. The return match was played on the 21st February, but in contrast we suffered a 4—2 defeat. We are hoping for a deciding match very shortly.

A.R.P.

We are very pleased to report that the following employees have completed a full course of anti-gas training, under the auspices of the Chief-Constable of Essex, and have been successful in securing certificates:—Messrs. A. W. Ribbans, F. Coughlan, J. Coughlan, C. Smith, and W. Petchy.

We offer them our congratulations.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH.

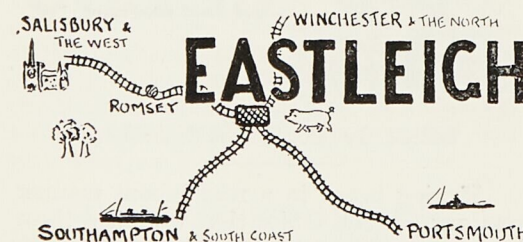
The most dangerous point in the world is the tip of the tongue.

* * *

Husband: The shirt you bought me is too big.

Wife: Of course it's too big. You didn't think I'd let the storekeeper know I'd married a little shrimp like you?

* * *



Edited by L. S. JONES.

It was with very deep regret that we heard of the death of Mr. P. T. Knowles, and to all who knew him this has come as a great shock. We desire from every member of the

Eastleigh Staff to convey to Mrs. Knowles our very sincere sympathy in her irreparable loss.

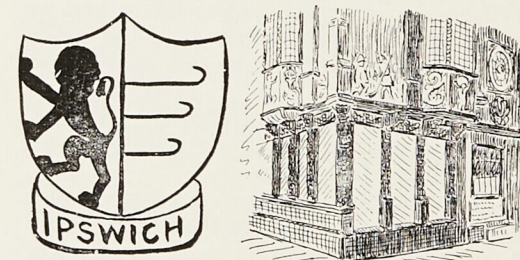
We also wish to convey to Mr. L. Hunt our deep sympathy in the death of his father.

So much illness has been experienced during the first two months of the year that our social activities have been reduced to a minimum and, in consequence, our competitions have been sadly neglected. We shall find it very difficult to complete the arrears before the end of the season, but, no doubt, when our full Staff is again on duty we shall make a determined effort to fill up part of the programme.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH.

Be strong and very courageous; be not afraid, neither be dismayed.

* * *



Edited by A. H. MACKENZIE.

EDITORIAL.

It is difficult to find much to say in praise of the February which has just passed, with its frosts, cold winds, and epidemics of "flu," lumbago, German measles, &c. With our Staffs decimated, our bodies chilled, and our spirits struggling against adversity, we nevertheless managed, somehow, to get through, and even raised a smile (somewhat ironic) when Summer Time began. However, its over; March is here; our invalids are beginning to return to the fold; the weather is milder; so hope revives. Ere long we may see the manner in which Nature turns all those frosts and that snow to good account, when the earth, enriched by her seeming tribulations, yields us her goodly crops.

Nowhere have the rigours of a bitter winter been more keenly felt than on the sea, and it is impossible for us to praise too

highly the bravery and endurance of those gallant men who have, through deadly peril, kept our shores inviolate, maintained our sea-borne trade, and safely transported our Armies across the water.

We, at Ipswich, are not far from the sea, and we can perhaps more fully appreciate all that it has meant, and what hardships have been endured.

Of work, we have plenty, and it is being tackled in the right spirit, for only thus can we play our small part in the National Service.

It was with the greatest regret that we heard of the death of Mr. P. T. Knowles. With his passing, we lose a keen intelligence, a ready sympathy, and a courteous and friendly personality.

My own acquaintance with "P.T.K." goes back for many years, and I have vivid recollections of those early days when the Welfare Society was a puling infant and we had a concert every week at Calne Town Hall, with Mr. Knowles as one of our star artists. He was a keen cricketer, too, and helped our team tremendously. A hard worker, unsparing of self, his passing leaves a gap full hard to bridge.

To Mrs. Knowles and family we offer our deepest sympathy. In their grief it may be some small consolation to them to know that there are, both at Calne and the Branches, many who deplore the loss of a friend.

A.H.M.

H. LUDGATE, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

I received your letter this morning. The weather, taking into account the time of year, has been almost ideal, and the extra work has simply made us very fit. It would do your heart good to see the number of great ships which continually pass. They are of all nations and come from the ends of the earth, which gives a good idea of Hitler's control of the seas!

On duty I sit in the bows of our little craft, muffled to the eyebrows, with a pair of binoculars round my neck, looking for mines, periscopes, or enemy aircraft. Like the gentleman at a railway station who seems to spend his life looking for cracks in carriage wheels by tapping them with a hammer—and

never, to my knowledge, finds one—I have yet to locate a solitary mine.

Sometimes the scene is cheered by the appearance of destroyers. These little warships have an appeal of their own, so deadly, yet somehow so schoolboyish in their cocksure manner of carrying out any job of work they are called upon to do. They may be the "maids-of-all-work" of the Navy, but their appearance and behaviour is somehow more inspiring than the sight of far more powerful battleships.

Between whiles I wipe the spray from my binoculars, and at set intervals we each take a trick at the wheel, which is always full of interest.

We seldom go ashore as so much sea-air makes one sleepy.

When we come in to re-fit, the day is spent loading up, doing boatswain's work, cleaning and airing ship, &c. We have, in the middle of all this activity, found ourselves in the wrong berth, and had to move our ship elsewhere!

Then off we go for a bath and, perhaps, a show ashore. Have just got really settled down to the job and am able to enjoy it.

We have just acquired a new seaman-cook, who can really cook, so are prepared to tackle anything now!

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) JOHN AMSDEN.

* * *



LEEDS

Edited by G. S. CAMPBELL.

Having heard in a roundabout manner from our London Office that we failed them in recent months rather badly, we return to the task of providing suitable mental provender. London has always conjured up visions in my mind similar to those which used to come after reading "King Solomon's Mines," or "The Eternal City," or "Romola," or "Ivanhoe." Personalities have

always interested me to a greater extent than bricks and mortar. And the novelists succeeded in clothing my youthful pictures of great open spaces and of great cities with mantles of reality by means of the word pictures they produced about the characters of their imagination. As an example. I have never visited Florence, but from my reading of George Eliot's novel, "Romola," there began for me a period when my thirst for knowledge led me to hunt out every sort of book—historical, geographical, commercial, political, artistic—from which I could learn about Northern Italy. London, on the other hand, I have visited and lived in for varying periods; but, although literature has assisted, the opportunity of extending my knowledge through books has never come. It would be a new feature if some of our London friends were to get down to this task. No articles were ever more interesting than those which Mr. Harris contributed about the London he knew so well.

From Leeds this month you are not going to hear anything about black-outs or snow or influenza. We have suffered enough without reminding ourselves of these, or even of the "teething" troubles and "growing pains" connected with the first months of rationing. The sun is shining, and the warblers are tuning up their spring orchestra. The vanishing snow is revealing the buds and young green shoots, and the sky is clearing. New life, new hope, new resolutions, these are our watchwords to-day. There are some people who have the flair for gathering news. They have the faculty of observation. We here keep our eyes and ears open, and so we are able to pass on to you interesting anecdotes. We heard voices over the telephone this week from colleagues at Birmingham and Leicester. It would be delightful once a month to read something in the Magazine from these busy centres. For this time you will require to do your best with what we have gathered at Leeds.

AN OLD MOTTO FOR 1940.

If you in wisdom's ways would walk,
Five things observe with care.
Of whom you talk, to whom you talk,
And how, and when, and where.

TONGUE TWISTERS.

A Twister for the Lisper.

Though you try you cannot thrust

thread through with a thistle or a thorn or a thimble on the thumb.

Don't Drop the Letter "H."

It isn't the hunting and the hopping over hedges that hurts the horses' hoofs but the hammer, hammer, hammer on the hard highway.

A small crowd stood on the platform at Leeds City station last night in an agony of suspense. A young woman had seated herself in the corner of a compartment and taken out her knitting, when her ball of wool rolled out of the open door and fell between the train and the platform. She began to wind furiously to retrieve her wool, and succeeded, just as the train drew out. As the last bit was dragged to safety the tension snapped, and we all cheered. Isn't it wonderful how trouble makes the whole world kin.

* * *

How would you define the duties of a sales manager? Mr. Gilbert Gledhill, M.P. for Halifax, sums up the versatility required thus:—"While keeping a stiff upper lip a salesman has to be a freak contortionist, to keep his back to the wall and his ear to the ground; to put his shoulder to the wheel and his nose to the grindstone; to keep a level head; and, with both feet on the ground, look for the silver lining with his head in the clouds."

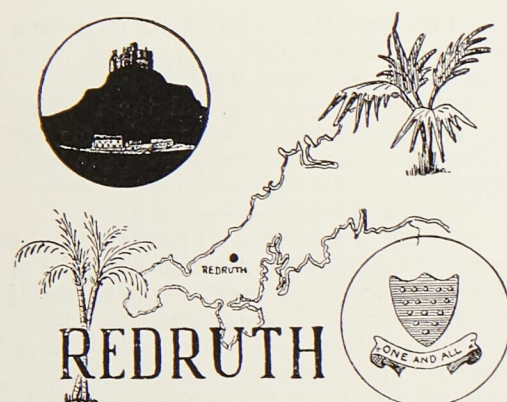
Concerning people who have recently moved to the country there are many stories. An elderly couple left Leeds to stay at an isolated farm in rural Wharfedale. They were a bit "finnick," and after having made sure that they would be all right for bacon, butter, eggs, &c., they inspected the bedrooms, where the feather beds were much to their liking. The only drawback to the sitting-room was the oil lamp; and there now remained the all-important point as to whether there was a bathroom. Oh, joy! there was.

"But you won't be able to use it for a while," said the farmer's wife.

"Is it out of order?" they asked.

"Well, not exactly," replied the hostess, "but, you see, with bacon and ham being so much wanted, we are going to kill them pigs that are ready, and we shall want to fill the bath with brine until we get them cured. So, in a way o' speaking, the bathroom is temporarily occupied."

G. C. CAMPBELL.



Edited by A. J. CLARK.

We wrote last month, perhaps rather optimistically, of the spring which then seemed almost to have arrived. Since then, however, our hopes of spring have been dashed heavily to the ground several times. We have been treated to a recurrence of the bitterly cold winds which we had experienced so often earlier in the winter. Still, however, we can look forward to a spring which can't now be far away. The first spring flowers are making their way through the hard ground and snowdrops seem as profuse as ever. The almond tree, which, to me, is one of the first signs of the season, has thrust out a few blossoms, rather half-heartedly perhaps, but blossom it is, and a very brave tree it is, too, to show blooms in this cold weather. Cannot we learn a lesson from Nature in this way? Whatever reverses seem to come the flowers still manage to make a brave show; Nature is an incurable optimist.

The very cold weather has caused our sick list to assume heavy proportions, but we are glad to see many of those who have been victims have now returned in completely recovered good health. We are pleased to see J. S. Wood back again in his customary job and hope that it may be a long time before he has such a very long spell away. We have had another patient at the Hospital, E. R. Pappin, who has also had to undergo an operation for appendicitis. We are pleased he has made a good recovery and is now recuperating, and we hope he will soon have returned to his usual job. A.J.C.

The sad news of the death of Mr. Knowles came as a sudden shock to us. He

never visited us here at Redruth, but he was well known to us in correspondence, and his passing is that of a friend and will leave a gap which will not easily be filled. Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Knowles and her son in their sad loss.

W.A.R.



Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

It was with profound regret and sorrow that we heard of the sudden passing of Mr. P. T. Knowles, whom we held in the highest esteem. We shall always remember that whenever we sought his help and advice he always gave it to us so gladly and willingly. We extend our sympathy and prayers to Mrs. Knowles and her son.

In our last notes we mentioned the absence through sickness of some members of our Staff, which it is now evident was the beginning of the 'flu epidemic, the effects of which was felt throughout February. None of us will regret the fact that this very trying month is past, as on the average about one-third of our Office Staff were absent through the effects of the 'flu during the whole of the period. The sunny days of the past week are now beginning to have a beneficial effect so that we hope in a few days to be able to report "all well."

The drying winds and sunshine, together with the lighter evenings created by the extension of summer time, has caused quite a spurt to be made by our gardening enthusiasts in the effort to grow all the food possible in their gardens and allotments, and everywhere there are signs of real progress. In connection with this it may

not be out of place to sound a warning note to the effect that again this year there is a considerable danger that the dreaded Colorado beetle may make its appearance, particularly in the coastal areas of the southern half of the country, so that throughout the growing period a keen watch should be kept wherever potatoes are being grown, and its presence, or any suspicious case, should be at once reported to the authorities to enable the pest to be stamped out before it could attain any hold here. By keeping this close watch our gardeners may be rendering real service to our country's cause, as should this insect obtain a footing on the crops, enabling breeding to take place, it would be almost in the nature of a major disaster. The general colouring of the beetle is orange, with black stripes, and from present appearances it is likely to be even more prevalent on the Continent than in previous years, and, as the distance is not great, migration is by no means difficult.

Several evacuee children, who had been billeted in a country homestead, found to their discomfort that they were being almost daily treated to rabbit for their dinner, and after a time they naturally became very tired of this kind of meat, so much so that one day, when the usual dish was served, they showed no inclination to partake of the same. Seeing this, their foster parent said, "I am afraid there is something wrong with you boys, and I must give you each a good dose of castor oil," whereupon the eldest boy exclaimed: "No, ma'm, its not medicine we want, a ferret would be more suitable."

W.J.T.

Book Reviews.

"Hitler Speaks" by HERMANN RAUSCHNING (Thornton Butterworth, 10/6).

Most of us have neither the time nor the inclination to wade through all the turgid pages of Hitler's *My Struggle*, and yet, until *Hitler Speaks* was published, to read *My Struggle* was the only way of getting a glimpse into Hitler's mind.

Now Dr. Rauschning has solved our difficulties. There is no longer any reason why every one of us should not understand Hitler's psychology and recognise the qualities and defects of his mind.

Here in these short and vividly recorded

conversations with the Fuhrer is the wide philosophy of National Socialism.

Dr. Rauschning was a Prussian Conservative of the old school, who had settled in the Free City of Dantzig and became President of the Nazi Senate.

Late in life he was converted to National Socialism, and, as Dantzig was always a place of enormous importance for German policy, Dr. Rauschning, from 1932 until 1934, when he fled for his life from Dantzig, was a close confidante of Hitler and the other leading Nazis.

His report of conversations, therefore, written up from notes he made at the time, is the first authentic inside story of Hitler and his entourage.

Hitler Speaks should dispel some illusions. It disposes of the idea that Hitler is merely the mouthpiece of his secret masters.

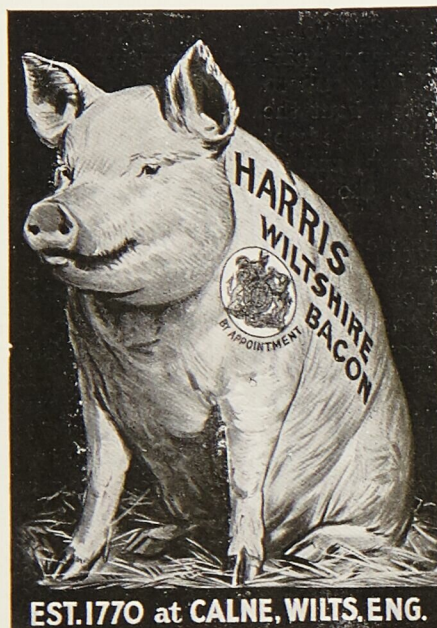
The man who talks to Dr. Rauschning is, in a perverted way, a political genius, a fanatic with a vision of the new slave society he is determined to build, a crafty politician with an eye for every chink in his opponent's armour, a patriot whose blind devotion to the cause of German imperialism makes him mock every decency and laugh at every scruple.

Everyone who reads Dr. Rauschning will know what Britain is fighting for.

* * *
"Freedom Calling." The story of the Secret German Radio (Frederick Muller, 6d.)

The author of this pamphlet has an exciting story to tell, and he tells it well. One day, in January, 1937, people tuning in on the short wave-band, who happened to pass 29.8, heard a voice saying, "Hallo! Hallo! The Anti-Fascist station is speaking!" Soon the story was everywhere: somewhere a group of Anti-Nazis was broadcasting a daily programme of news and talks to the German workers.

Naturally the anonymous author cannot tell us much about the actual working of the Freedom Station. He does, however, describe vividly the effect it has in Germany; he knows how it can be useful, not only in informing the Germans about the real situation, but in exposing Nazi spies in the factories. During the Spanish War it was able even to let parents know how their sons, captured by the Republican Army, were getting on. *Freedom Calling* only costs 6d., and it is worth it.



PULL YOUR RUBBER BOOTS OFF WITH EASE.

WILMOT'S NEW BOOT JACK AND SCRAPER
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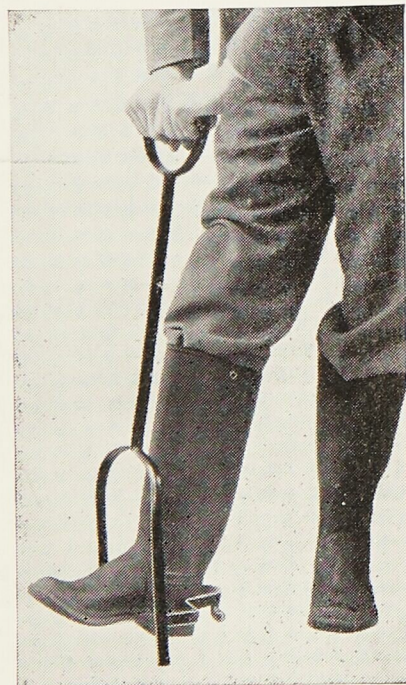
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BY APPOINTMENT.

BACON CUREPS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 14. _____ MAY, 1940. _____ No. 5.



SINCE the arrival of the motor-car on our roads accidents have been increasingly common. During last winter the position became even more serious. For four months an average of 250 persons per week were killed as a result of road accidents. Behind this figure lie grief, pain, and loss of family income, but we can all unite to lessen this national tragedy. This sudden increase in casualties is due to the black-out, but the black-out is a part of our home defence, and during the War will always remain a source of danger to the citizen and the most we can do is to lessen those risks. An important regulation imposes on motorists a speed limit of 20 m.p.h.

in built-up areas during the black-out. This will only prove useful if the pedestrian co-operates, for he can see the lights of an oncoming vehicle long before its driver sees the pedestrian. Several common-sense rules will help the motorist to avoid you in the darkness. Cross the road at marked crossings and look both ways before stepping off the kerb. Carry a torch and something white—a newspaper will do for this purpose. Cultivate the estimation of distance and the speed of vehicles and make allowance for a considerable margin, for the Minister of Transport suggested the other day that it is poor consolation to know that you were in the right if you waken up in hospital.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

I DO not know how you all find it, but, perhaps owing to having to spend my days and nights in London (and the larger portion of that time within the Ministry of Food), I personally find it a little difficult to think of anything or plan anything which is not coloured by the War.

It is true, perhaps happily for us all, that so far the effects of the War have not inconvenienced, beyond a certain degree, the ordinary life and habits of a great majority of people. It is true that we have our black-outs, we grumble and we stumble because of them, but, after all, they are a minor inconvenience. All our shops are fully stocked with food; our cinemas are open and, from what I can hear of it, are crowded; we have not yet had the threatened aerial bombardments; and, taken on the whole, life in most of its ways moves along its ordinary course, except that the city streets are crowded with khaki and blue, and many a home misses the fellow who has gone to join the Forces.

I am writing this on April 19th, and we have just come through a stirring fortnight. The War has begun in earnest. The blow has fallen upon one of the last countries in the world that deserved to be a seat of War. In Norway there was culture and peace. Within that kingdom, where Nature had lavishly given of her grandeur and beauty, there were no desires for aggrandisement or the gain of extra territory. A small people of about 3,000,000 souls, who had no desire but to live simply and quietly at peace with all men, has been brutally invaded by the lustful "would-be" conquerors of every people who desire to live their own life and to proceed by evolution rather than by revolution.

Close by, much more industrialised and developed in commercial ways than Norway, but again peopled by friendly and peaceful folk, lay Denmark. She has been completely occupied; and upon her the iron heel of brute force has been rudely pressed. Her radio and her news press are now dictated by the unwelcome visitor. In a night her contribution to the culture of the world and her assistance to the feeding of our great population were cut completely off.

Perhaps I can say, without disclosing any official secret, that the sudden cessation of Denmark's goods, although the contingency had been well provided for by the Ministry of Food, has caused me, in my

little job, to go over our figures of our Food Budget as represented by our total supplies of bacon once again.

Where is all this going to end? Yesterday one of our Cabinet Ministers very politely hinted to a very great people in Italy that the Allies would like to know just where Italy stands on all these matters. It cannot be true—it is not true—that this march of powerful feet can go on unstoppered. One country after another has been trampled by a people whom we would have chosen to be our friends rather than our foes. One is bound to admit that the wider field over which this mischief is spread will make a longer and more complicated job to bring about the peace we desire; and, although we opened our chat together to-day by reminding ourselves that, so far, we have hardly felt the effects of this War, I beg you, as I invite myself, to straighten our backs, to steel our nerves, to think straightly and justly, so that we may be equipped for the more severe burdens which would seem to be inevitable as the months march past.

It should be an easy thing to acquire the suggested habit. No decent fighter finally goes down, nor are his efforts ever lost, if the cause for which he fights is right. Even if the body falls and fails the soul goes marching on. Unless we and our forebears have been entirely wrong in our conception of life and the developments of decent living together; unless all the glad and common things of virtue, sympathy, of personal understanding are just foolishness, and unless it is now to be admitted that men and nations are to become machines which will be the creatures of master minds of evil—then we cannot but think that the stand we take against the evil forces of despotism and aggression represents a just cause and one that must finally prevail.

Perhaps, as never before, the whole world (and not merely a nation or two in it) is standing at the parting of the ways. The bit you and I do may never be recorded so that those who come after may read, but the honest bit that you and I do at this stage is essential service as representing a part of the fulfilment of the will of a free people, not only to ward off a danger which threatens it, but to free all mankind from the threatened curse.

The Jubilee of Queen Victoria, 1887.

Celebrations at Chippenham.

ROASTING THE OX.

The Jubilee rejoicings in Chippenham virtually commenced on Tuesday, when the ox, given by Lord Henry Bruce, M.P., was roasted whole in the Market Place. As was expected, the novelty of the affair created considerable interest. It was reported that the roasting would commence at five o'clock in the morning, at which hour numbers of the inhabitants from the surrounding districts came into the town, but the fire was not actually lit till nearly six o'clock, and the ox, which was fixed on a large wooden spit, was put down between seven and eight, at which time there was a large crowd of spectators, breaks arriving from Corsham and surrounding villages. The ox, which was purchased by Mr. Austin from Mr. F. M. Elliott, of Biddestone, weighed over 40 score, and was killed at an early hour on Monday by Mr. Austin's men, under the supervision of Mr. Hathaway, from Moreton-in-the-Marsh, who has had some experience in such matters, having already roasted six this year. He came provided with the spit, tressels, and monster dripping pans. As the day grew on the crowd increased, the proceedings being enlivened by the Chippenham Town Band playing a selection of music. At twelve o'clock the first cutting took place under the superintendence of Mr. R. Careless, the sick and needy, who had been provided with tickets, being first supplied. After this a further roasting took place for about an hour, and then the remainder of the animal was cut up and distributed, Mr. Careless being assisted by Mr. Geo. Hathaway, Mr. Taylor, and others, the proceedings terminating with cheers for the donor. Mr. R. Careless, who had the making of all arrangements, is to be congratulated on the satisfactory manner in which everything passed off. Mr. Porter successfully photographed the ox whilst it was roasting.

THE TOWN REJOICINGS.

The commemoration of the Jubilee was celebrated with much spirit in Chippenham on Wednesday, that being the day fixed by

the Jubilee Committee, and will be a day long to be remembered by the inhabitants and their children. The weather was gloriously fine, and at an early hour the streets presented an animated appearance. The Mayor's request that the inhabitants would decorate their premises was loyally responded to, scarcely a dwelling or place of business being without some emblem of loyalty, while some of the principal inhabitants adorned their respective establishments in a very characteristic style with flags and shields and other devices, with the result that the town presented a very pretty appearance, High Street, Market Place, and Causeway being especially noticeable.

THE CHILDREN'S MEDALS.

It was announced that the day would commence with the ringing of the Church bells, but the ringers at the Churches refuse to ring unless they were paid three guineas each set and as the Committee felt they could only give the usual amount, *i.e.*, two guineas, the ringers refused to ring, and the bells were silent, much to the regret of a large number of people. So the day was commenced by the children of the various schools, &c., assembling in the Market Yard at nine o'clock and receiving from the Mayor their Jubilee Medal and ticket for tea. They were then marched, preceded by the Union Band, to the Market Place, where they were formed into a square, and, under the conductorship of Mr. W. H. Brinkworth, sang the National Anthem, as arranged for the Jubilee, the Market Place being crowded. During the singing the children were successfully photographed by Mr. S. Porter. After the National Anthem had been sung, three cheers were given for the Queen, and those children who liked proceeded to the Parish Church, where there was a short children's Service, conducted by the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Rich, the S. Paul's school-children going to S. Paul's Church, where the Rev. A. Strong held a special thanksgiving Service.

THE PROCESSION.

At eleven o'clock the Friendly Societies, Volunteers and Yeomanry assembled in the Market Yard, the members of the Friendly Societies wearing their regalia and carrying their banners. At 11.30 a procession was formed and proceeded in the following order to the Parish Church:—The Town Band,

Chippenham Troop of Yeomanry (under the command of Lieuts. Goldney and Fuller), Chippenham Volunteers (under the command of Major Brinkworth and Lieut. Bailey), Hon. Major Awdry being also present; the Friendly Societies, the Mace Bearer, the Mayor, Aldermen Keary, Goldney, Austin, and Careless, Councillors Pond, Lewis, Neale, Marshall, Gardner, Dowding, Briscoe, Brinkworth, Coles, and Justly Awdry. The Vicar and the Rev. F. Brown also accompanied the Mayor, also Mr. Lane (treasurer), Mr. Phillips (clerk), Mr. Darley, and Mr. T. Alexander (auditors).

THE FIELD.

At 2.15 the members of the Friendly Societies, &c., met at the Market Yard and the children in the Market Place, and at 2.30 the procession started in the following order:—

- The Union Drum and Fife Band.
- The Children.
- The Town Band.
- The Yeomanry.
- Friendly Societies.
- The Mayor.
- The Corporation.

At the field Professor Howard, of London, with a troupe of artistes, gave entertainments at intervals. At 4.30 1,228 children and 118 teachers were supplied with an excellent tea provided by Mr. S. Jones.

ADULTS' TEA.

From 4.30 to nearly seven about 1,400 adults were supplied with a capital meat tea, provided by Mr. Fisher, in a large marquee, and in addition to this, nearly 100 2s. tickets were given to the sick and needy poor who could not get to the field.

MILITARY SPORTS.

Between five and six the members of the Chippenham and Malmesbury Troops of Yeomanry gave a series of military sports, which were watched with great interest by a vast concourse of people. Lieut. Goldney kindly took the management, and was assisted by Major W. L. Darling (2nd Glamorgan R.V.C.), Major and Adjutant Alymer, R.W.Y., kindly officiating as judge. The following were the results:—

HEADS AND POSTS—Sergt. F. J. Hiscock, 1; Trooper W. Church, 2. Ten competed.

JUMPING BY SECTIONS.—Sergt. F. J. Hiscock, Cpl. J. Smith, and Troopers W. Church and Daniels, 1.

TENT PEGGING.—Sergt. F. J. Hiscock, 1; Trooper W. Church, 2; Cpl. R. Smith, 3. Eleven competed.

LEMON CUTTING.—Won by Major W. L. Darling, who gave the prize to Corp. J. Smith and Trooper W. Church, who thus divided the first and second prizes.

FIREWORKS AND AMUSEMENTS.

At 9.30 the programme was concluded with a grand display of fireworks by Penley and Son, of Wotton-under-Edge. As the evening drew on dancing was indulged in with vigour to the strains of the Chippenham Town Band, under the leadership of Mr. J. Baker, and after the display of fireworks the two bands played out of the field, the Town Band coming into the town.

Mr. Brooks, Bear Hotel, was the caterer for the refreshments, and a tea tent was provided by Mr. S. Jones, confectioner, both giving great satisfaction.

[These extracts are taken from a brochure published in 1887, which has been kindly lent to us by Mr. A. J. Mail.]

* * *

"What are you doing, Joe?" said I.
 "Nothing, sir," was his reply.
 "And your job, Tom, I'd like to know?"
 "I'm busy, sir—I'm helping Joe."
Anon.

* * *

Anythin' for a quiet life, as the man said when he took the sivation at the light-house.—*Dickens.*

* * *

The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything.—*Phelps.*

* * *

Before you answer "Yea" or "Nay,"
 Hear what both sides shall have to say.
D. W. Thompson.

* * *

He who has the truth at his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.—*Ruskin.*

* * *

Your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves.—*Dr. Johnson.*

My First Broadcast.

(Continued).

(By ARTHUR PERCY).



I visited four Regional Studios of the B.B.C. before making my debut in a variety programme over the air. The reason for this was because I was constantly moving from one part of the country to another. Upon notifying the B.B.C. of my change of address I was invited by the Regional director of that particular area to undergo an audition for their satisfaction, and it was not until I settled in Calne that I could accept an engagement. The Regionals I visited were Scottish, Midland, Welsh, and finally West. I also sent in a script for a suggested programme for London Regional.

Within two months of my West Regional audition I received a contract form from the Programme Director offering me an engagement, saying that if the fee was satisfactory I must complete the form and return it to him within 48 hours, together with a suggested script of my programme, which was to be of eight minutes duration, entitled "Bird and Animal Impressions and Musical Imitations."

Everything was in order, so I returned the contract and script, together with the names of the composer and publisher of any songs or tunes that I might use.

I took along Arthur Morgan as pianist for company, to make me feel a little more at home when I got before the "mike." We arrived at the studio at 3 p.m., and the rehearsal started, which, apart from intervals, lasted 2½ hours. There were five artistes in a variety half-hour, their numbers being zylophonist, lady tenor, impressionist, accordionist, and myself.

We sat near the "mike" waiting for 6.30 p.m. to start the show. A small audience was arranged for us to face; it consisted of about 30 persons, mostly young ladies.

A split second before 6.30 p.m. a blue light shone in the studio; this meant silence. It was followed immediately by a red light, and the programme was announced.

The lady tenor was the first turn. During the five minutes she sang my thoughts were everywhere and anywhere, wondering who would be listening in, and if anyone would recognise me over the air who had heard me on cinema or theatre stages in various parts of the country during amateur competitions. At last the announcer nodded to me to be ready, and for the first minute I seemed to be in a complete haze, and yet I was conscious of what I was saying and doing. Gradually everything cleared, but that eight minutes was the longest I have every experienced.

I sat down with perspiration pouring down my face and my throat was very sore. I calculated that in all I had, during the rehearsal and the broadcast, made 180 imitations apart from the musical numbers, so that it was small wonder that my throat was sore.

To counteract this I now drink a small glass of lime juice or milk before and after my act. (The B.B.C. have their own canteens where these drinks can be obtained and practically everything in the soft drink line at reasonable prices).

When I arrived home I found several congratulations by wire from friends in various parts of the country.

Next month: "In Town To-night."

* * *

"VIVE LA FRANCE."

An insight into the life of the French in most of its aspects is given in handy vest-pocket form by "Vive La France" (War Facts Press, 3d. net), another of the "Fifty Facts" series.

"There are many vital reasons why the British people should be interested in France and the French," says the opening paragraph, and in succinct chapters the booklet supplies a variety of information to satisfy that interest.

France's armed forces, her literature and religion, her economic resources and agriculture, her history and banking, her law and education. On each subject there are interesting facts and figures.

* * *

The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood.—*Emerson.*

Films in War-Time.

What sort of films do people want in time of war? What sort are they going to get?

Different schools of thought give their different answers to these two questions. One school says, "Give 'em something in tune with war-time moods, something slow and sad." Another says, "Rubbish! They must be made to laugh. Comedies and farces!" A third school, more daring, votes for topicality, for war-like themes and backgrounds. A fourth—mercifully small—would forbid films altogether while there's stern work to be done. And so on.

Who is to choose between these diverse opinions? The audiences, of course; audiences which include the soldiers at the Front when resting from the line. But how shall they choose? By vote? It wouldn't work. The choice of the past must be the guide to the choice of the future.

In July, 1914, eight out of ten of the world's films were made in London. By Christmas, 1914, the British Government had decreed film-making to be a luxury industry, and shut it down. Yet the people's demand for films did not shut down; it grew, especially among the troops. The industry, shut down at home, fled across the Atlantic—where it still mostly stays.

What types of films did the new American studios send to Europe? Most memorable were the side-splitting farces of Charlie Chaplin. A few people complained that that king of clowns, an Englishman born, was shirking his duty by not enlisting; but multitudes of tired soldiers and civilians acclaimed his inimitable foolery as a hundred times more valuable than his possible service as a mediocre private. He gave them laughter, the finest tonic of all.

But clowning films were not the only fare. Tales of love and hate and action, with backgrounds from anywhere on earth, were depicted and enjoyed. Nor was the background of the war avoided. Chaplin—the name sticks out—used it for his immensely popular "Shoulder Arms," in which a little Doughboy dreamed he caught the Kaiser single-handed. Wisely, too, he did not shirk the unpleasantnesses of war: he showed his little hero snatching at sleep in all the misery of a flooded dug-out. If such

realism is shirked in scenes an audience knows, it will vote them "silly."

The public can "take it." The Government of those days knew this: they sent intrepid cameramen into the front-line trenches to photograph the battle of the Somme. The people at home were glad to see what their sons and fathers and brothers were enduring and achieving; thus they vicariously shared.

That was over 20 years ago. Now let us look at the films shown in a war which is only just ended—the Spanish Civil War. To argue from Spanish tastes to English may seem unfair; but film distributors have found that peoples vary little in their fundamental likes and dislikes. Forty-two cinemas were kept open during the siege and bombardment of Madrid. An American journalist in that city reported that "The Four Marx Brothers are popular, and Ginger Rogers is popular, and somehow there seem to be a lot of films of violence running: 'China Seas' and 'Things to Come,' 'Captain Blood' and 'Bengal Lancer'; though, according to the Junta, the public shows no preference for any one type of movie during war-time; people just want movies; they just have to go to the movies."

Before drawing conclusions let us go into one or two details.

Propaganda films are very tempting to make in war; but producers must tread here very warily; people do not go to cinemas to hear sermons, they go to be entertained. Propaganda is not barred altogether: its style of presentation is what matters; entertainment must be blended with teaching. A highly-successful example is "The Lion has Wings." Its subtle contrasting of peaceful England with war-like Germany, its exciting air fights, and the soundness of its patriotic and humane appeal are of the stuff to give the troops—and the civilians.

The troops in France are already making heard their demand for films as good as, if not better than, they saw in peace. For this reason the Government is likely to order the abolishing of the six months' interval between a film's first showing at a West End cinema and its general release to local houses. Second-class or out-of-date material is liable to be howled off the screen.

Because quality and quantity must be maintained, or exceeded, an exclusive policy

of "Buy British" will never work; and audiences still have their right to see their American William Powells and Myrna Loy. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that the Government by legislation will prevent the British film industry from fading away in 1939 as it faded away in 1914.

And now to summarise what the civilian and military audiences are likely to want on their screens during this war. We began this enquiry with some theories on the subject. The evidence offered seems to show that producers will be well advised to shun all new-fangled theories, and to remember that people do not change their tastes just because they get caught up in a war.

Give us more and better films, made on the proved principles such as that the whole world loves a lover—and a laugh, that women like glamour, that men like adventure, and that each of us likes to see his own immediate problems and surroundings depicted and discussed—even sometimes when these are mixed up with war.

* * *

Music in War-time

(By DR. GEORGE DYSON)

(Director of the Royal College of Music and Hon. Director of the Pilgrim Trust Concerts).

Soon after the outbreak of War it was realised that the conditions under which many people were working were very different from anything that had been known before.

Many Factories and Workshops had to be blacked-out; workers who lived at a distance had, therefore, to start for their day's work in the dark, work all day in a darkened Factory, and leave it at night in the black-out; as one Works Manager put it, they began to suffer from the "Black-out blues."

In other places where there is a large area of Factories a few miles from a town the difficulties of transport and the darkness made it impossible for people to go out and seek any form of relaxation for themselves or get about to visit friends and relations. They were in consequence thrown back on such entertainment as they could provide for themselves in their own small homes. In fact, a great need arose for reasonable and accessible recreation.

In these circumstances Lord Macmillan, then Minister of Information, and Lord de la Warr, President of the Board of Education,

got together to concert measures in an attempt to satisfy this need. They interested the Pilgrim Trust and obtained a grant from them, to be used in promoting music, drama, and the appreciation of the Graphic Arts. A committee was formed by the Pilgrim Trust and the Board of Education to deal with the new activities which would be helped by this grant, and they decided that any schemes promoted should have a trial period of six months, and should then be reviewed afresh in the light of experience.

As regards music, it was laid down that during these six months music of two kinds should be given, but that these musical activities should be first tried within, roughly, 50 miles of London.

One scheme is a subsidy to the two leading London Orchestras, the London Philharmonic and the London Symphony, to enable them to give concerts in towns where first-class orchestral concerts have hitherto not been heard. For these tickets will be sold in the usual way at popular prices.

A second scheme is designed to subsidise concerts given free of charge inside Factories and workshops, either for 20 minutes at the lunch-hour or midnight break, or for a longer time in the evening, in the canteens, or other suitable places. The aim is to give good, but not necessarily "highbrow," music of the best possible standard of performance.

The Factories which have so far been approached have welcomed the scheme with enthusiasm, and the field for concerts of this kind appears to be enormous.

The needs of the workers naturally vary, but it has already been found possible to co-operate with the musical efforts which some Firms make for themselves. For instance, when there is a Works Band the visiting soloist is able to collaborate effectively with it, and the result is highly appreciated, both by the members of the Band and by the other workers in the Factory.

A scheme for this kind of Factory concert, with expenses properly supervised, may well become a popular and permanent innovation in industrial life.

A small uniform fee is offered to all artists, who are thus making their own most valuable contribution to the scheme.

An office has been set up at the Royal College of Music. I am its Honorary Director. The secretary is Miss Cicely Stanhope, to whom all communications should be addressed.



We have now been nearly eight months at War, and it is really remarkable the little difference which is apparent in our day to day life. Many of us have had to work a bit harder and there has been some inconvenience by black-out restrictions. As far as rationing is concerned, we cannot really say that the inconvenience has been such as to be serious. Supplies have varied from month to month, but, on the whole, we have been able to look after our customers very well. It is difficult to say at this stage what effect on the progress of the War the occupation of Denmark and the invasion of Norway is likely to have. It would appear that it is very likely that we shall learn further startling news this week-end. It may be, therefore, that the period of calm of the last eight months will very quickly come to an end. Each one of us will have his or her part to play, but we must make up our minds to tackle willingly whatever duties we are called upon to perform.

We are glad to say that Mr. Scull is now very much better and has been able to resume his duties after an absence of some weeks.

Van Salesman Norgate, of Manchester, suffered from similar trouble, and we are glad to say that he also is now well on the road to recovery.

Van Salesman W. Beasley has been appointed to London Van 20, and Van Salesman J. E. Gaisford to Van 51, Bristol.

Mr. J. A. Chidgey, well known at our London Warehouse, is now looking after the accounts at the Bradford Depot.

We send our best wishes to Mr. T. Godwin, who has been on the Staff of the

Bradford Depot for some weeks, and has now left for Military service.

Mr. S. Israel has taken charge of the Salford Depot.

We welcome Relief Salesman R. F. Coleman, who is making a start at Calne as a relief salesman.

We congratulate Van Salesman L. C. West, of Bournemouth, on his marriage on April 17th, and send our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. West for their future happiness.

The same congratulations and good wishes are extended to Van Salesman W. J. S. Wiltshire, of Croydon, and Mrs. Wiltshire, on the occasion of their wedding on the 22nd April.

Both these Van Salesmen will be leaving for Military service this year, and we wish them every good fortune.

Mr. W. I. Trumper, of Bradford, left for Military service on Thursday, the 18th April. We wish him every success in Army life and a safe return.

J.H.G.

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How many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made?—*O. W. Holmes.*

* * *

Nothing more eloquent than ready cash.—*French Proverb.*

* * *

It takes two to speak the truth—one to speak and the other to hear.—*Thoreau.*

* * *

When a dog is drowning everyone offers him drink.—*Old Proverb.*



TABLE TENNIS.

Playing at home against Chippenham Liberal Club on the 20th March, we lost by 13 games to 12, after a very exciting struggle. Scores were :—C. Edwards 5, H. Webb 4, W. Penny 3, W. Ponting and R. King 0.

March 27th saw us playing again against the Nomads, Chippenham, at home, and the match went in our favour by 14 games to 11. Top scorer was Herbie Webb with all 5 games, the others being C. Edwards 4, W. Penny 3, Roy King 2, and C. Rose 0.

Of the visitors I. Tucker, in winning four, played extremely well, putting over some fine shots.

REVIEW OF THE TABLE TENNIS SEASON 1939-40.

As our fixture list is now completed, it is interesting to look back over the season to see how we fared. The 1st Team played 9 matches and won 5; in two of the games lost the scores were 13-12. The 2nd Team played 2, won 1, and lost one. Individual results are :—

	Highest Games. Number				
	Playd.	Wn.	Lst.	Won.	*
R. Goddard	6	22	9	5 (2)	71
H. G. Webb	2	7	3	4	70
Herbie Webb	9	29	17	5 (2)	64
W. Smith	2	7	4	4	64
B. Ash	1	3	2	3	60
W. Penny	6	18	12	4	60
C. Edwards	9	26	19	5	58
F. Cleverly	4	12	9	5	57
W. King	2	5	5	3	50
C. Rose	4	10	10	5	50
C. Butler	1	2	3	2	40
Roy King	4	6	14	3	30
K. Brindle.....	1	1	4	1	20
R. S. King	1	1	4	1	20
R. Stevens	2	2	9	2	18

*Games won to games played.

The number of members has been greatly reduced, and this, together with the

overtime factor, has hit us rather badly, but, nevertheless, the committee regard the season as being very successful. The declaration of War spoilt our hopes of running a Calne and District League, the ground work for which had been well laid, but perhaps in the future it may blossom forth.

The games have really been played in a sporty manner, and this has fostered a strong spirit of friendship between many of the Clubs and ourselves, which speaks well for the future. The Ladies' Team has played eight games, all against teams of the opposite sex, and although they did not win a match, the games were very enjoyable. It is a pity there are not more ladies' teams in the district to give them some even opposition. We have also held a supper, a social, and a dance, which were well patronised by members in a very willing spirit, and greatly encouraged the Committee at a time when things were not too cheerful. These functions went with a swing, and truly "a good time was had by all."

We should like to express our good wishes to those of our members who are now in H.M. Forces :—F. Bowyer, F. Butler, H. Dobson, A. Pinniger, and W. Smith, and wish them a safe and speedy return.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL FOOTBALL COMPETITION

The War has many repercussions, and one of them is the cancellation of this year's Inter-Departmental Football Competition. Apart from the fact that football has been little played in our parts, as mostly elsewhere, and that many of our young men who usually take part in these matches are now training for some sterner experience, those from whom our teams would be chosen are handicapped by pressure of business affairs, and it is felt that there is little hope of raising teams were it advisable to try to do so. Moreover, the "Dig for Victory" appeal demands much of our spare time, so we must postpone our football until the time comes,

and may it come soon, when we can enjoy it with the same relish as in former years.

HOCKEY.

Difficulties have been many since the last Hockey notes were written. The atrocious weather of the last half of the winter played havoc with our fixtures. Week after week ground conditions prevented play so it will not require much space to detail the games of the last 3 months. December 16th we visited Bath and an un-inspiring game resulted in a 3—3 draw, our scorers were K. Angell (2) and J. Long.

From December 16th to February 24th is a long spell without a game and without practice, but we came away after a visit to Wills' at Swindon with a 4—3 victory which gave us much pleasure. The half-time score was a 3—1 in our favour and during the second half it was obvious that the lack of practice was showing itself abundantly. We conceded two goals in this period but were fortunately able to score one in reply and so win a gruelling game. It may be said that our opponents should not have scored more than one goal. One of their three was occasioned by a muddled defence and another was definitely offside. It has been pointed out before that the rolls-in by our players lack skill and vision—invariably they are gifts to opponents and on this occasion this fault was more pronounced than ever. Our scorers were K. Angell, M. Cleverly, G. Thomas and I. Sutton.

March 8th saw a game at Lickhill, the first home game since November 25th, our visitors were Christchurch, Swindon and we won by 7 goals to 1. The game was not so one-sided as the score suggests but our opponents lacked confidence in front of goal and did not take advantage of the opportunities for scoring they certainly had. In addition, Margaret Angell in goal was in good form. Scorers were M. Smith (3) M. Phillips (3) and M. Gegg.

March 16th we again visited Swindon, this time to engage the G.W.R. We managed to effect a draw—a good performance against a good side. C. Haddon was our scorer.

We visited Chippenham for an evening match on April 3rd and lost a poor game by 4 goals to 1. C. Haddon scored our only goal and it must be confessed that Chippenham played one player short.

CHIPPENHAM.

Edited by W. H. WESTON.

WEDDING.

On Saturday, 16th March, our old friend, Jack Hanks, was married to Miss Daisy Ponting, of Yatton Keynell. The ceremony took place in St. Paul's Church, the bride being attired in a white crepe dress, with wreath and veil, and bouquet of pink carnations. The bridegroom was in uniform.

As previously mentioned in our Magazine, Jack was called to H.M. Forces in October, and we take this opportunity of wishing him and his wife every health and happiness in the future, and hope, ere long, that Jack will return to enjoy his married life in peace and happiness.

W.H.W.

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DUNMOW.

Edited by C. P. WARD.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Whitsun is perhaps one of the most eagerly looked-forward-to holidays of the year, when nature and the countryside are at their best. After the very trying months of winter, when all nature was held in its icy grip, one rejoices at the resurrection of spring. The tiny buds unfolding on hedge and tree, the flowers blooming again in all their myriad colours, and the song of the birds. All these signs and sounds tell us that Mother Earth has awakened from her long sleep. Let us hope we may all enjoy, this holiday time, some of the wonders of nature with which we are so bountifully provided and which, too often, I am afraid, we do not appreciate as we should.

M.I.W.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Culf on the birth of a son on the 3rd March.

"What is the secret of football players' success?"

"They will tackle anything."

HIGHBRIDGE.

Edited by C. B. SHIER.

We have to apologise for our notes being omitted last month and, although we are late this time, we are hoping that Mr. Editor will kindly find space for this.

We are sorry to report that Mr. S. Frost has been on the sick list for two or three weeks and hope and trust that all will be well with him and that he will have a speedy recovery. We understand that Mr. Tom Hardwidge has also gone sick, and we sincerely hope that he will soon be himself again.

We have had visits from the following employees who are serving in His Majesty's Forces, viz., Messrs. N. Williams, W. Meaker, and H. Harding, and all look in the "pink" of health, and we wish them a speedy return.

We have suspended activities with regard to Welfare Work for the time being. Most of our keen members are associated in one way or another with Home Defence matters, which take up a good deal of time for training and duty and leaves very little time for other things.

BRITISH LEGION NOTES.

Mr. W. H. G. Young, sen., and myself were appointed delegates to the County Conference at Bridgwater, on Saturday, April 6th, at three p.m., when the chair was taken by our County Chairman (Captain Wills), of Winscombe. There were some 40 Somerset Branches represented, and the business transacted was of an important nature, having a direct bearing on matters connected with past and present ex-Service men, particularly with regard to the position of them after the War is over. The atmosphere of the meeting was one of vision and forethought.

C.B.SHIER.

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All capitals are alike; all races mix there, all manners are confused together; it is not there one should go to study nations.—Rousseau.

IPSWICH.

Edited by A. H. MACKENZIE.

The first quarter of 1940 has gone; the first Bank-holiday of the year has provided its welcome break in our routine; "Summer time" is in force, but the weather has, so far, failed to play up to it.

The above statement about summarises the situation, and we have but little to add to it this month. Work we have in plenty, and our long list of invalids is steadily diminishing, thank goodness, although there are still quite a number away.

Holiday lists are on the agenda, bringing this year problems of an unusual nature.

Maybe, to many 1940 will be noteworthy as the year in which they found the beauty of their own country.

"Digging for Victory" seems very popular around here, and the vendors of garden tools are doing a roaring trade. Let us hope that the resultant crops justify the pictures on the packets.

A. H. MACKENZIE.

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LEEDS.

Edited by G. S. CAMPBELL.

It was the poet Wordsworth who wrote of the dancing daffodils—

"... I saw a crowd,

A host of golden daffodils,

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,

Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

In normal times Easter marks the beginning of that part of the year we associate with long, fine evenings, and with bathing, flowers, tennis, holidays, and sunshine. This year, such is the inherent optimism in most of us, we still feel that there are good things ahead; even when common sense and statesmen combine to impress on us the likelihood of unusual burdens and sacrifices to be shouldered. In times like these the popular "Wayside Pulpit" message: "Don't worry, it may never happen!" is a heartening thought to dwell upon, because, even if difficulties and sorrows do come, having worried about them beforehand does not always help us to face up to them. Yet,

while so many of us are living from day to day, largely because we ordinary folk are not permitted to know all the facts, many clever and wise heads must, of necessity, be thinking and planning ahead. It is unbelievable that these people are not sometimes tempted to worry. The old Book gives the true attitude which should guide us. "Take no thought for the morrow" means, literally, "Be not over-anxious."

So Easter having passed, let us look with a good heart to our gardens and flowers and sunshine, and even to holidays.

Whatever the first Easter of the War has established in other directions, it has made clear that the people who have worked very hard through a gloomy winter are determined to enjoy the open-air and sunshine when opportunity permits. It was clear and obvious that those who could used their feet and legs either in walking or propelling cycles. The moorland lanes and country tracks were thronged with happy companies. It might be remarked that in this motor age there may be blessings in petrol restriction if it sends us back to healthy activity, and enables us to re-discover the details of Nature which can only be found by the traveller on foot. This early Easter was gladdened by the sight of a patch of gold where a bed of golden saxifrage, with flowers lying close to the leaves, had opened out; and close by several starry flowers of the barren strawberry. Coltsfoots, too, were showing up, and the yellow jasmine was flowering. One could go on; but let the fundamental thought suffice as we look upward to the moon and stars, shining out as usual, "God's in His heaven; all's well with the world."

We, in Yorkshire, are carrying on our job of work, meeting our difficulties day by day, and surmounting them steadily. We remember that in the evolution of things difficulties are born to be surmounted. We remember also that if we do our own job faithfully, and as well as we are able, we shall be offering our loyal contribution to the common cause.

The yarns are a bit scarce this month, but there was a good one about Yorkshire business instinct which you must read.

A Leeds youth was called up two months ago. It is the custom for soldiers to send

home by post (at no charge) the clothes they have travelled in. Tom sent his suit, but not his shoes and overcoat. His mother wrote to ask what he had done with them. His reply was brief:—

"Dear Mother,—I am lending out my shoes at 2d. a night for dances, and my overcoat at 1s. a week-end."

And Tom is stationed in Scotland!

Can you take—

Nine from six,

Ten from nine,

Fifty from forty,

And yet six remains?

This is how it is done:—

SIX	IX	XL
IX	X	L
S	I	X

The only story from Scotland is told by a Caithness minister in the "Glasgow Herald." Recently visiting the home of one of his congregation at the hour when "Haw-Haw" condoled with the "poor British worker" upon his inability to buy bacon, the lady of the house was busy frying an ample supply of bacon and eggs for her man's supper. His remarks upon our baconless state were too much for the good wife's patience. Forgetting the presence of the revered visitor, she took the frying-pan off the fire and, putting it as close to the wireless receiver as she dared, she snapped: "Ye son o' the deevil, smell that!"

G.S.C.

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"Don't you think there's something brutal about football?"

"Yes, the price of the seats."

* * *

While Sandy Mactavish was reading his newspaper, his wife went to the window and exclaimed: "Sandy, Sandy, there's a cow in our garden." "Then dinna stand there making a fuss, woman," said Sandy tartly, "Hurry up and milk her before she gets oot."

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Great positions render great men still greater; small positions make little men smaller.—*La Bruyere*.

REDRUTH.

Edited by A. J. CLARK.

The appeal which we made in our column for material for the Magazine does not seem to have touched any consciences, and the Editor's reminder finds us, as usual, with no copy ready, and it seems very little available about which to write. The request for an article goes out every month with religious regularity, but we fear our persuasive powers must be very limited; the only response we get is: "I don't know what to write about." The same applies very often to us, but we just have to sit down and think of something which we hope may be of some interest to the readers of the Magazine. Whether we are successful or not rests with the reader to judge, but we feel we have done our bit, even though it might be a very small bit, towards making the Magazine a success, and a link between friends, known and unknown. Well, that's our grouse. Probably the same difficulty is experienced in other places, but it does seem that our friends here are very reluctant to see their names in print.

A couple of months ago we wrote (probably over optimistically) of the approach of spring. Then we were at the end of winter, a particularly trying winter, too, and the promise of spring ahead made us forget a lot of the trials we had had to face during the season then ending. Since then, however, we have been again reminded that Nature is full of unpleasant as well as pleasant surprises. Easter has come and gone, the first holiday of the year when we can quite often rely upon fine weather. This year, however, it was very cold and wet, and a most disappointing holiday. It is so rare that we have such bad weather at Easter that it seemed all the worse this year. There were not the usual number of visitors to the County and, of course, very few cars. One feature of Easter Saturday was much missed this year—the London-Land's End motor-cycle and light car trial, which has had to be abandoned owing to the War.

We have had a long sick list of late, but are pleased to see that most of those who have been away have recovered and have

returned to their usual tasks. We are pleased to see E. R. Pappin back after an operation for appendicitis.

We welcome a new member of our Office Staff, Miss Marjorie Manuel, and we hope her stay with us will be a pleasant one.

A.J.C.

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TOTNES.

Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

In common with most of our Factories we are now facing the position that our numbers will soon be depleted by the calling up of our younger men, and it may not be out of place if we now make a few remarks, pertinent and otherwise, about those who have already joined the colours.

W. L. COTON.—"Our Leslie," as he is commonly called by most of his workmates, entered our service in 1933 as a lorry driver being engaged principally in the delivery of bacon and offals. By his efficiency and ready wit he soon became popular with our customers. As a Naval Reservist he again donned the colours in August last.

R. PARK.—Another of the Naval Reserve to be called up in August last, Dick has been greatly missed, as since commencing work with us eight years ago he had become a reliable and efficient workman, in addition to which he was highly popular amongst his mates. For a number of years he was a noted member of the Totnes Association Football team, having captained them during their highly-successful seasons when they won the "Herald" cup for two consecutive years, thus creating a local record. As part of Dick's work consisted of singeing the pigs he will have had plenty of practice for singeing "old Nasty's" moustache.

F. R. WEYMOUTH.—Still another veteran of the Services, Fred Weymouth went through the last Great War, having served in India and Mesopotamia, where he attained the rank of Sergeant. He then joined the Devon Territorials, who were mobilised in August last, and has now become a C.S.M. Although not so young as he was, he is still actively engaged in training the younger generation, his vociferous qualities having been brought to perfection by his dealings

with pigs. It should now prove an asset to him, and perhaps cause him to be a terror to raw recruits. Some here who are expecting to be shortly enrolled, say that when their time comes they may have the pleasure of singing to him, "Kiss me good-night, Sergeant-Major"!!

N. F. NARRAMORE.—This, of course, was our ardent cyclist whom some of our readers may remember. He is now a member of the R.A.F.M.C., which service he joined in September last. He commenced with the Firm in 1933, and his genial manner soon caused him to become a favourite with all, and we are hoping that when he returns to us we shall succeed in obtaining from him another amusing article for our Magazine, but during this War our dear Reg. will be our Florence Nightingale, nursing all the unfortunates. "Good O Nadgy."

F. SINCLAIR.—This is the youngest member of the group. He was in the 5th Devon Territorials at the outbreak of War. Our "Gunga-Din" was quite a favourite with the girls in the days of peace, and he has probably lost nothing in this respect now that he is in uniform. He joined the firm in 1935, and this War, or any other, won't worry Frank. He will just sing his way through and come out smiling at the end.

W.J.T.

HANDY HINTS.

How to keep your youth.

Never introduce him to another girl.

* * *

How to bring your weight down.

Take a running jump on to a banana skin.

* * *

How to make your coat last.

Make the trousers and waistcoat first.

* * *

How to avoid falling hair.

Jump out of the way.

* * *

How to make a Swiss roll.

Push him down a hill.

* * *

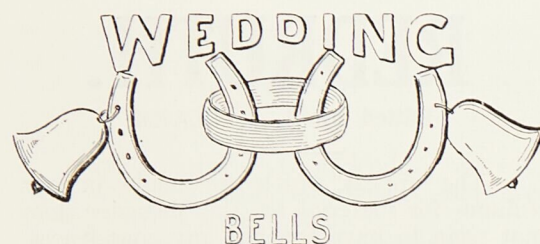
How to improve the taste of green peas.

Add a roast duck to them.

* * *

How to get a cheap breakfast.

Have a roll on the grass.



At Devizes, on March 16th, Miss Myrtle Chivers was married to Mr. Charles Harding, of Trowbridge. The bride wore a light blue coat, navy blue hat, navy suede shoes and gloves, and wore a spray of white carnations. Miss Chivers has been four years in the Laboratory, and was presented with a Jacobean tray and glasses from the Staff.

On March 30th, at Silver Street Methodist Church, Miss Betty Duck was married to Pte. Reginald Alexander, of the Devonshire Regiment. The bride was given away by her brother, who was in uniform. She wore a navy blue pin-stripe costume, navy blue hat, shoes, and gloves, and wore a spray of lilies of the valley. The bridegroom was also in uniform. Miss Duck has been four years in the Kitchen, and was the recipient of a companion set.

At Chippenham Registry Office, on March 23rd, Miss Nellie Laughton was married to Mr. Harry Bradley, of Hartlepool. The bride wore a light blue costume, hat to match, navy blue shoes and gloves. Miss Laughton has been five months in the Pie Department, and was the recipient of a frameless mirror from the Staff.

On March 23rd, at Hilmarton Parish Church, Miss Doris Grainger was married to Mr. Charles Russell, of Hilmarton. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a white satin gown, wreath of white lilies and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of white and pink carnations. Three bridesmaids were in attendance, two wore frocks of mauve taffeta, silver head-dresses, silver shoes, and taffeta muffs. The smaller bridesmaid was attired in a similar manner, but carried a posy of mauve tulips. Miss Grainger has been attached to the Sausage Department for seven years and was the recipient of pictures and tea tray from her colleagues.

On March 23rd, at Silver Street Chapel, Calne, Miss Nellie Titcombe was married to Mr. George Hyde, of New Zealand. The bride was given away by her father and wore a white satin gown with wreath and veil, and white satin shoes; her bouquet was of red carnations. Three bridesmaids attended; one wore a mauve satin frock, with mauve head-dress, silver shoes, and carried a mauve satin muff; the other two bridesmaids wore frocks of green satin, silver head-dresses and shoes, and green satin muffs. Miss Titcombe, who was for five years in the Kitchen, was the recipient of an eiderdown from the Staff.

At St. Mark's Church, Swindon, on Saturday, March 23rd, Mr. A. R. Bennett, of the Printing Department, was married to Miss W. Hunt, of Swindon. The bride's dress was of blue, with navy blue accessories, and a spray of pink and white orchids. Over this was worn a short, white fur coat. She was attended by her sister. The bridegroom was the recipient of a frameless mirror from his colleagues.

Mr. Jack Stephens, former leader of Jack Stephens' Dance Band, was married to Miss Phyllis Huntley, at Calne Parish Church. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory satin, with wreath and veil, silver shoes, and carried a shower bouquet of pink carnations and lily of the valley. She was attended by two bridesmaids. One wore a blue taffeta dress with net covering, a head-dress of silver leaves, silver shoes; her bouquet was of violets, carnations, and rose buds. The small attendant wore a dress of pink georgette with net covering, head-dress of pink rose buds, and carried a posy of violets and rose buds. Both bridesmaids wore gold brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a wristlet watch, encircled with diamonds, and a cheque. The bridegroom, who is now serving with the Somerset Light Infantry, was in uniform. The reception was held at Maslen's Cafe. Both the bride and bridegroom were employed in the Printing Department. The wedding presents from the Staff were a clock, cake knife, set of tumblers, and wine glasses.

At Chippenham Registry Office, on April 3rd, Miss Winnie Hunt was married to Mr. Edward Marshall, of Durham. The bride wore a navy blue check coat, clover frock, navy blue hat, shoes, and gloves. Miss Hunt has been five years in the Sausage Department, and was 1939 Carnival Queen. The wedding present from the Department was a frameless mirror.

On April 6th, at Calne Parish Church, Miss Margaret Greenhalgh was married to Mr. Frederick Angell, of Calne. The bride wore a blue crepe suede frock, with silver fox fur, navy blue felt hat, navy suede shoes and gloves, and carried an ivory Prayer Book. Miss Greenhalgh has been six months in the Pie Department, and was the recipient of cutlery from the Staff.

At Calne Parish Church, on March 23rd, Miss Winnie Sutton was married to Mr. Arthur Wright, of Ammanford, South Wales. She was given in marriage by her father, and wore a dress of ivory brocade satin, with veil and head-dress of orange blossom. She carried a sheaf of lilies. Her three sisters were bridesmaids in attendance. The chief bridesmaid wore a dress of cornflower blue crepe-de-chine, with head-dress to tone, lace mittens, and silver shoes. The two other bridesmaids wore dresses of St. James' rose crepe-de-chine, with accessories to match. Each carried bouquets of pink carnations, and wore gold chains and crosses, gifts of the bridegroom. Miss Sutton was presented with an oak cabinet from No. 2 Factory, also several domestic presents by the girls on the Subsidiary Staff. Mr. Arthur Wright, who is attached to the Maintenance Department, was presented with a Westminster chiming clock.

* * *

The brave only know how to forgive. . . A coward never forgave; it is not in his nature.—*Sterne*.

* * *

When there is much pride or self-conceit there will be a great desire for revenge.—*Schopenhauer*.

* * *

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.—*Thackeray*.



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WILMOT'S NEW BOOT JACK AND SCRAPER
WILL BE APPRECIATED IN EVERY HOME.

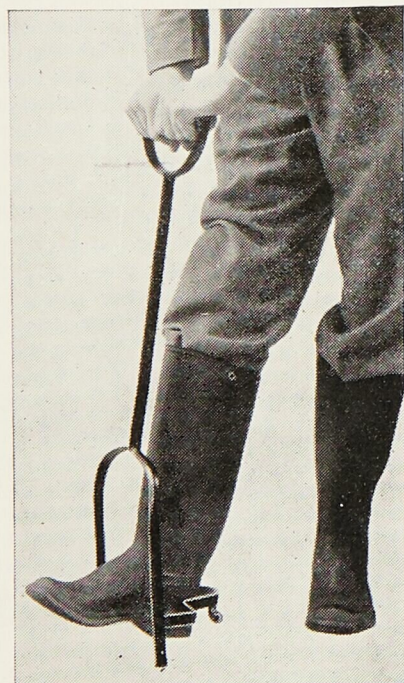
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BY APPOINTMENT,
BACON CURERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE V.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 14. — JUNE, 1940. — No. 6.



OWING to war conditions and the acute paper shortage, it has been decided to discontinue publication of the Harris Magazine. We hope to resume publication when conditions are more favourable.

For 13½ years we have endeavoured to throw into relief the fun and pleasure of business and attempted to grapple with and point to the solution of difficulties. We have kept alive the honour of our calling and not allowed it to sink into the state of merely earning a competence. We have obtained the points of view necessary to uphold this ideal, from many employees of the Firm at Calne, its Branches and Associated Companies.

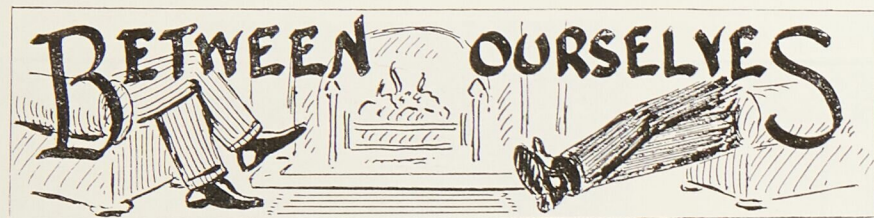
The thanks of all who have benefited from the publication of this magazine are due to our contributors, some of whom have consistently supported us since 1927.

We venture to hope that this record of the welfare of the employees of the firm,

its accounts of social and sporting events, and the numerous references to members of the staffs at Calne and elsewhere will prove a useful source of reference in the future.

Our special thanks are due to our Chief, who has found time to contribute monthly, a series of articles outlining the ideals of the industrial relationship of the firm with its employees, business problems and their solution, and many shrewd observations on passing events. The intimate and personal contact of "Between Ourselves" will be greatly missed by all our readers.

In saying au revoir, we wish once again to thank our contributors, subscribers and distributors at Calne, Redruth, Totnes, Highbridge Eastleigh, Chippenham, London, Kidlington, Dunmow, Ipswich, Tiverton, Leeds, and wherever the personnel of the House of Harris is engaged, for their loyal and consistent support spread over so many years.



FOR a good many years I have, in each month's issue, tried to pen some words which I hoped might be read by all those associated with each of our Factories, Offices, and Sales Staffs everywhere.

Occasionally I think I struck the right note, if I can judge by some of my correspondence. Always I tried to be of service to our folk, to our fine House, and to a few ideals.

A policy of endeavour to work on lines of human understanding in a great business like ours is worth while—if it is not imposed upon by any of the parties—and speaking quite personally, a wealth of personal friendships and unstinting loyalty are possessions that are beyond price. It is inevitable, I suppose, that in the pursuit of any ideal all must also register a crop of failures. The promises of spring are often rendered sterile by late frosts and the harvest is never 100 per cent. of the sowing. Nevertheless, the effort is worth while, and never in all the changing conditions of the centuries has the need for “the pull all together” been so vital as to-day. The old lines of Europe are altering before our eyes. The ugly feet of the aggressor are striding over innocent lands. Kings and Queens are in exile. Cabinets take refuge on our shores and exercise their Governments from a foreign land. A King orders his Army to capitulate without consulting the Allies whose aid he had sought, and who were thus cut off. The position is grave, and within one day the most drastic legislative control, involving issues that are fundamental, has gone through both Houses of Parliament.

The call is for unity: for action, speedy and sure; for bravery; for fortitude; and, influencing all, loyalty.

Freedom, home, religion are at stake, and these can, *and will*, be assured and secured if all hands are on the rope and if

all eyes are upon the Skipper, and if all hearts, minds, and muscles are tuned to necessity for the saving of the world.

It is at such a time that the necessities of war are such that we have to give up much that we have valued. Some things are rationed: there ought to be much else that will be rationed voluntarily. The Government ask for sacrifice, for initiative, and for **WORK** during extended hours and week-ends. I am sure that all of you in every Factory will gladly obey the call.

We must win.

We cannot win unless each one pulls full weight and extra weight.

We shall win if each does his part gladly, with good humour.

So let's be up and doing. Let us stop talking and get on with the job.

Among the essential national economies is that of paper and so I have very reluctantly decided that this must be the last issue of the Magazine for the time being. When it is next issued I hope it may be an Armistice, Victory, Peace, and Freedom Number. Represented by those things, we shall pray for a speedy resumption of the issue of a Magazine that was designed as a link between each of us and between one Factory and another.

To us all, then, “Work and Joy” in the job and the way that are ahead and “a speedy issue out of all our afflictions.”

If any of our fellows who are at the Front should see this, to them go our warm regards and the best of luck.

Some Impressions of Russia.

We were met at Leningrad by the lady who was to execute the position of guide to the party. We hustled ourselves into a very ancient omnibus and eventually were delivered to the Intourist Hotel.

The hotel must have been a town residence of some noble family in the days before the Revolution, and like all such buildings in the city, had been converted to a useful purpose. A spacious hall confronted us. On entering, at the far end was a magnificent marble staircase. Leading from this hall were numerous cloak-rooms, and an up-to-date information bureau, with pamphlets printed in all European languages.

Four of us shared a suite of rooms, consisting of two bedrooms, bathroom, and a small vestibule. The furnishing, although very old-fashioned, with its gilded chairs and tables and many oil paintings, gave to it a certain old-world charm which was very agreeable.

We had our first Russian meal on the roof of this hotel. From here we had an aerial view of the city with the river meandering through. What a story some of the buildings could tell!

The meal started with soup, of what description we failed to recognise. Then followed chicken, cooked in oil, and served with an assortment of fried vegetables, much too oily by the standards of English dietary. The sweet, a fruit ice cream, was delicious; in fact, the best we have ever tasted. Tea was served in small glasses with sugar, but without milk. No lemon was served, however, and so real Russian tea was never tasted by us. During the meal the guide told us of the programme for the next few days. A news reporter joined us and asked questions concerning our impressions, our knowledge of Russia, and her customs. We answered politely, but with a definite feeling of ignorance, Tolstoy being the only Russian author we had studied. (Remember his superb story, “How much land does a man need?”) We learned later our entry had been announced on the radio.

We embussed and were driven on a circular tour of the city, seeing the many places of interest. The stately building of St. Peter's made a great impression, but, unfortunately, it is now a picture gallery.

A six-day week is in force, having every sixth day a rest day. No names are given to the days, but dates only. We visited a children's open-air theatre to see a Russian Revolutionary play. The acting was very primitive, but nevertheless enjoyable. We all noticed the quietness of the children during the play and through the intervals. What a contrast there would have been in England.

Every large Factory organises a holiday camp in summer for its workers' children. A visit to one of these taught us much about the method of bringing up the children. The camp was divided up into various age groups and special programmes compiled to suit each group. Each group forms its own diary, telling how the holiday is spent. Communistic mottoes are printed on the walls. For exercise they go for compulsory rambles or swimming excursions. For entertainments, they have Communistic officials to lecture to them on Russia's Army, Air Force, and Navy, and the value of working for the State. The seeds are here sown to develop further Communists.

* * *

The Navy that Flies.

A SAILOR PAYS TRIBUTE.
(By NAVAL EYE-WITNESS).

In the dawn the aerodrome sounded as if the bulls of Bashan were roaming together as the fighters were warmed through. In the pilots' hut the observers of the flight going up were pulling on their flying kit. The pilot's cockpit is warmed, and they rarely bother about more than helmet and parachute harness, but the observer in the rear has nothing to warm him but the kit he wears.

I was taking the place of an observer in this flight, and had borrowed his kit. First I struggled into a combination suit like the skin of a teddy bear. On top of that goes a wind-proof combination suit with a high collar lined with fleece. Then comes a life-saving waistcoat. This can be inflated in a few moments by the wearer, and for some obscure reason is known technically as a “Mae West.” The parachute harness buckles on over this. It is a cumbersome arrangement to walk about in, but I can imagine moments when it gives considerable moral support. Lastly, there

is a flying helmet, with telephone mouth-piece and earphone attachments, gauntlet gloves, and fleece-lined flying boots.

One by one, burdened by our harness, we went squelching through the mud up to the landing ground, where the fighters were drawn up. Each pilot and observer walked to their allotted machine. Two of them stopped to exchange a remark in the deafening roar of the slip stream where normal speech is, of course, an impossibility. The speaker reached out for the tube of the other's headphone and spoke into it. The observer did the same, and they both laughed. They were finishing a conversation that started in the hut. In that rush of air and uproar it was their secret. We climbed up into our cockpits.

One of the maintenance personnel climbed up after me and tested the switches of the wireless telephone and the release gear of the gun. He was a cheerful person with a red face and drops of moisture on his eyebrows. He wished me a happy landing, and disappeared over the edge of the cockpit.

A bank of grey low-lying cloud hung overhead. Beyond the edge of the cliffs the sea was visible, with a silvery brightness to the eastward. A cold wind came from the hills carrying a scent of heather and wisps of rain. The roaring of the engines grew a little louder, the ground flowed bumpily away beneath us, turned in a wide circle and receded.

By the time I had finished fiddling about with my straps and switches and trays of ammunition, and looked over the side, the ground was far beneath us; and it was doing queer things, tilting on edge a bit, so that a mare and her foal in a field seemed to be grazing at a most impossible angle. Then I saw the surf beneath us, and there was an icy rushing wind that sang in the wires and a queer feeling of lightness in my tummy.

The other fighters were flying in a V-formation on either side of us, rising and dipping slightly as if riding on the surface of an invisible sea. The real sea, far beneath us, was visible for a while, and then faded as we began climbing through the clouds.

I could see the observer in the next machine blowing his nose on a pocket handkerchief. I rather envied him that handkerchief because mine was buried beneath layers of flying kit. I decided presently that it didn't matter much, up

there above the clouds. They stretched beneath us for all the world like an Arctic panorama. The sea showed through them thousands of feet below in little dark streaks, rifts in a white floor resembling pack ice. Cloud mountains in the far distance were catching the first rays of the rising sun.

The altitude produced a curious feeling of detachment. It seemed impossible to recapture any emotion; neither love nor hate lived in that cold, clear nothingness. Only peace and the rushing wind of our passage: blue sky above and white light gleaming on the cloud floor beneath.

The voice of the pilot buzzed in my earphone. I closed the cockpit to hear him better.

"Keep a good look-out."

It recalled our mission to me. Somewhere out of the cloud mountain to the south-east, or out of the blue of space, a speck might appear, or a cluster of specks... and death would be abroad in that sunny emptiness. It seemed queer to think of death up in that Nirvana.

We went on climbing. The feeling of peace was succeeded by a rather nauseating faintness as we neared the oxygen limits. The thermometer showed 8 degrees below zero. I glanced at the altitude indicator. To take my mind off my swaying faintness I tried to calculate how many miles we were above the sea. I sighted the gun at imaginary assailants, searched the sky and clouds through glasses, wondered what sort of shooting I'd do when my sensations were those of a man bleeding to death: decided death would be rather a pleasant release.

"Hold your nose," warned the pilot, and down we dived with red-hot needles stabbing our cracking ear drums, down through space into blessed oxygen and the comparative warmth of mere freezing point. We met our reliefs coming out to take over the patrol. "Nothing to report," flashed an observer, and they went past us, climbing to the ceaseless aerial beat over the North Sea.

* * *

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.—*W. Blake.*

* * *

Let every man examine his thought, and he will find it always occupied with the past and the future. We scarcely give any thought to the present.—*Pascal.*

"In Town To-Night."

(Continued).

(By ARTHUR PERCY).

In June of last year I received an enquiry from the B.B.C. asking me if I could be in London on the following Saturday to get in touch with Mr. C. F. Meehan, the producer of "In Town To-night." This was the 200th edition, and being the last of the series, was to be a gala performance.

I 'phoned Mr. Meehan and he informed me that he had heard of me as a student and imitator of the calls and cries of wild life. He thought that I might be able to interest listeners with a few imitations and experiences which I must have had during my vigils at night while I had been stalking them. A three-minute programme was all that was required. I accepted and said that I would be in London on the Saturday morning.

Thanks to my brother-in-law, who drove me up, I was at Broadcasting House at 9.30 a.m., and after obtaining permission for him to see the show, he left, arranging to meet me later.

I met Mr. Meehan, who immediately sent for a script-writer, who took down in shorthand a few experiences that I had had. Mr. Meehan selected one, and within a quarter of an hour my three-minute script was ready.

During my conversation with the script-writer he said: "I know Calne very well. I was stationed near there during the last War, and we used to go to Calne to get a little life."

We rehearsed the script before the "Mike," and it lasted exactly three minutes nine seconds, and after pruning, the desired three minutes were obtained, and I went through it a few times to get accustomed to the speed. I was to be interviewed by Elizabeth Cowell, the television girl (now lady announcer for the B.B.C.). It was her first appearance in "In Town To-night," and to me fell the honour of being her first subject to interview. She reminded me of this when I was broadcasting on April 22nd last, in "What's Yours?" from Bristol.

I was introduced to Lionel Gamlin, who asked me what part of Wiltshire I came from, and upon telling him Calne, he said: "That is not far from Devizes, is it?" Then he asked me if I had ever been to . . . He told me that he

had been teaching there for two years before joining the B.B.C.

Three studios were used for the broadcast, and Lionel Gamlin was the announcer, though he couldn't see persons in two of the studios. At 7 p.m. the show started, and at 7.15 p.m. I was announced as "Up from Wiltshire comes Arthur Percy, an engineer, who in his spare time studies and imitates the calls and cries of birds and animals. He is to be interviewed by Elizabeth Cowell." (The B.B.C. must have seen Harris' green vans with the slogan, "Up from Wiltshire.")

After relating an amusing adventure that I had I gave the Wiltshire signature tune, the pig grunting and squealing, then a few noises of wild life.

Before I left the B.B.C. I had collected a few interesting autographs in my album of different people who were also in the show. Lionel Gamlin, Rin Crosby (Bing's brother), and Rin's wife, Florence George, the American actress; Elizabeth Cowell, Walter Abbot, champion town crier; and Mike Meehan. Robert Donat was also in the programme, but an incident I saw when an autograph album was presented to him made me think twice before I presented mine.

* * *

The Broad Highway.

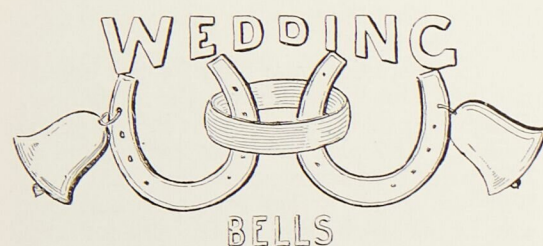
We are sorry to say that Mr. W. C. Cross, our West of England representative, has been seriously ill with bronchitis and complications. At the time of writing these notes we are glad to say that the Doctors report that they are now pleased with his progress. We all hope that Mr. Cross will carry on steadily towards complete recovery.

Relief-Salesman R. Burrows was called up for Military Service on May 3rd. He has our very best wishes for a successful Army career and a safe return.

We welcome Messrs. R. R. Armstrong, A. Davis, J. Gwillim, J. E. Morgan, J. S. Price, and L. Sowden, who have recently joined us as Van-Salesmen, with a view to taking over from various Van-Salesmen who will shortly be leaving for Military service.

Mr. A. S. Thornton, of Glasgow, is still under doctor's orders, but we hope that the early holiday which he is taking will do a lot towards restoring his health and strength once again.

J.H.G.



At Cherhill Parish Church, on April 20th, Miss Joan Tugwell was married to Mr. Kenneth Bollen, of the R.A.F., late of the Boning Department. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a white figured-satin gown, with halo and veil, white kid sandals, and carried a shower bouquet of pink and white carnations. Two bridesmaids were in attendance; they wore dresses of lavender taffeta, mauve head-dresses, silver shoes; their bouquets were of pink and white carnations. Miss Tugwell has served four years in the Retort Department, and was presented with an electric iron.

At Chippenham Registry Office Miss Ruby Witchell was married to Mr. Robert Carter, of Calne. The bride wore a grey flannel costume, navy blue hat, shoes, and grey gloves, white satin jumper, and wore a floral spray. Miss Witchell was two years in the Pie Department, and was presented with a frameless mirror and flower vase from the Staff.

Members of Calne Fire Brigade formed a guard of honour at Derry Hill Parish Church when one of their colleagues, Mr. Alfred King, was married to Miss Dorothy Brittain. The bride was given in marriage by her uncle and was attired in a gown of white satin, wreath and veil, satin shoes, and wore a gold chain and cross, the gift of the bridegroom. The bouquet was of lilies and carnations. Four members of the staff, Misses Veronica Brittain, Sylvia and Vera Hatherell, and E. King attended the bride. They wore dresses of mauve taffeta, with floral head-dresses, silver shoes, and carried bouquets of mauve tulips. Four small child attendants wore pink taffeta frocks, with floral head-dress and muffs to match. The older bridesmaids received gifts of gold chains and crosses from the bridegroom and the children necklaces. Miss Brittain has been in the Kitchen for nine years and was

the recipient of a canteen of cutlery. Mr. King was presented with a chiming clock from the Retort Department. Seventy guests attended the reception at Derry Hill Institute.

At Calne Parish Church, on April 20th, Miss Kathleen Brindle was married to Mr. Jack Tilley, of Cherhill. Given in marriage by her uncle, the bride wore a navy blue costume, navy blue hat, and powder blue blouse, navy shoes and gloves, and wore a spray of white roses, and carried an ivory Prayer Book. The bride was attended by her sister, who wore a grey costume, blue hat, spray of white carnations, and carried a Prayer Book. Miss Brindle is Works Council representative for the Tin Department, where she has been attached for 13 years, and was the recipient of a dinner service.

At Calne Parish Church, on April 27th, Miss Beryl Horsell was married to Mr. Clifford Broad, of Merthyr Tydfil. The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white satin, with halo of orange blossoms and veil, and carried a shower bouquet of cream roses. She wore a gold necklace and pendant, the gift of the bridegroom. Two bridesmaids were in attendance, wearing dresses of gold lippez silk, silver head-dresses, girdles, and shoes. They carried bouquets of apricot carnations; their gifts from the bridegroom were gold necklaces with crystal pendants. There was also a child attendant, who wore a dress of green silk, with silver girdle and poke bonnet. She carried a posy of carnations and forget-me-nots; from the bridegroom she received a gold bangle. The reception was held at the bride's home. On leaving the Church the bride was presented with a lucky silver horseshoe by her child attendant. Miss Horsell was seven years in the Sausage Department, and was presented with a bedroom clock from the staff.

On April 27th, at Calne Parish Church, Mr. Percy Skinner was married to Miss Elsie Hitchins. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law and wore a gown of white satin, floral wreath, and veil, silver shoes, and carried a shower bouquet of carnations and fern. Three bridesmaids were in attendance; they wore dresses of pale blue silk, with net covering, floral head-dresses, silver

sandals, and their shower bouquets were of daffodils. The small bridesmaid carried a rucked muff of pale blue silk. Miss Hitchins' last period of service was three years in the Tin Department, her wedding present from the Staff being a Lloyd Loom linen basket. Mr. Skinner received a frameless mirror from the Sausage House Staff, to which he is attached.

On Saturday, April 20th, at the Calne Parish Church, Miss Joan Beard was married to Private John Burgess, of the Wiltshire Regiment.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a dress of ivory satin, with wreath of orange blossom and veil, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. She was attended by her friend, Mrs. Turner, who wore a dress of green taffeta over net, with gold head-dress and shoes, and carried a bouquet of mauve tulips. Two bridesmaids were also in attendance, Miss V. Tuddenham and Miss K. Kirton (cousins of the bridegroom), who wore dresses of mauve taffeta over net, with head-dresses of silver leaves and shoes to tone, their bouquets consisting of pink tulips. The bride was presented with a canteen of cutlery, from her colleagues of the Office Staff.

At Chippenham Registry Office, on May 2nd, Mr. Ernest Lucas was married to Miss Kathleen Smith. The bride wore an Air Force blue two-piece suit, with navy blue hat, shoes, and gloves, and wore a spray of white sweet peas. Miss Smith has been 10 years in the Sausage Department, where Mr. Lucas is also attached. The combined wedding present was a canteen of cutlery.

At St. James' Parish Church, Trowbridge, Mr. Jack Mence was married to Miss Phyllis Hayward, of Trowbridge. The bride was given away by her brother, and was unattended. She wore a light grey costume, beige figured-satin blouse, navy blue hat, shoes, and gloves, and wore a spray of white carnations. Mr. Mence is attached to the Retort Department, and was presented with a Westminster chiming clock.

At the Calne Baptist Chapel on Saturday, May 11th, Miss Florence Godwin was married to Mr. Reginald Kingaby of Richmond.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a gown of white satin with head-dress of lilies-of-the-valley and veil, white satin shoes and carried a bouquet of red roses. She was attended by her sister, who wore an ankle-length dress of powder-blue satin, and head-dress of pink rosebuds.

Miss Godwin was attached to the Office for five years and was the recipient of a Westminster chiming clock from her colleagues.

At Calne Parish Church, on May 11th, Mr. Arthur Weston was married to Miss Doris Gale. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a silver grey costume, a natural fox fur, the gift of the bridegroom. Her gift to the bridegroom was a silver cigarette case. The reception was held at the bride's home.

Miss Gale was presented with a Westminster chiming clock from No. 2 Factory, where she served for eight years. She was a former Works Council representative. Mr. Weston, before leaving for active service, was the recipient of a carving set from his colleagues in the Boning Department.

At Calne Parish Church, on May 11th, Mr. Walter Watts was married to Miss Hilda Horsell. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a gown of white taffeta embroidered with silver, head-dress of lilies and veil, and her shower bouquet was of lilies. Two bridesmaids were in attendance, wearing rose-colored taffeta dresses, halos and veils of the same shade, silver shoes, and carried bouquets of rose-pink carnations. The reception was held in the Scouts' Hall. Afterwards the bridal couple left for their honeymoon, which was spent travelling. The bride's going-away outfit was a stone edge-to-edge coat, with navy dress hat and shoes and accessories. Miss Horsell, who was employed for eight years in the Retort, was presented with a case of fish eaters from the Staff. Mr. Watts' presents from the Lard and Slaughter Departments were an eight-day clock and Westminster chiming clock.

On Whit-Monday, May 13th, two popular members of the Office Staff, Miss K. M. Angell and Mr. R. B. Swaffield, were married at Castle Street Baptist Chapel by the Rev. A. E. Johns, a friend of the family.

The service was choral, the bride's

sister, Mrs. Bromham, being at the organ. The bride was attended by a small bridesmaid, a cousin of the bridegroom. After the reception the happy couple left for Bournemouth, where they are spending their honeymoon. They will make their home at Oxford Road.

Both were members of various Sections of the H.W.A. and were presented with a canteen of cutlery by the Office Staff and a linen basket by the members of the Ladies' Hockey Section.

Swindon firemen formed a guard of honour at Calne Parish Church when one of their members, Mr. Sydney Poletti, was married to Miss Gladys Rose. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a two-piece pale blue marocain, with grey fur revers, white floral hat, navy blue shoes, white skin gloves. One small bridesmaid was in attendance, dressed in white silk taffeta, frilled to the waist, white silk poke bonnet, white shoes and socks, and carried a silver horseshoe, which she later presented to the bride. The reception was held at Maslen's Cafe. The honeymoon was spent in Torquay. The bride travelled in a clover two-piece, navy shoes, and accessories. Miss Rose is making her home in Swindon. She was for almost 20 years in the Kitchen Department, and latterly was a Works Council representative. The wedding presents from the Staff consisted of an oak biscuit barrel and frameless mirror.

The wedding took place at Hardenhuish of Miss Evelyn Edwards and Mr. William Chorley, of Chippenham. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white satin, with wreath and veil, and carried a sheaf of lilies. She was attended by her sister, wearing a pale blue silk taffeta dress, with halo of leaves, and carrying a bouquet of lilies and narcissi. The reception was held at the Woodland Hall. Miss Edwards was employed in the Warehouse Cardboard Stitching Department for six years, and was presented with a chiming clock by her colleagues.

On Saturday, May 18th, at Lyneham Parish Church, Miss Lily Tuck was married to Mr. George Pluckrose, of London. The bride was given away by her father and wore a blue costume, white silk crepe blouse, blue hat, and suede shoes to match. Miss Tuck

was employed in the Warehouse. She is making her home at Lyneham.

On May 25th, at Calne Parish Church, Miss Eileen Carter was married to Mr. Harry Chard, of Calne. Given away by her cousin, the bride wore a floral design frock on white ground, navy blue edge-to-edge coat, navy blue felt hat and shoes, and white gloves. A spray of white carnations was worn.

Miss Carter was 12 years in the Basement, and a present Works Council representative. She was the recipient of a carving set from the Department; also a canteen of cutlery from friends in the Pie Department and Warehouse. Mr. Chard was presented with a chiming clock from No. 2 Factory.

The ringers of Calne Parish Church rang out in honour of their colleague, Mr. Thomas Freegard, on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Linda King. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a white satin gown, with wreath of orange blossom and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a shower bouquet of red carnations. Four bridesmaids were in attendance, two wore dresses of mauve satin, with net covering of same shade, and carried bouquets of mauve sweet peas. The smaller bridesmaids wore dresses of mauve satin and carried posies of sweet peas. All the bridesmaids wore head-dresses of silver leaves and silver shoes. The reception was held at the White Hart Hotel, where about 50 guests assembled. Miss King was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery from the Sausage Department, where she held the honour of being Works Council representative. Mr. Freegard also represents the Station Department. The wedding present from the Staff was an overmantel.

* * *

LEADING-AIRCRAFTMAN JOHN GEGG.

Profound sympathy in the suspense endured by Mr. and Mrs. Gegg is expressed by everyone. Their son, John, was reported missing after an operational flight. At Cranwell he passed his aircraftman's examination and headed the list in radio and science. Prior to this he was a Patrol Leader in the Calne Group B.P. Scouts, gaining First Class Honours and All Round Cords. He possessed sterling qualities of character and remarkable powers of initiative.

We pray that the agony of mind borne by his parents and family will soon be relieved by better news.



CRICKET SECTION.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Cricket Club was held on April 17th, when it was decided to carry on the activities of the Club as far as was possible in these difficult times, but in a modified form. Only one team would be run. Several new members were welcomed, and with the help of older members taking the place of those who were absent serving in His Majesty's Forces, it was fully anticipated that our engagements could be fulfilled. Mr. F. I. Nash was elected chairman of the Section, Messrs. C. Edwards and I. J. Taylor joint hon. secretaries, Mr. P. Carter captain, Mr. R. Swaffield vice-captain, and Mr. B. Gough hon. treasurer.

The first match of the season was played at Swindon, versus G.W.R., on May 4th, and resulted in a loss by 38 runs. Our only batting success was P. Carter, whose valuable 51 redeemed what would otherwise have been a sorry performance. Bowling successes were obtained by P. Carter 3 for 24, W. Jacketts 3 for 16, and R. Swaffield 1 for 17.

Scores:—Harris C.C., 89; G.W.R., 127 for eight.

On May 11th we engaged Spye Park at home, and in a low-scoring game we won by one run. I. J. Taylor saved his side with a splendid 17, and by taking six wickets for 21 runs made the win a personal one. Other wickets were taken by W. Jacketts 3 for 10 and A. Sutton 1 for 1.

Scores:—Spye Park, 41; Harris C.C., 42.

On May 18th we had a visit from the R.A.F., and brought off a very good win, although at one period of the game we looked to be in a hopeless position. With seven wickets down for 25 disaster seemed apparent, but R. Goddard and W. Jackett (a newcomer whom we particularly welcome) made a stand that saved the side. Between

them they added 21 for the eighth wicket, and Goddard made the runs while Jackett held his end up. Goddard was eventually out for 37. The innings closed for 91, and as the R.A.F. could make only 42 in response we had a comfortable win. P. Carter, with 6 wickets for 11, bowled exceedingly well. The other wickets were taken by A. Whieldon 2 for 1 and A. Sutton 1 for 6.

Scores:—Harris C.C., 91; R.A.F., 42.

HOCKEY SECTION.

We finished up our hockey season with four games in which the R.A.F. mixed their players with ours. We arranged our forward line to play against our defence, and the R.A.F. did likewise, thus our girls had positions to operate in that gave them freedom from too much contact with the sterner and stronger play of their men colleagues. In these games it has been noticed that the girls seem inspired in their play, for never, in playing against girl teams, have they risen to such proficiency. Maybe this is due to the standard set them by their colleagues and their desire to emulate that standard. In all the games it was proved that our attack was stronger than our defence. This, of course, was probably due to the support the men gave the attackers. The games were most enjoyable, so much so that the Service men wanted further games, but the exigencies of cricket preparation prevented the further use of the ground.

Reviewing the past season, of 10 games played (so many were cancelled during the severe weather of the winter), 3 were won, 4 lost, and 3 were drawn. We scored 45 goals to our opponents 31. Again our officers have worked splendidly. Special mention must be made of Margaret Angell, who so ably combined the secretarial duties with that of goalkeeper. Her enthusiasm is the backbone of the club. Mary Cleverly, as captain, has had a good season and is an outstanding player in her key position of centre-half.



Old Town Hall

Edited by W. H. WESTON.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. G. Warne, we offer our hearty congratulations on becoming the father of a bonny boy.

W.H.W.

DEATH OF MR. P. B. COWARD.

It was a very great shock to us all at Chippenham to hear of the sudden passing of Mr. P. B. Coward, who had been manager of our retail shop in the Market Place since 1908.

He was at his post up to the close of business on Thursday evening, but during the night was taken seriously ill and, on Friday morning, he was removed to the Chippenham Hospital, where he passed away in the early hours of Saturday morning after less than 24 hours' illness.

During his management of the shop the premises were re-constructed, and the business has been very considerably increased.

Mr. Coward served through the Great War and was severely wounded. He was offered a commission, which, however, he declined.

In his passing the Company has lost a good and valuable servant, and the Staff a true and loyal friend.

W.V.L.

CAPTAIN C. HERBERT SMITH'S RETIREMENT.

On the 26th April the indoor and outdoor staffs assembled to say farewell to Captain C. Herbert Smith, on his retirement. Mr. W. V. Long, who presided, said he had been asked by Mr. Bodinnar to open the proceedings by reading a letter from Mr. Bodinnar, dated 13th April, as follows:—

DEAR MR. LONG,

For a very long time Captain C. Herbert Smith has been in extremely happy association with you and your Factory and with those of us here who have to do with those Factories. Now, in the happiest possible way also, it has been mutually agreed that as from April 30th Captain Herbert Smith will cease his association with the Chippenham and Highbridge Factories. In notifying you and your people of this I should like to pay my personal tribute to the loyalty of Captain Herbert Smith to the Company and myself for many years and to thank him sincerely for the help he has given us. I am very glad to feel that he will take an opportunity personally of saying farewell to you all in your Factory. He goes out with our kindest wishes and appreciation. When he meets all your people to say good-bye I should like the proceedings opened by the reading of this letter. It will, I am sure, be of interest to you and all your people to know that in Captain Herbert Smith's case, although he has not yet quite completed 40 years' service, I am going especially to break the rule and to mark his service by giving him the Gold Medal for less than 40 years' service.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) J. F. BODINNAR.

Mr. Long then outlined Captain Herbert Smith's long association with the Factory, and paid a high tribute to his sterling qualities and courtesy.

Mr. T. Bullock the Factory foreman, spoke in support, and Mr. Ernest Taylor also associated himself with these remarks.

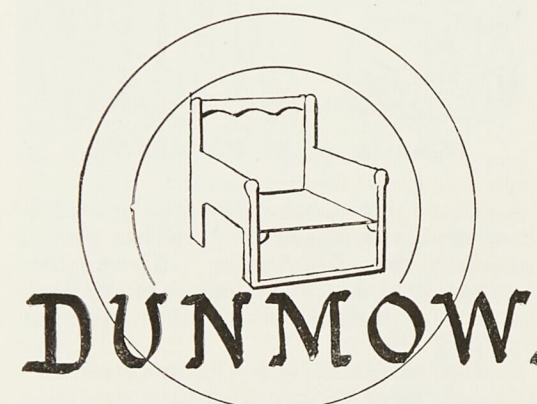
Captain C. Herbert Smith referred to his connection with the Chippenham Factory for a period of some 35 years, and continued: "Before I close these few remarks of farewell to you all I should like to place on record that during the 20 years I have been connected with these two Factories under the management of the present Boards, and particularly our Managing Director, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, during these years there has always existed the most happy and cordial relationship between us, nor has this been in any way lessened by this parting of my connection with yourselves."

At the conclusion of Captain Herbert Smith's speech, Mr. Long asked him to accept a Ronson silver automatic cigarette lighter and a book of large-scale maps of

the British Isles, which had been subscribed to by the whole of the Factory, Office, and Shops Staffs, as a token of their sincere regard and a memento of many happy years of business association.

Captain Herbert Smith replied and said these gifts were quite unexpected, and that he would always regard them amongst his most treasured possessions.

* * *



Edited by C. P. WARD.

KISMET.

I neither ask or expect you to accept this theory of the cause of Wars, past, present and future.

Always must there be a villain in the drama. There are to-day—several, in fact; also, if memory serves aright, a similar state of affairs existed some 26 years ago. Such objectionable people must, of course, be shown the error of their ways.

The act is now in progress in connection with the present little play, but I really think the original bad lad of the drama is to be found in the very obscure and very distant ages of the first and loveliest of all Gardens, the human inhabitants of which were only two.

Everything in that Garden was theirs, with, however, one exception. Of this they were aware, and knowingly they took that which was forbidden them. Their punishment was knowledge, the root of good and evil; new elements were astir in that sheltered Garden—ambition, jealousy, fear, hatred, love.

The transgressors were sentenced to banishment, and not only they, but their descendants, we, who are now the populace

of this earth, were doomed to carry the burden of that original sin.

I conclude with the state of affairs in this year of grace, 1940; rampant are those passions already mentioned, and stripped are they of their veneer of advanced civilisation, the present day puppets of fate are each following their respective destiny to its ultimate conclusion.

RAMBLER.

We welcome to the Office Staff Miss U. M. Tyler, and hope she will be happy with us.

* * *

"Your Honour, I desire to be excused from jury duty."

"Why?"

"Because I can only hear with one ear."

"Oh, you'll be all right. We only hear one side of a case at a time."

* * *



Edited by C. B. SHIER.

We extend our sincere sympathies to Mrs. M. Bevan, of the Sausage and Small Goods Department in the great loss sustained by the death of her younger daughter.

Our old friends, Messrs. F. Lawrence, J. Gillett, H. Strange, and A. Wyatt are still jogging along, and now the fine weather is with us we hope to see them out, and about.

We are pleased that S. Frost is improving after his operation.

We are sorry that J. Norris is on the sick list. We know the "old horse" misses his company.

We are glad to see T. Hardwidge back again.

We were pleased to see one of our Office Staff just recently home on leave, Mr. N. Williams.

WEDDING BELLS.

Congratulations to Mr. H. F. Solomon, on his marriage to Miss M. R. Pople.

A presentation of a chiming clock was made to him on behalf of the Employees.

RETIRING PRESENTATION.

It was with regret that we heard the news that Captain C. Herbert Smith was severing his connection with the Firm, and it was thought we could not let him go without a parting gift which would bring to his memory times spent at Highbridge. On Monday, April 29th, when he came to Highbridge for his last official visit, he met the whole of the Employees at noon before recommencement of work. Our esteemed Manager (Mr. Kidley), in a very pleasing manner, explained the reason for the meeting, and on behalf of himself and the whole of the Employees, he presented Captain Smith with a silver cigarette case inscribed: "Presented to Captain C. Herbert Smith as a token of affection and esteem from all at Highbridge, April, 1940."

Captain Smith, in his reply, said that it was difficult to say good-bye to his friends at Highbridge, and thanked them very much for the gift, which he would prize. In his remarks he said he was very sorry to sever his connection.

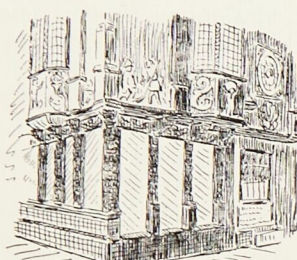
A.R.P. NOTES.

As Highbridge and Burnham-on-Sea are under the same local authority, the A.R.P. services also are run likewise, and are divided into five posts—A, B, and C at Burnham, and D and E at Highbridge—and during the past winter months, to take off the gloom of the black-out, a series of skittle matches had been arranged between the posts concerned, and a trophy of a real skittle ball mounted on a plinth had been presented by friends for competition. Your humble correspondent is pleased to record that his Post—C—secured the greatest number of points in the series of games, and on Tuesday evening, the 9th April, a convivial evening was arranged at the Crown Hotel, Burnham-on-Sea, for the presentation of the trophy, preceded by a skittle match between the Champions and the Rest, and we are glad to record that C Post again scored a win. The trophy was presented by our Chief Warden, Major J. V. Drought, in a very sporty and breezy speech, and was

accepted by myself on behalf of the team, who are a very sporty lot, in the hopes that all services will take part next winter.

C.B.S.

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Edited by A. H. MACKENZIE.

In so far as the Ipswich Branch is concerned, the month of April has proved singularly devoid of "news." The weather has been cold, but we've had plenty of work to keep us warm, and but little time for anything else!

Our gardening and "allotmenting" fraternity have devoted what little time they could spare to the necessary digging and planting, and many a treasured flower-bed has been ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of peas and potatoes.

The Sports and Social Club are doing their best and are taking a long view, but it is very difficult to make arrangements for sporting fixtures in these days.

We have heard with interest of the appointment of Mr. G. B. Jamieson as Secretary to the Company, and wish him every success in his new position.

A. H. MACKENZIE.

Holidays this year are a very vexed question, what with the increased cost, the petrol ration, and the problem as to whether it is right to go holiday-making in these troubled times. The last query is, I think, more easily capable of solution than the other matters. Holidays are good for one's health; they provide a living for the many people who cater for the holiday-maker; and to forego them would not contribute notably towards winning the War.

All the same, it's rather worrying and one's thoughts turn in happy retrospect to those care-free holidays of the pre-War years, to the sun-lit days when we bathed, walked, explored the countryside, and in the pleasant coolness of a summer's evening took that

final stroll along the promenade before "turning in."

Last year, I recall, we made our headquarters at Folkestone, and from thence explored the glories of Kentish scenery. We went over Dover Castle, grim sentinel keeping unceasing watch over the Channel, with its many reminders of an age that is past, and yet, too, we noted many signs of modern ways of warfare, upon which those old walls looked down, as they had looked when gallant knights, armed cap-a-pie, had stood on guard for England.

To Dungeness we went, travelling joyously on the Romney, Hythe, and Dymchurch Railway, a wonderful miniature line, the smallest public railway in the world, and with the most fascinating little engines and coaches that you ever saw. The view from the top of the lighthouse is one of miles of sand, flat and monotonous, with the sea breaking unceasingly on three sides of the Ness, and, dimly beyond the sand, the distant hills.

The country inland is Kent at its best, a real and lovely beauty at every turn of the road, with steep hills and lovely valleys, and the great Dover Road, where once rang the footsteps of the Roman legions.

Canterbury, with its busy main street, at the London end of which still stands the arched portal, once one of the City gates; with its wonderful Cathedral, within whose grey walls are gathered so many treasures, so much of the gallant history of our race. Linger awhile in the sacred peace of this great House of God, and walk reverently amidst the tombs and monuments of those who once lived and preached, and fought and died that England might live.

The country towns—Maidstone, Ashford; the quiet hamlets and villages, the gay little seaside towns—Deal, Herne Bay—and such little gems as St. Margaret's Bay, have all something to offer, something of joy to give.

The hop fields, oast houses, and cherry orchards, so notable a feature of Kentish scenery, are a delight to the eye. One travels but slowly on these roads, so much is there to see, such exquisite views, such vistas of hill and dale, and gently-wooded country. It were a crime not to tarry awhile and enjoy them.

Time, alas, will not tarry, and all too soon we bade a reluctant farewell to our kind hosts at Folkestone, drove for the last time

through crowded Rendezvous Street, and insinuated ourselves into the long line of homeward-bound traffic on the grand road that runs through Ashford and Maidstone to London. At Wrotham cross-roads we turned, and wended our way to the Gravesend—Tilbury Ferry, and soon were on the old familiar road to home.

So ended a lovely holiday, and I wonder, a trifle dismally, what we can do this year to garner such a store of happy memories.

A. H. MACKENZIE.

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LEEDS

Edited by G. S. CAMPBELL.

As a regular reader of our Magazine I would like to take an opportunity of recording my personal appreciation of the wise and revealing messages sent to us every month by Mr. Bodinnar. It gives me a certain satisfaction to sit quietly and do a little imaginative picturing whereby, "Between Ourselves," these messages take on the form of personal chats. In these times, when it is so seldom that we can meet one who has been friend and leader to many of us for so many years, let us ponder his messages monthly and, by our loyalty and behaviour, convey to him the knowledge of our warm regard.

All garden lovers could enter into the thoughts so beautifully expressed in the April homily. Not many are the favoured possessors of a real old-world garden full of memories. But in our part of Yorkshire every summer the old and historical and lovely gardens are generously opened to the public on certain days, and my pilgrimages to these scent-laden havens of glorious colour are among the everlasting joys.

One interesting feature up here is that, although, as in the gardens down South, some old favourites have succumbed to the dreadful winter just experienced, the losses have not been so serious as expected. After the avalanche of snow and ice it is marvellous

to note that my flowering currants have bloomed better and are a riot of big pink double blossoms. Even the more tender shrubs, like Azaleas, which were overwhelmed by snowdrifts, have, after pruning, sprouted well. Particularly hopeful is the herbaceous border, which appeared to be ruined. This leads to the opinion that our Northern growths must be somewhat more hardy. Hydrangeas are difficult hereabouts, yet cuttings planted the autumn before last, and not protected artificially, have weathered the winter and look like flowering this summer. But is it so extraordinary! Think of Finland and Norway, where severe winters bring forth beautiful and lasting blooms. An interesting sidelight on the rocky and mountainous nature of a good deal of Norway, which imposes its own system on the local gardening and agricultural economy, was related by a friend who knows Stavanger. Strawberries are about a month later than in England, but when they do arrive they are fine, luscious fruit. The same is true of red currants, which grow to an amazing size in the Stavanger district. But what was rather exciting to notice was that these red currants were used as garden hedges, taking the place of the privet or fencing used in England. It is an indication of the way the Norwegians put every inch of cultivatable ground to use, and the bunches of fruit hang there within the reach of all passers-by, but they are never disturbed. In our own country Aberdeen, in August, can show flower displays to rival anything anywhere.

There is one fine thing about garden lovers. They do not keep their gardens to themselves, but delight in showing them to all who care to call. May you all enjoy many visitors this summer, and may they be blessed and cheered in the contemplating of your flowers.

Leeds and Bradford are not associated usually with natural beauty, but there can be no doubt about the nearby countryside.

For Example.

To have watched from Little Almscliff the sun rise was the unusual experience of a Leeds business man, who lives at Harrogate. Although normally a fairly early riser, it is not customary for him to be abroad before dawn. However, a bout of wakefulness about 4 a.m. inspired a decision to steal a couple of hours' recreation before the day's work. It seemed an excellent opportunity for a ride on the cycle bought on the "out-

break." Dawn is an ideal time for that silent form of transport. The bird song chorus was just beginning as he left the house and rode up the long climb of Harlow Hill. There the trilling of the larks replaced the louder notes of the suburban thrushes and blackbirds. Young birds and rabbits scuttered across the road and in the pastures lambs frisked about. Past Bethwickshaw the whistle of the curlew and the call of the grouse began to be heard. Those were almost the only sounds audible as the rider left his machine to climb the rocks of Little Almscliff to gain a grandstand view of a glorious sunrise. It was a moment of peace and beauty. The run homeward was made more quickly, so that there should be no danger of missing the seven o'clock news. On the way, two of Nature's marauders were seen—a fox loping homewards after its nocturnal excursion, and a magpie starting to hunt for breakfast.

And Then.

"Rhubarb." As a colleague once recorded the fact that the fields of the West Riding are famous, this is just to remind you that often the roots have lived out their life of gathering strength in these open fields so that they can be forced in the dark heated sheds to produce those millions of pink sticks, they are useless and have to be burned. Rhubarb fires burn slowly, and could be seen for miles in the black-out. Growers were in a quandary, but Leeds University Department of Agriculture devised a plan of rotting down the heaps of roots with calcium cyanide. So our local rhubarbalists now have full supplies of manure, and "good comes out of evil" as it were.

As you may now have absorbed something of the Leeds "country" atmosphere, can you walk a straight line blindfolded and say "Truly rural"?

There is only one anecdote to relate. The poultry farmer up the Dales looked at the note.

"Send six dozen eggs; if good I'll send cheque." He scribbled the note in reply:—

"Send cheque. If good, I'll send six dozen eggs."

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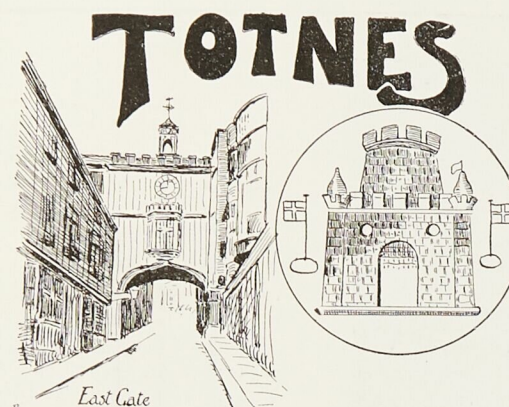
How to make a Venetian blind.

Throw sand in his eyes.

* * *

How to find happiness.

Look in the dictionary under the letter H.



Edited by W. J. TUCKER.

The time has come when many of our friends are considering how to best spend their holidays and recuperate for the heavy calls that may have to be made on their capabilities later on. As it is quite possible that the eyes of more than a few will be turned towards this part of the country with this purpose in view, it may not be out of place for a few comments to be made on the conditions likely to be met with in the South-West. Nowhere can we expect to obtain quite the same feeling of relaxation as in times of peace, as there are bound to be restrictions. The motorist, camper, cyclist, and hiker will all experience a feeling of reduced freedom, and the inability to take photos of the most interesting and beautiful pieces of scenery and architecture which normally are treasured as souvenirs of a happy time will be regretted, but is inevitable, as considerable portions of this county and Cornwall are scheduled as prohibited areas, a point which must not be forgotten by visitors. It might possibly be just as well to leave the camera at home when coming to these parts, particularly if visiting the coastal areas. Those who are considering a camping holiday, or series of picnics, will also have to put up with some trifling inconveniences, such as the closing of many Youth Hostels, the camouflaging of tents, the blacking-out of any possible lights therefrom, and a strict control of camp fires after dark. There will doubtless be a little grumbling, because that is the Britisher's privilege, but similar conditions will prevail in most places. Should any feeling of irritation arise we should remember the sacrifices that so many of our fellow men are making on our behalf.

There is a diversity of opinion as to the number of visitors that can be expected in these parts, but those who do come can be assured that everything within reason is being done for their comfort and enjoyment. Should anyone be considering a holiday on Dartmoor or in its neighbourhood, we can only say they might easily make a worse choice. Whatever else is absent the sunshine and beauty of the moors will still be there in all its peaceful serenity, and its invigorating air may well prove of great benefit to the health of the holiday-maker in the months to follow. Even with War conditions we can still say with confidence, "Come to Devon, glorious Devon," and enjoy its beauties during your period of rest.

W.J.T.

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Babies in Exile.

(By E. M. DELAFIELD).

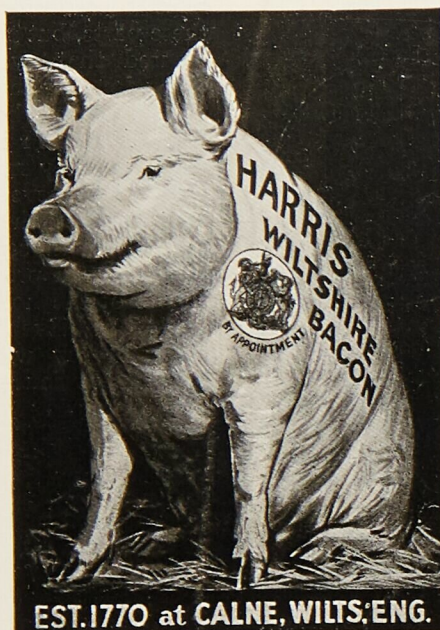
"Welcome to your beautiful baby."

I read this, in French, on a little pink card issued by the Red Cross Section of the Comité Français de Service Social when I visited their headquarters in the Rue de Berri yesterday.

The little pink card was one of thousands, each destined for an evacuated mother from the Alsace and Lorraine regions. With each goes the gift of a cradle, clothes, and other necessities for the baby. It has an unknown "godmother, who will be glad," says the back of the little pink card, "to hear news of its safe arrival and of the mother's well-being."

Perhaps the little cards, and even the tiny garments, the draped cradles, and the woolly boots, are only a minor manifestation of the tremendous work that is being done by the French women all over France for their evacuees—but it is one that inevitably stirs the imagination. Only a Latin race, I think, could have devised that pink card, with its sketch of a round-faced infant tucked up in a frilled cradle, surmounted with a huge bow—like the traditional Alsatian woman's head-dress and "Welcome to your beautiful baby" painted underneath.

The fact is that French women are tackling their evacuation problem with imagination, as well as with common sense, generosity, and practical insight.



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